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THE TREE AS AN INVENTION

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

A MAN without bones would lie flat as a flounder. He would be as unable as an oyster to raise his head or stand upright. The skeleton, that core of life he leaves behind him to be dug up by the ologist and displayed in all its completeness behind glass, is the thing by which he performed his comings and his goings, and without which he would have lived a life without works. It was bones that raised him up and made him the king of beasts, an animal standing on end with a tool in either hand. It was by means of them that he got up from the ground and took on the image of the cross, a man and not a worm.

But while the stiffening structure is thus important, it is far from being the vital part of him. This is lime and not life; mere mineral from the quarry. Those hinges did not work themselves, nor did those bones keep their own balance. It is but a trellis — those tubular legs and those latticelike ribs — by which the living creature lifted itself from earth and stood a few feet nearer heaven. Rather it is the prop that held up the tent of life; for while he could not have stood without it, neither could it have stood without him. Before coming to the public

museum it was in actual operation, with errands here and there; and now the holiday visitor, who came to see the stuffed bear and the zebra, may stand and stare, with such mind as he may have, upon those stark levers which the spirit has used as a crutch. Somebody, somewhere, may be said to have died and disappeared. But this substantial part of him would be able to stand here for centuries, holding the mirror up to nature on Sunday afternoons.

A tree is in much the same case. Its solid body is all skeleton, and the skeleton is essentially dead. In any tree, however live and growing, the substance composing trunk and branch is inert and lifeless matter. The heartwood of a tree, the heaviest and solidest part, extending a considerable distance from the centre, is dead in every sense of the word. Its tubes no longer convey the sap upward, because their walls have become thickened and filled with lignin. In them there is not even the semblance of vital activity. From the heartwood outward to a point very near the surface we find the water-conveying structure consisting of long tubes; and these tubes are mere conduits, inert and lifeless. They serve a useful purpose in conveying the water upward, but they are not themselves

alive. At first, when they were being built, there were live cells working inside of them, little bags of protoplasm; but, once they were completed, the live tenants disappeared. Interspersed among these tubes is tissue which still contains protoplasm, but it is not alive in the sense that it can grow or reproduce itself.

The only part of a tree that is really alive, in trunk and root and branch, is a thin sheath of cells at the surface of the wood called the cambium layer. It is this live part that keeps building and making the tree larger.

When a tree is cut down, the circling grain on the stump tells something of the age and the story of growth. But if we were to saw the whole tree into small sections or divide it lengthwise with a view to tracing the course of these rings all the way to the top, we should learn something more of a tree's inner nature. A cut across a tree near the ground may show three hundred annual rings, while cuts at higher points will disclose but a hundred, or fifty, or forty. The rings become fewer and fewer.

If we take a particular ring and follow it up we find that it grows smaller and smaller till it diminishes to a point, a ring near the centre of the stump coming to an end at no great distance from the ground, while one a greater distance from the centre reaches to a correspondingly greater height. And each of these rings, according as it is the fortieth or fiftieth or hundredth from the centre, will show the height as well as the thickness that the tree has attained in that number of years. As anyone can see by its mere outer form, a tree grows smaller upward, tapering from a considerable girth at its base to a fine point at its extremities. And when we examine these inner sheaths of annual growth we find that

they do the same. All the successive surfaces of the tree are enclosed here, from the giant form of the season just past down to the little sapling of another century.

Thus we see what a tree really is. It is a sheath of life spread over the dead trees of other years. Generation stands within generation, successively wrapped about. The outer life of cambium and leaf and bud uses this as a trellis to go up and reach out sunward and skyward. Instead of throwing its old skeleton aside each year and starting anew, it clings to its dead bones, profits by their stature, and makes tubes in them to provide the supply of water for a larger and more ambitious growth. A tree is a building, a tower, a specialized skeleton, serving the purposes of life. When we compare this way of growth with other methods, both animal and vegetable, it must strike us as a most interesting invention.

As the inner or lifeless part of a tree is incapable of growth or upward expansion, a nail driven into a young tree at any particular height will remain at that distance from the ground throughout the life of the tree. And a branch coming out at any point will not be carried upward as time goes on.

In the giant Sequoia of California we have trees whose long life is a matter of constant marvel. But the part of them that is really alive is of quite recent growth. A sequoia may be three or four thousand years old, and an oak or elm three or four hundred, provided the inner part, which was actually in existence that long ago, is not rotted away and represented by mere space. Of course the cells in the superficial living parts of such trees are descended from cells of thousands of years ago; but so are the cells in the body of the human beholder.

II

In the essential matter of life and death, a tree presents two great points of difference from an animal. An animal is alive all the way through, even its bones, tendons, and cartilaginous parts containing live cells which are engaged in the work of upkeep and repair. As we have seen, a tree is not alive all the way through, the bulk of its body being all skeleton and dead. But when we consider the live tissue that its skeleton supports, we find that the tree offers a different sort of contrast. An animal grows rapidly at first. It has an exultant youth. The human being, in the original cell which contains the whole beginning, measures but .004 of a cubic centimetre. By the time the child is born, it has increased — by one of those biological feats of geometrical progression — to a billion times that size. Here nature steps in with inhibiting hand, and the life processes begin to slow up, so that, from his babyhood to his twentieth year, a man has increased but sixteen times. At this point all growth stops, and the vitality steadily declines until finally the forces of life and death are just about balancing one another and the machine may stop in an instant.

Take note of a tree and consider how different all this can be. A tree never loses the vital power of growing. It starts out as rapidly, retains the power of geometrical progression, and is ever young. There seems to be no reason in itself why a tree should not live forever. The aged man, looking up at it, finds it a synonym for his hopes and speaks of 'the tree of life.' If he has achieved threescore years and ten, he thinks of the tree and refers to his own efforts at living as a 'green old age.'

And so, if the tree is, in some respects, as dead a thing as any we see

in nature, it is, in another regard, the liveliest example of all life. The power to grow is the very ultimate manifestation of vital power. It is a continual triumph over death. When we look upon a tree we should think not how old it is, but how young. It is as youthful in fact as the most inexperienced shrub or sapling around it.

A hard bone, while it has living cells scattered throughout its substance, consists nevertheless of a large proportion of inert or nonliving material; and as this mineral substance is not expansible or stretchable, the bone has a problem of growth to solve. It can be solved in but one way. The bone grows entirely by the propagation of new cells on its surface. They build layer on layer, thus adding to its girth. The bone grows thicker in the same way that a tree adds to its wood, and for the same mechanical reasons. In the matter of growing longer, or taller, both tree and bone face the same problem of hard inner material that is inert and inexpansile. The tree accomplishes its increase of stature and wider reach by means of buds and soft, expansible tissue at its extremities. When these tender extensions grow older they harden into wood, and then the terminal buds spring forth again to add to the annual growth. In view of the obvious necessity of this way of growth, one might logically expect that a long bone, as in the arm or leg, would add to its length simply by growth at the end, the surface cells building in the usual manner. But here a difficulty intervenes. The joint, constantly working and needing to be faced with a specially lubricated cartilage, makes the scheme impractical. And so there is preserved, near each end of the shaft of the bone, a semisoft or unossified region; and while the rest of the bone is taking in lime and hardening, all longitudinal growth takes place in this

limited and softer section. The bone first hardens in the midway region, where stiffness is needed, and at the ends under the lubricated bearings; and care is taken that the growing part is not intruded upon till the animal is reaching maturity. When the animal has been brought to full size, lime is deposited here and hardening takes place. In the human being this growing state of bone may last till the twentieth year. From this we see that in wood and bone, when conditions are the same, a like mechanical principle is employed, and when conditions are different the method is altered to meet them. Always new problems make call for new inventions.

While a tree agrees with bone in the way of adding girth, and differs from it in procedure at the end of the branches, the roots face a different set of circumstances. A root has to push its way continually through rock and sand and hard impacted earth, and yet it must achieve this growth by means of soft and tender tissues that make such rough contact impossible. In this case there is developed, on the end of the growing tissue, a tough, hard growing-cap consisting of cells that have differentiated for the purpose, and these serve to protect the cells behind and plough the way for them. The growth therefore takes place in a region a short distance from the end; and this is similar to the technique practised by bone. So, while wood and bone may differ in points of practice, they seem to end in a harmony of opinion. The moral of which is simply that logic is logic and a good mechanic is a good mechanician.

III

A tree, like other forms of life, is engaged in the constant circulation of fluid through its tissues. Life processes,

animal or vegetable, can go on only so long as each individual cell is surrounded by a fluid containing nutrient. To meet this demand and to provide for a large amount of evaporation, a tree passes up a great deal of water. A fairly large beech tree will use about sixty-five gallons of water on a dry, hot day, while a large oak will require much more. Even a sunflower will use two pounds. And this water, in the larger species of trees, will have to be lifted two hundred and even three hundred feet.

Anyone who is familiar with pressures in a tall standpipe or water tower, or who has even taken up the problem of raising water to the second story of a country residence, must be interested in asking, How is this supply of water taken to the top of such tall trees? This question, in the present stage of man's knowledge of physics, cannot be answered. We do not know.

I dare say that anyone with an everyday knowledge of physics, such as might be learned from a lamp wick, would be able to suggest ways and means of getting the water up there; but it would be difficult to think of anything that has not already been considered and found wanting. The lamp-wick principle, capillary attraction, will not go far in raising water. Water rises in a capillary or fine tube to a height in proportion to the fineness of the tube; and the viscosity of water is such that if the tube is very fine it will not rise at all. Capillary attraction would not raise water to the top of even a moderate-sized tree.

Root pressure or osmosis, a sort of powerful absorption due to unbalanced chemical pressure between the soil water outside of the root membranes and the denser solute inside of it, has been taken into consideration. By cutting off a plant near the ground and

fastening a glass tube upright on the stem, it is possible to ascertain the height to which its sap will rise by pressure from below. Under favorable conditions a grapevine will exert a pressure sufficient to raise a column 36.5 feet, while a birch has tested as high as 84.7 feet. This might seem a promising line of inquiry were it not that root pressure takes place in woody plants only in early spring, and especially in the morning. It has been found that when the tree is evaporating the greatest quantities of water, on dry, hot days of summer, there is no root pressure whatever. This fact, once it was established, naturally set root pressure aside and left the problem unsolved. Even if such pressures were not seasonable and unusual, they would not serve to send water to the tops of the tallest trees.

It has been proved beyond question that the rise of water in the tubes of a tree is caused by a pull from above. That there is a strong pull upward can be demonstrated by means of any branch taken from a growing plant. Such a branch, if its cut end is inserted in an air-tight manner in a glass tube, will draw a supply of water from the tube with such force as to pull a column of mercury up after it. This demonstration, one might suppose, would set us definitely ahead in the solution of the problem. But here a difficulty intervenes.

The nature of the difficulty will be quickly apprehended by anyone who has had to learn the laws of an ordinary cistern or suction pump. A suction pump at its best will lift water but thirty-three feet; consequently it is not advisable to install one in the third story of your house. Since a column of water is not strongly cohesive, and since you cannot take hold of the end of a long pipeful of water and pull up any quantity desired, as if it were a rope

(a ridiculous enough supposition, let us say), it can be lifted from above only by suction. The pump, by the lift of its piston, removes air pressure from the upper surface and tends to create a vacuum, in consequence of which the water is pushed up the pipe from below by the weight of the atmosphere, a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch at sea level. The weight of water being what it is, such pressure will balance a column of thirty-three feet. No invention can be made which will pull more than the laws of physics will enable it to. And thirty-three feet falls far short of reaching the top of a sequoia.

But water has *got* to go up those tubes to the top of a tree. It will and does. This being the case, scientists began to consider whether water in thin columns, as in these fine tubes, has not an actual power of coherence, a tensile strength, sufficient to stand a strong pull. Possibly, after all, water may be drawn up from the top as if it were a rope. Strange as it may seem, experimentation has gone quite far in proving this to be the case. It seems that such a column of water has a power of coherence great enough to withstand the pull. And the osmotic force in the leaves, a strong pull of absorption, might be sufficient to raise the columns of water to the necessary height. This is the theory that at present comes nearest to satisfying scientific minds. But further experimentation has caused more difficulty to appear.

The rise of water to the top of a tree is dependent upon evaporation. It is evaporation that makes room for the continual upflow of water; and it is evaporation that causes the chemical concentration in the living cells which gives rise to the strong absorptive pull, or osmosis. This being true, one thing is evident. If a plant, or a branch of a

tree, is placed in an atmosphere so saturated with moisture that evaporation is impossible, it will be unable to keep the water flowing up its stem. Experiment has shown that the intake persists, though it is slowed up, even when the leaves are entirely submerged in water. It is difficult to see how this can be unless the leaves have some way of secreting or disposing of the water regardless of evaporation.

IV

Everything considered, we may say that the rise of the water is a mystery, provided we do not mean to imply that there is anything mystic about it. Of course we all know that it is life that is at work here — but life in which sense? On this point we have got to take our stand with the vitalists, whose doctrine is that 'the functions of a living organism are due to a vital principle or force distinct from physical forces,' or else we must enlist on the side of the mechanists as one 'who regards the phenomena of nature as the effect of forces merely mechanical.' In either case we find ourselves projected into the middle of a field of battle, and it behoves us to lay about. As for myself, I am bold to say that I listen most respectfully to the mechanist at all times when I am trying to add to my scientific knowledge, and I am considerable of a vitalist in those moments when I am essentially a poet, a prophet, or a seer.

It is really a religious war, the issue being between the believer and the biologist. And it is easy to understand why the scientist becomes nettled when he is informed by a vitalist that the thing he is trying to take apart is 'life.' The intention of this is to disconcert such activity, and thus to limit investigation. This is to set bounds to the pursuit of knowledge —

a thing we must all fight against. Truth must have a charter free as air. The scientist, also, must hitch his wagon to a star. But, in spite of this noble aim, his opponent calls him a materialist, forgetting that this is no reproach at all; for who ever hoped to put the immaterial in a test tube or get a chemical reaction out of nothing? And so the scientist rebukes the vitalist by calling him an obscurantist — a name with quite a sting to it.

The whole matter might be open to clarification and amicable settlement were it not that the scientist, the bio-chemist, has fallen into the habit of staying away from church. His pew is quite empty. Having found his vocation misunderstood and wholly disconcerted, he has fallen away from the company of the elect and has about decided to take vows in one of the irreligious orders. Possibly this modern matter is correctly analyzed in the very up-to-date rhyme: —

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.

But somehow, 't is seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good!

It is when we consider the tree from the standpoint of evolution — a plant made to conquer difficulty, a sea creature living on land, a machine progressively put together to achieve the nearly impossible — that we begin to see its lofty waterworks in their full significance. The tree was an idea in nature, a very bold and original idea based upon a fundamental patent; and the steps leading up to it were four. First in the order of development came the primitive water plants, the thallophytes, floating freely about or, according to the latest views, living in

the saturated soil along the shore. And in those days there were no other kinds of vegetation. Second came the amphibious plants, such as the mosses; third the woody plants beginning with ferns; and fourth the most modern woody and two-sexed plants of this highly mechanized vegetable age.

While we are getting our mental bearings we shall find it interesting to pause a moment among those lowly amphibians, the mosses. Here we see vegetation crawling on its belly up toward the dry land. Stealthily and cautiously it draws away from the water's edge, lying low. It must not venture far, for it has no true roots; and it cannot and dare not raise its head out of the moisture. Behind it, in the order of creation, are the one-celled water plants, floating and moving about. They have no evident organs but the single cell; and they take their food, as cells have always done, by absorbing it from the liquid in which they are immersed. The moss itself consists of such cells, now banded together. At first it was but a thin sheath of them, lying flat on the mud; then it became several cells thick, the moisture being passed from the cells below to those above by absorption.

Finally — and it would not be at all inconsistent with evolution if I had said ‘suddenly’ — the great idea came to pass in the form of the fern. Here was a vegetable mechanism with true, running roots, which the moss has not; and it possessed a woody stem provided with tubes for conducting water. With the invention of the fern, piping the water upward, while the roots struck down to bring it from below, nothing more was necessary to the making of a tree. It only remained for the stock company of cells to go ahead and, in modern parlance, construct a ‘bigger and better’ plant.

Between the moss and the fern we

might expect to find many imperceptible stages of evolution. But evidently there can be no such thing in these cases. A thing either is or is not. You either have a tube in principle or you have not a tube. An idea always comes suddenly into existence, however long the preparation may have been. Therefore it has seemed to me that the idea of doing away with missing links in the scheme of evolution is positively silly. Between every fact and the one beyond it is a missing link; and it can only be filled in by answering a question: Was this thing a product of mind or did it just happen? One may answer as he pleases, but he can hardly get away from the question by any talk of evolution — nor by the search for any finer degrees of gradualness.

Imagine some primeval promoter addressing a company of those water-inhabiting cells and proposing the whole idea. ‘. . . Come now; our idea is to take a lot of you cells and build a tall plant living on land. Some of you are to be hung high up in the glare of the sun; you will stay aloft and absorb the hot energy of summer while you make food for cells that are differently engaged. You must become specialists; and you are to give up this one-cell, jack-of-all-trades idea. We are going to build a tree.’

A shiver of fear and consternation would certainly seize upon any water-living cells that had the power to think. ‘Impossible!’ they would exclaim. ‘We should all die. Water is our food and life. We must be immersed in the water. A thing like that would never do.’

But that is just what came to pass. And every cell in the top of a tree continues to be immersed in the life-giving water. Between a cell in the sea and one in the topmost twig there is no essential difference of situation. And the reason is that everything is

done to control evaporation and hold it within bounds. Every leaf is coated with a preparation that most effectually seals it. Air can enter and water escape only through microscopic openings called stomates on the under sides of the leaves; and every stomate is capable of being opened or closed according to conditions. The whole trunk and every limb of the tree are jacketed in the protective, suberized bark. There is nothing more waterproof than bark, more stubbornly impermeable. It is because cork is so waterproof that it makes stoppers for bottles and gaskets for engines. It is because it is so impermeable that it is ground up to make linoleum. A tree, from head to foot, is armored against evaporation. Consequently its cells, though they hang in the very eye of the sun, are in water as wet as that which surrounded them in the sea.

V

It is when I look at a tree from this point of view that I feel like pinning — or nailing — a medal on its chest. If a man is the height of achievement in the animal world, so is a tree in the vegetable. A bronze tablet really ought to be hung on a tree here and there to memorialize scientific facts. I can imagine no one wearing the decoration more pompously than certain big, fat, burgherlike beeches of my acquaintance, or more worthily than certain rugged oaks or graceful elms. The inscription could be a very simple one, as, for instance: —

HERE STANDS

THE KING OF VEGETABLES

A SEA CELL THAT BECAME AMBITIOUS

A tree manufactures its food direct from earth and air, a thing the animal cannot do; and though it has no lungs, nor anything corresponding to such a

mechanical device, it feeds life's constant fires by taking in oxygen night and day. And how can a tree breathe without lungs?

The answer to this question might well be, In about the same manner that insects do. A bee, for instance, has no lungs. It has seven pairs of openings, called spiracles, along the sides of its body, these being the mouths of air-conducting tubes which, as they lead inward, branch off and become finer and finer so that they ramify the whole living structure as do the capillaries which distribute the blood in an animal. That is to say, the oxygen, instead of being delivered indirectly, by chemical combination in a stream of blood, is taken direct to each cell in the body in the form of air. In a tree, the air enters through openings called stomates on the bottom sides of leaves; but there are no air tubes continuing these openings for the reason that the leaf is but a thin sheath of life, only a few cells thick, and there are open spaces all through the inner structure in which air may circulate freely. Along the sides of a tree, too, in the bark, are porous openings, and these serve to let in air as do the spiracles in the fly, the grasshopper, or the bee. The little short marks on the bark of birch, and on the smooth exterior of plum and cherry, are such porous breathing places. While these lenticels are not so evident on the rougher trees, they are none the less there. An insect speeds up the intake of air by a panting movement or telescopic working of its segments, whereas a tree, being such a thin sheath of life, can depend upon the natural interchange of gases by chemical or physical laws. But a tree and an insect work alike in the regard that they both receive their air directly and at first hand.

I think that our understanding of the life processes of other beings is much

handicapped by the natural supposition that our way is the only way. If the surfaces of the lungs were spread out freely to the atmosphere, like the leaves of a tree, the breathing mechanism would be unnecessary. The red corpuscles, coursing through the fine tissues of the lungs, give off their carbon dioxide and take in oxygen from the air by their own sole power, and not by any virtue of the mere act of breathing. It is only because we take our air through a small tube, and because our aerating machinery is so compact, that this bellowslike movement is necessary.

Our likeness to a tree would be much less obscure, also, if we remembered that it is not a man who needs air and takes in food, but the cells of which he is composed. For instance, a man takes a deep breath. The red corpuscles absorb from it their load of oxygen; but as yet the breath has been of no benefit. The red corpuscles hurry it on to its destination, coursing through capillaries microscopically small. But so long as it is in the capillaries the oxygen has not yet arrived. It must pass through the thin walls of these small blood vessels and get into the lymph which bathes each individual cell in the body. And the living cell, immersed in that lymph as in the primeval sea, takes up its supply by osmosis or by some live power of selection and absorption the whole nature of which is a mystery. It is thus that

the breath arrives; and thus, also, the food comes and is absorbed from the same stream.

From the standpoint of evolution, or even of present-day matter-of-fact, a cell deep in the leg or arm of a man, or hung high on the leaf of a tree, is in essentially the same circumstance as a primitive one-celled animal floating or crawling about and absorbing its food and air direct from the water. All cells, animal or vegetable, are essentially alike in structure; they live on the same sort of food and take it in the same way. It must be in liquid form; not in mere suspension or emulsion, but in true solution. As the cells in a man are confined to one place, and cannot float or wander in a stream or a pond, the nourishing stream is made to flow past them. It all amounts to the same thing. Because our cells are so deep-seated, so specialized, and so far from the free food and oxygen of nature, we have need of all this intricate machinery and this digesting and food-preparing laboratory. But all the time it is the cells that are doing the living, and supporting and coöperating with one another in this strange stock company. It is in this sense that Thomas Edison is speaking when he says that 'man is a colony.' Being, of all men, mechanical-minded, one might expect him to regard the human animal as a machine. But he is thinking of the builders and operatives — the cells themselves.

IF BIG BUSINESS CAME TO FRANCE

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

'THESE people are way behind us in everything, ain't they?' observed my chauffeur, on beholding Europe for the first time. In that sincere question one recognizes the American attitude toward the older civilizations. Martin is typical of all of us. We approach Europe with little knowledge, and with our ideas of European peoples colored by the streams of 'wops, dagos, and bohunks' that once streamed through Ellis Island and accepted menial work no self-respecting American would perform. What he meant by his comment was that everything was on a lesser scale — the motor cars smaller, the bathrooms scarcer, the breakfasts scantier, the houses lower, the elevators fewer, and the railway carriages shorter. Everything was different, foreign, unlike our own, and therefore not so good.

Martin was born and reared in New York. He is an excellent chauffeur, with a mechanic's interest in mechanical achievement, in the motor car, the airplane, and the submarine, not without some response to beauty, especially natural beauty as manifested in some of the bolder aspects of the Alps and the Pyrenees, and with sincere admiration for the expertly engineered roads which carried us so comfortably through the gorges and over the cols of famous mountain ranges. He has now been across four times, and has driven us safely many thousand miles through England, France, Italy, Spain, and

Switzerland; and it has been interesting to watch his conversion, to see his contempt and condescension change to tolerance, and his tolerance to admiration, as he learned, like the rest of us, how many things the older nations do exceedingly well.

Some such education should be prescribed and made compulsory for the talkers and writers who are so sure that all Europe needs is a replica of our own industrial civilization. Hardly a week passes in which the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris is not addressed by some visiting vice president or sales manager, who describes in glowing terms our standardization, mass production, national distribution, advertising, and recommends them to the backward races of Europe as glibly as a man prescribes his own favorite remedy to a friend with a cold. This wholesale advice takes little or no account of the people to whom it is given, of their philosophy of life, age-long habits, aims, and ideals. Indeed, it is inspired not by a study of the European civilization, but by close contact with our own, where such methods seemingly work to perfection. The speaker knows his system, but nothing of the people who are to apply it. It has worked well for us, since material prosperity is apparently our aim — and I am casting no stones at material prosperity; it is a mighty comfortable thing. But even if one assumes that material prosperity is what the people of Europe want, — and even that might be interpreted differently, — they can arrive at it

only by methods growing out of their ways of life. And these ways of life are the slow result of ages of living, through a long period in which communication was limited to a degree that we cannot comprehend. In this period not only did each separate country develop according to its own genius, but each separate community, each town and village, acquired habits and customs different from those of its nearest neighbors, and these differences obtain to this day. For intercommunication in Europe has not yet remotely approached the fluidity and pervasiveness of that in our country. It is held back partly by the difference of language, but even more by the difference of point of view, of what constitutes life and a desirable aim in life. Not only is there no such thing as a United States of Europe, but there is hardly a United States of France, in the sense that Carolina and Connecticut are unmistakably a part of the United States of America. The Bretons and the Basques do not even speak French. They cannot understand a Tourangeau, nor can they understand each other. They speak not merely different dialects, as Yorkshire and Lancashire are dialects, but different languages.

In Northern Italy there are three lakes lying not more than two hours' automobile ride apart — Garda, Como, and Maggiore. Upon these lakes fishing is an ancient occupation, developed by its practitioners according to their own ideas, and handed down from father to son uninfluenced by methods used elsewhere. So even to-day the fishing boats on these three lakes continue to be markedly different in shape, rigging, and equipment. It would be difficult for a manufacturer of fishing boats to disrupt these hereditary and ancestral practices and substitute identical vessels on all three lakes, however modern and efficient the new craft.

We make much of local peculiarities in our country, and think a Yankee farmer and a Southern cotton planter sharply differentiated; but their differences are as nothing to their likenesses, and especially to their like-mindedness. Two shires in England or two provinces in France, lying side by side, are further from standardization on any tenet of what constitutes life than the people of Maine and the people of California.

This startling resemblance of our people was noticed by a keen observer as long ago as 1890. In a chapter on '*The Uniformity of American Life*', James Bryce said: —

Scotchmen and Irishmen are more unlike Englishmen, the native of Normandy is more unlike the native of Provence, the Pomeranian more unlike the Würtemberger, the Piedmontese more unlike the Neapolitan, the Basque more unlike the Andalusian, than the American from any part of the country is to the American from any other.

In the thirty-odd years since, with the motor car, the movie, the radio, syndicate newspapers, national magazines, and other forces all tending to deepen the likeness and iron out the idiosyncrasies, Americans have been prepared for a collective effort toward uniform prosperity without parallel. But Europe remains Europe — a little wistful concerning our material success, but unable, even if willing, to become enough like us to do what we do and have what we have and be happy while doing so. And I am one of those who are glad that this is as it is.

II

In the course of a recent vacation in France I amused myself by imagining the effect on that country and its people of the introduction of our business methods: huge manufacturing plants

making goods distributed by advertising to every town, village, and hamlet; the pleasant land of France mapped out in red-headed tacks on the glass-topped desks of sales managers; salesmen primed with sales psychology from instruction books; brief cases stuffed with portfolios of advertising campaigns; sales conventions, drives, 'Eat-more-tripe-à-la-mode-de-Caen weeks,' chain stores, the Rotary Club holding its weekly luncheon at the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe et de l'Épée; the sky line of Paris broken by steel-skeletoned skyscrapers dwarfing the towers of Notre Dame; the picturesque individuality of the *rues nationales* punctuated by the standardized store fronts of chain stores, and everywhere houses built of the same materials on the same plan, filled with the same furniture and inhabited by people wearing the same clothes. France would lose her great national industry, tourism, but worse, she would lose her point of view, her philosophy, her individualism; and that would be a catastrophe. The world would be poorer with France other than she is.

The open road is not a bad place from which to study a people. One soon gets away from the sophisticated spots where contact with outsiders has blurred individuality and produced a sort of hybrid civilization which, like all hybrids, retains the worst features of each. The motor car gives us a cross section: cities, villages, open country; farms, olive orchards, vineyards; mountain, seacoast, river; and the changeful life that is lived in all of them. I have the deaf man's facility in using his eyes, and my conclusions are based on observation, on what I see as I go about. All I have to contribute to an important controversy are the habits and character of the French people as seen by a man who has few means of contact, but who long ago learned that what people

are speaks louder than what they say.

In cities the problem of motor-congested streets affords us an index to national temperaments, for we Americans too have a traffic problem. Compare the three great capital cities, New York, London, and Paris.

The New York traffic cop is an autocrat. He likes to disregard the red and green signals to show you, as Don Marquis says, 'who is king.' The supreme sin of the motorist, in his eyes, is *lèse-majesté*. And he is often quite violent about it.

The London bobby is an opportunist. His only concern is clearing the traffic. He winks at violations of the rules if they are intelligent and successful. He is less assertive, and yet obeyed more implicitly, than his New York counterpart. But he is dealing with a more law-abiding populace.

The Paris *gendarme* is not concerned with the motor traffic at all. His care is the pedestrian. At regular intervals he cleaves a swath through the moving stream of vehicles, like Moses dividing the Red Sea, and the swarms of *piétons* cross over. Then he waves his white baton and the cars resume their struggle for gangway without interference from him. And yet it is easier to go about in a car in Paris than in London or New York. In the country there is no speed limit, but drivers are held strictly accountable—a more intelligent regulation than our own.

Another comparison shows the different applications of a similar idea. Feverish activity on the New York Stock Exchange recently caused the market to outstrip the ticker, and our inventive ingenuity is being directed toward producing a recording device to register sales and quote prices as fast as they are made.

In France they are installing at race courses near Paris a calculating machine which will work out the odds on

the *pari mutuel* system in less time than the old hand-and-head method. In one country a machine to measure business; in the other a machine to measure pleasure.

Or consider the telephone. The French cannot organize a system that works, but they design a telephone instrument so attractive that we, whose telephone system is a marvel of efficiency, adopt the French phone for our desks when we wish to give our offices or homes an aesthetic touch.

In France one is never at a loss to identify a road. The companionable white kilometre stones accompany one everywhere, recording on the hither side the next two communes and their distances, on the front the number and class of the road, tying up perfectly with the map. The name of each village is displayed in its civic centre, white letters on a blue plaque — a device so obviously useful one wonders why it has not obtained here. Have you never tried in vain to learn the name of the town you were passing through? Nor is all this a development of motoring; it preceded the gasoline era by many years. For the French realize that roads are civilizers. The motorist merely inherits them, but they make France a motorist's paradise.

III

As we follow these French roads, each short section under the paternal care of a *cantonnier*, we see at our ease the neat and tidy farms and vineyards, maintained with what seems to our Western eyes incredible toil. They are so sightly, so perfectly husbanded, so carefully tilled — as trim and kempt as a garden tended with loving care. There is no sharp break between nature and cultivation. The farms blend into the landscape. It all satisfies the eye. It is something more than intensive

cultivation, this aesthetic effect. It is love of the land. With all his back-breaking labor, the peasant is never too tired to add the last touches. He caresses the land because it is his, and part of France. It is a happy mingling of proprietorship and craftsmanship.

You see everywhere the pride of the worker in his work. He seems to know secrets of soil and sun, of growing things, which we with all our tractors and twine binders, our soil analyses and synthetic fertilizers, have never penetrated. On the terraced hillsides the vineyards lie in the sun, like giant staircases, the risers stone walls, the treads gardens of growing vines. The water comes down in thin silver rills between the small vineyards, gravitation distributing it to every vine. It is all human work, handwork, because the French cannot bear to turn over any part of living, even the most arduous, to machines.

Such intense individualists will never consent to become sufficiently standardized units to have big business as we understand it. They prefer small holdings, — shops, farms, and factories, — yielding to all the satisfaction of proprietorship. They must express themselves in their work, whether an *omelette aux fines herbes*, ploughing and planting a patch of ground, or shearing a toy dog. Each has a pride in his *métier* of which we have no conception. It is this trait which has produced so much that delights us, which makes the differences in shops, houses, dress, trades. France is less changed by the war than any other nation. She is going on as she always went, still clinging to the same ideals, because she has tested those ideals and found them good. An American works to get money to enjoy life, but a Frenchman's work is his life, and he must enjoy it, and keep his hand on it, and find in it his self-expression; and as far as

possible his skill and address must be expended on something he owns, however small.

The other day I walked through one of the largest brass factories in the world, acres of shops filled with huge machine tools stamping out a shape in brass for every conceivable purpose. In the party was the president of the brass company. As we approached a row of machines stamping out a part that did not easily explain itself, I picked one up and said to the president, 'What is this for?' He smiled apologetically. 'I have no idea,' he said; 'but we will ask the man that's making it.' The man making it shook his head: 'I don't know, either.' Here was a man earning his living stamping out bushels and bushels of gadgets without knowing their function — what part they played in the economy of the world.

That is mass production. That is the secret of our great commercial success. But it could not happen in France. The French mind does n't work that way. The Frenchman cannot rest content in making a part unless he comprehends the whole. It is, as Hilaire Belloc said, a nation of small proprietors.

In the town of Grasse, where the mimosa, violet, jasmine, and rose are raised on the neighboring hills and braised and distilled to obtain essential oils which are the basis of perfumes, there is no large factory, but there are hundreds of small ones. In the little village of Vallauris, where are produced casseroles, *marmites*, and those lovely wine jars we use for garden ornaments, nearly every house is a factory with at least one kiln, tended perhaps by the daughter, firing a few trays of the red earthenware for which the clay of that country is so well adapted. These small individual factories never amalgamate. Not only does the small proprietor object to becoming the vice

president of a large pottery company, but he probably objects to becoming even the president. Certainly the French temperament is not the kind that makes vice presidents. And this economic system, far older than ours, has by-products which should not be lost to the world. One is that touch of individuality, of taste, of art, which makes the thing manufactured delightful. The other and greater is the state of mind of the maker, the satisfaction he gets from his work. It is a far finer thing in terms of civilization that the worker should enjoy his work than that he should merely work in order to get the means and the leisure to enjoy himself outside of his work. Creation is always a stimulating thing. Manufacture often is not. This is without prejudice to either method. We are satisfied to manufacture, — that is our genius, — but the Frenchman prefers to create, and to accept the small business, the hard work, the long hours, for the ecstasy of beholding something he has made himself.

IV

In the last quarter-century three currents of American commercial influence have flowed to France like the Gulf Stream which washes its shores, and have had their effect on its industrial climate. On the steamship Paris, from New York to Havre, in January, there were seven hundred and fifteen passengers, and with the exception of a few winter tourists they all belonged to that class known as 'foreign buyer.' And on the other ships sailing about that time there were other large contingents. And again in August the same great army invaded France. These people go abroad to buy the products of French taste: unique pieces, individual patterns, the things which France, because of her individualistic

temperament, makes better than any other nation; artistic craftsmanship expressed in hats, gowns, wraps, furs, gloves, lingerie, hosiery, handkerchiefs, parasols, and jewels—things so far removed from the products of mass production that by mass production they could n't be produced at all. These buyers seek ideas as well as goods. Gradually their buying range has widened from women's wear to include objects of art, pictures, hangings, tapestries, furniture, all kinds of beautiful articles in glass, china, lacquer, enamel, leather—everything that can be given distinction and individuality by craftsmanship.

This trade is welcome to France. It gives her a market for the things she does best, things the quantity of which can be increased only by multiplying the number of small producers. Popularity tempted some houses to enlarge and increase their outputs, but such efforts have not been successful. The actual result is to multiply the number of houses rather than to increase their size. There are few instances of enlarged businesses proving successful in France. The attempt has been particularly disastrous with hotels and restaurants.

Frequent conferences with American buyers have had reflex influence. Slowly but surely, as the couturiers and ateliers make goods to please their best customers, the ideas of those customers are impressed on them. A change comes over the methods of the sellers. American sizes and systems of measurement are adopted and displace the older ones. American business habits—billing, shipping, the use of typewriter, adding machine, and other devices—press a little nearer all the time. Famous and elect houses are using advertising in American magazines and newspapers to enlarge their reputation and their market in the

States, and this effort unconsciously shapes their commercial thinking. It is instinctive for the seller to try to make his goods and his manners acceptable to the buyer. And in the case of such merchandise there must be much actual contact between the two. Thus there began to fall on France the shadow of American business, which, at first a cloud no larger than a man's hand, may in time cover the whole commercial sky. But the effect is in most cases wholly beneficial. It enables the French to expand along the lines of their genius. While the buyer is in a position to enforce his demands, and the French are quick to adapt themselves to conditions that improve their market, it was, after all, the French touch that was sought. It was what the French workmen put into them, and few demands were made that hindered or changed the full expression of the creator's or designer's personality. Also, the goods the buyers buy in France have the qualities lacking in our own products. They supply individuality to those who miss it in a machine civilization.

In recent years there has been another American invasion of France, another stream of commercial influence breaking on the shores of an old established industrial system. This movement is as different as possible from the first. Instead of buyers, it is composed of sellers; and the products which they hope to sell, instead of being characterized by the charm of handwork and individuality, are the ingenious products of ingenious machines, and, being such, they can be produced in indefinite quantities, and with a corresponding reduction in their cost. As the machine product differs from the hand product, in that its capacity for reproduction is unlimited, it is constantly seeking new markets. Thus there has descended upon France an army of

American salesmen bristling with sales technique, promotion, and advertising. This movement is almost as old as the buying movement, but it has been of slower growth. On my earliest visits to Europe I used to see in even remote villages the characteristic window card of the Singer Sewing Machine, with its elongated *S*, one of the first of the American products to find a market in France. But in recent years the attempt to sell has been speeded up, and now typewriters, adding machines, electric utilities, vacuum cleaners, safety razors, and phonographs are pretty well distributed. More recently the motor car has been making extraordinary efforts to extend its market over there. The stretch of the Champs-Élysées between the Rond Point and the Arc de Triomphe has become the gasoline row of Paris, and almost every other salesroom bears the name of an American car, Cadillacs, Chryslers, and Fords sandwiched between the Donnets, Citroëns, and Renaults.

It can hardly be claimed that the French have bought our goods with the same enthusiasm with which we have bought theirs for so many years. The buying power is less, for one thing; and their life is not organized to absorb these things, which are after all an outgrowth of our own industrial civilization, and can only be applied experimentally in another. But the effect of this selling invasion has been great. The French goods we buy are taken out of the country, but American goods remain in France and have their effect on the life there. American goods are sold with American methods, which in themselves are a novelty and disturb French habits and traditions. To avoid customs duties American cars are made in France, in factories built or bought, with French workmen who learn American business habits which do not fit into their life with their own people.

The Ford plant at Asnières, for instance, is run on the Highland Park time-table, five days a week. But what is done, I wonder, about the midday meal, the 'breakfast with the fork,' the cæsural pause of the working day? At twelve o'clock the key is turned in the doors of shops and ateliers, not to be unturned for two hours, and all France goes to luncheon. The hardest-working people in the world manage to inject into the middle of their arduous days a period of absolute leisure. Americans whose Paris is bounded by Ciro's, Lanvin, the Champs-Élysées, and the Rue de la Paix never see the French, but frequent habitats altered by their presence and patronage, where everything is speeded up to the American tempo. We will not wait on the fine arts of cooking and serving. Famed restaurants deteriorate. Nothing remains but the high prices.

France has few big business men in our meaning of the word. To be sure, there is Citroën, who has been called the Henry Ford of France, and Coty — though I fancy his elevation to that eminence is due to his successful invasion of the American market.

The late Ernest Cognacq, founder of the *magasin à la Samaritaine*, whose obituary filled less than a column in the papers a few months ago, had a romantic career almost in the American manner, — the pushcart peddler who became the wealthy philanthropist, — but it was surprising how little was said of such a life career as an inspiration to young men. In fact, careers as we understand them have little place in the bright lexicon of French youth.

The third great stream of American influence at work all the time and growing stronger is our invisible export, the American tourist. Each year we read the large figures for the previous year and confident predictions that the present season will see them exceeded.

In the summer Americans are so numerous, not merely in Paris, but throughout France, as to give a definite character to certain localities. It has never been the misfortune of any other nation to entertain so many of the citizens of another. Of course it is not an unmixed evil. This army of tourists pays a large amount of money to hotels, restaurants, and transportation companies, to say nothing of the things the tourists buy. Many institutions are almost entirely supported by American money. Indeed, they must be, as the natives could not afford to pay the prices that are charged. For while they still look low to us, acquainted with the amazing advances in the price of luxuries at home, they are impossibly high for the French, except the very rich, and there are not many of them, nor are they inclined to spend their money at places adapted to the American taste. To the Frenchman a franc is still a franc, just as a dollar is a dollar to us, however shorn of its buying power. He does not see it as a definite and final four cents, as we do, but as an immemorial financial unit gone down because the cost of living has gone up.

The American dollars spent in France reach such vast sums that they can be talked about in high financial terms. But the effort to attract those dollars has produced changes which are most apparent naturally where the tourists most congregate, and it is steadily wearing down the distinctively French corners into a smooth rounded surface which is neither French nor American, but a peculiar hybrid.

The evidences of this sort of Americanization are everywhere, spread like a veneer over the French life beneath — meat breakfasts; tea rooms; the naturalization of such words as 'five o'clock,' 'touring clubs,' 'sport,' 'high life,' 'cocktail'; the *New York Herald*;

American bars; Basil Woon; grapefruit; Maxim's; posters in English; Hollywood films; American groceries and American drug stores; Dolly Sisters; soda fountains; gas pumps at the filling stations; display signs in English; frantic attempts to naturalize sweet corn and griddle cakes. What wonder that many, seeing only these vestiges of American omnipresence, announce with complacence that France is rapidly adopting our ways. They do not suspect that the French regard these evidences with mingled distaste and amusement.

V

The transformations wrought by American influence are more obvious where Americans are thickest, and but few of the hordes of tourists who swarm through the American quarter ever see France, or taste French cooking, or come in touch with French character. They judge by what they see around them — hence the impression that France is being made over on the standard American model. Paris is no more France than is New York the United States. The Parisian is regarded in Nancy with the same suspicion and disapproval as is the New Yorker in Dubuque. There is still a very large area of country which is French and which proposes to remain so. This France is little known and not at all understood by Americans. France is more misrepresented by its politicians than perhaps any other country — unless it is our own.

The foreign buyer, the foreign sales agency, and the tourist are giving France object lessons in the way we do things, and apostles of big business drive the lessons home in speeches emphasizing the injunction that France will find financial salvation by following our example. France repels this economic propaganda with all the

energy of which she is capable. She shows few signs of adopting mass production, high-power selling, and liberal advertising for her own products, and she is reluctant and alarmed at the increasing influx of American products. The motor car and the moving picture are two enterprises against which she has made characteristic, though futile, gestures. The rationing of American films appears at the moment to be in abeyance, and the automobile cartel discussed by both France and Italy was laughed at by American motor-car manufacturers, secure in their economic position of a real foreign demand. For it is true that we can make better motor cars than the French can make. As long as the motor car was a handmade product the French excelled, but now that it has become a machine-made product we have the whip hand. 'America,' says Paul Morand, 'which does not yet create, manufactures.' But how ill-advised to urge France, which can create, to manufacture. The French buy American goods, and will continue to do so, and no artificial or arbitrary restraints can check this tendency, though it is always amusing to hear an American manufacturer—the most tariff-coddled industrial in the world—give way to righteous indignation when any other nation adopts our tactics. If American ideas are so good for France, why not recommend our whole programme? Why not advise France to set up a stiff protective tariff against American goods? That is the way we got our supremacy. But such advice would be just as foolish as the recommendation of mass production.

The first requisite for the successful nation-wide advertising and distribution of goods is a certain homogeneousness which is more characteristic of our country than of any country in the world; because, after all, our civiliza-

tion was produced, as it were, with one stroke of the brush, while since the beginning of history each district of France—each town and village, for that matter—has been developed in its own way, and it is only in recent years that there has been much intercommunication between them; not nearly enough yet to bring them to the same point of view about what is desirable, and especially not enough to break down old habits of thought, customs, inhibitions, and ambitions.

Moreover, the French resent these glib recommendations which tell them what to do to be saved—especially resent them as coming from us, a nation which has shown itself unable to appreciate the French genius, and in which there is going on a lively and aggressive propaganda to keep large numbers of the people from liking Europe.

Not only does the average American fail to understand France; he does not want to understand her. His only measuring rod is his own country, and he condemns France by just so much as she fails of fulfilling his idea of civilization. And those of us who, though we hold our own country in high esteem, admit that she is not perfect, and that other countries have something to teach us, are held up to scorn. It is this self-satisfied state of mind among the majority in the United States that has defeated such reasonable and logical measures as the League of Nations, the World Court, and the cancellation of the Allied debts, and threatened to influence Congress to refuse to confirm the Kellogg treaty, not because we prefer war, but because we want no relations, good or bad, with the countries of Europe.

An easy way for American manufacturers to improve the European market for their goods would be to exert their influence toward a scaling down or, better still, a cancellation of

the Allied debts. It would be shrewd sales policy, more in keeping with what these same manufacturers do to create good will in their home markets. There is no occasion to go into the sentimental side of this matter, though with some of us that has weight, but it would be good business from the hard-headed, practical point of view. It would lift the economic pressure, creating resources to buy our goods; but, better still, it would generate friendliness, creating a disposition to buy our goods. The money some of us expect Europe to pay would come to us instead in the form of profits, and the good feeling would last long after the loans were forgotten. And the manufacturers would be doing merely what they expect their least enterprising sales manager to do — remove causes for resentment among prospective customers in his territory.

Frederick W. Peabody, manager of the American Association Favoring Reconsideration of the War Debts, says in one of his pamphlets that the *Saturday Evening Post* is the greatest obstacle to such reconsideration. It is gossiped among the writers living on the southern coast of France that Lorimer does not favor authors who live abroad and spend their money there. This is no doubt merely the alibi of disappointed aspirants, or it may mean that articles written in Europe are shorn of that disappointed note which is acceptable to the *Post* readers who constitute the anti-European sentiment in our hinterland which is so potent with Western Congressmen.

There is a hostility to the French — and to other Europeans, for that matter — among large bodies of Americans, and some of them seem to go abroad to exhibit their ill will. There is no need to catalogue the long list of such breaches of good taste and good

manners, as plastering baggage with ten-franc notes, or cursing the waiter because he does not know how to mix an American drink. They have all been chronicled in the daily press. A good instance is Senator Caraway's cock-and-bull story about Frenchmen defacing the graves of American soldiers. The story was promptly disproved; indeed, it carried its own refutation, and Senator Caraway admitted he was speaking from hearsay. The serious thing is the prejudice behind this and all other efforts to discredit the French and the English, and other foreign nations, which is responsible for the natural prejudice my chauffeur had when he first went abroad.

The French do not dislike Americans. They probably dislike America, and can you blame them? They have the same reaction to a boorish, semi-intoxicated, 100-per-cent-red-blooded American that we all have. Any visitor from this country or any other who cares for France and the things she does so well, and the wonderful remains of ancient civilizations of which she is the intelligent guardian, will find hospitality and friendliness and fair treatment.

Many things we prize are not essential to the French, but we cannot understand why our model, our scheme of life, is not accepted without question everywhere, just as we cannot understand why our business system is not. The French idea of a hotel is that it should be small, a one-man job, where his own individual skill will shine forth. It is a personal relation between the host and the guest, in which the host, who is often the chef, exhibits his skill as a cook and *sommelier*. The average tourist regards the kitchen with comparative indifference. His taste dulled by frequent cocktails, he sees little quality in vintage wines, and he judges

the hotel by its bathroom. So the arts on which the innkeeper prides himself go for nothing. If the host is a philosopher he shrugs his shoulders and continues to cook for those who know. If his place is one where American patronage is inevitable, he learns to make cocktails, lets his cellar deteriorate, puts speed rather than taste into his cooking, and charges the prices the visitors expect. And the tourists go home and complain that French hotels are not good, and the prices outrageous.

We are in no position to advise France until we approach her with sympathy and understanding — until we realize that we owe a greater debt to France than to any other country,

and that she still holds steadfast to certain ideals which must not be allowed to perish from the earth if the human race is going to realize its highest destiny.

The French are a people who are the least dissatisfied with their own country, and who emigrate in the smallest numbers. Therefore there is no large body of French in this country to act as a clique for French ideas. We must take France as she is, or leave her. We cannot change her. Her Americanization would destroy a nation we cannot spare. Such a transformation would be of little profit to us economically — spiritually, of less than none.

THE RIVER ROAD

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

WE tied John to the wheel of Sisyphus and pushed the cart into the deep shadow of the white frame church with its top-heavy belfry. Then we spread our tattered road map on the steps of the church for the ever-delightful conference as to where the day should call us.

As usual, the inhabitants of the remote mountain village gathered about us. The hounds and coon dogs, less polite than the mountaineers, began to question John. As always when he is tied, John waved his white-plumed tail and gazed at the far horizon in contemptuous silence.

Ordinarily there was small need of the map. For, drifting before the wind

of destiny, we ever chose the most unfrequented way, with the wind preferably at our backs. But this day there was need of drifting toward a bank where we could cash the last one of our modest traveler's checks. Peter was of the opinion that we had spent them all; but a cursory glance at the chamois bag at my neck revealed one more little crisp paper. And we had but forty-five cents left in money. Sis's bicycle wheels would break on rocky trails and must be mended or replaced; shoes, and especially stockings, would wear out; and there was always the temptation to buy some useless article from a mountain woman, whose hard fingers touched a piece of silver as reverently and as curiously as one might touch a rare jewel.

The highway to the right of the Hard-shell Baptist Church evidently led to the county seat. For there men with mules jogged along, and motor cars whizzed past them. Peter, with relief, pointed out on the map that, while there was a bank at the county seat, there was no railway. But I hated the rock-crushed highways where once I had seen the convicts work, and at the left of the church there wound a dusty, shaded way toward the river. Beyond, skirting the mountain above, I saw it turn and twine toward the west, where the county seat lay. I pleaded for the river road.

It was in vain that Peter pointed out to me that when one started on a journey it was usual to set forth in the direction of the place where one expected to arrive. But I felt sure that the river road would eventually arrive at the town, and even suggested that we ask one of the women who gaped about us. For some reason there was not a man to be seen in the village. Of course I knew that it was hopeless to ask the way of a mountain woman. She would answer kindly, 'That-air road runs ter Grandpap Bryant's.'

'And from there?'

'I hain't niver ben no furder. I don't know whar hit might go frum thar.'

'Peter,' I cried, 'there is a man in the little yard opposite.'

'It's a woman.'

'It's a man. He has on a veil, because he is working with his bees. He is taking honey from the hives.'

We folded our precious map and started to push Sisyphus across the grass-grown road. A gaunt woman wearing a purple sunbonnet leaned toward me and said, 'I reckon you all don't wanter go over thar. Mr. Jackson lives thar. Ther hain't nobody ever goes thar. He's er infi-del.'

I thanked her and assured her that

we only meant to ask about the road. Peter called across the picket fence before the log cabin so small it seemed the capital of a little city of beehives: 'Good morning. May I trouble you with a question?'

The man came out through the swinging gate, took off his heavy gloves, and removed his veil. I watched curiously his sensitive, eloquent hands. He wore khaki and leggings. Forty-five, perhaps, smooth-shaven, tall, slender, with bent shoulders; we looked on, not into, his opaque brown eyes.

'Yes?' he said in a rusty voice, and walked slowly around the cart, where, in large white letters, 'Sisy' was painted on one green side and '-phus' on the other. Then his creaking voice went on, 'Well, Sisyphus, don't ask me how to keep your cursed wheel from slipping back.'

We were too astonished to speak at once. For in all our wanderings through the mountains no one of the many who had gazed wonderingly at our Chinese wheelbarrow had ever connected the words on its sides.

At last Peter said, 'No? Mrs. Sisyphus wishes to know if the river road eventually arrives at the county seat. And I want to ask if this is an Adamless Eden. I have n't seen a man in the village.'

'Will you walk into the house and rest a moment?' said the man. 'I must replace the super on my beehive. Then I'll come in and answer your questions.'

He led the way around the cabin, and I saw with surprise that there was neither door nor window in the front of his house.

'I have my entrance at the back,' he said, 'because I don't care to face that blast of frozen music across the road. Perhaps you noticed the jack pot of a belfry.'

'Why, yes,' I answered, very much

amused. 'But the Hard-shells have the advantage with their jack pot. At home we'd have to send for the bishop to open it up.'

'At home?' he said, looking at me curiously. 'But here we can never ring for a cold deck. The cards are marked, and it's the same old game of graft as — at home.'

Then to Peter, 'Selling Bibles? Or a traveling evangelist?'

'Unfortunately, neither,' answered Peter.

'Pardon me. I'll go in and tie Lucifer. He's not used to visitors.'

II

We passed through a tiny vestibule, very clean, with a cookstove, a table, and a solitary chair on one side, and on the other side shelves piled high with labeled buckets, evidently honey for shipment. There was but one chair in the room beyond, a rustic easy-chair on whose cushion lay a fat fox terrier, who snarled, but made no objection to being tied to a chain fastened to the wall. The man dusted the cushion and offered Lucifer's throne to me. Then, from the step of a rude stairway that ran to a loft above, he pushed aside a coffeepot of pamphlets and a large stewpan of magazines, invited Peter to be seated, and went to his bees.

On the table beside me was a large oil lamp and an open book. Bergson! Strange infidel! The walls were lined to the ceiling with books. The floor was mounded with books in neat piles or boxes. Under the window was a large tin wash boiler that Peter said was full of Plato. Through the door opposite me I saw the only other room of the cabin. It was clean and bare, with a snowy bed; and among the toilet articles on the bureau stood a framed picture. As I rose to examine the bookshelves, I confess I stole a glance at

the faded, full-length photograph of a young woman in old-fashioned evening dress.

'Now what can I do for you?' asked the man, appearing at the door. 'As to the men of the village, they have all gone to a murder trial at the county seat. It is their happy carnival.'

'I suppose you could n't leave the bees,' said Peter, curiously.

'I might care for a good fresh murder. In fact, I wish I had been present at this one. But a judicial murder does n't appeal to me. There is no charm of the unexpected.'

'So sure of the verdict?' asked Peter.

'Oh, yes. The murdered man was a preacher; the avenger a village half-wit. I am a village atheist. Fellow feeling, perhaps. It's not at all a pretty story — the half-wit's daughter. Madame Sisyphus will not care for the tale.'

'Can we reach the county seat by the river road?' I asked.

'Yes, in time. But the river road runs through the Indian and negro settlements.'

'Indians! Here?' cried Peter.

'Not a tribe. Just scattered through the settlement. The Eastern band of Cherokees. Wandered over from the Qualla Reservation in North Carolina. The people here call them "the blue men." As a matter of fact they look as though they might have a mixture of negro blood — but they have not.'

'Of course we must take the river road!' I cried. 'But negroes! I don't think we have seen a negro in the mountains.'

'No. The negroes in the mountains are like the Indians — just shadows of the past. The young negroes are off to the cities. The poor whites here hate them, these shadows who slip in and out of the village for supplies. They are thriftier than the whites. A larger

per cent of negroes own their own homes in America than do whites.'

'But of course the whites own their own homes here,' said Peter.

'Why, no. The storekeeper often owns their homes through duebills — the credit system.'

'Why does n't he get the negro too?'

'When the negro goes broke he goes down in the rich valley and works for someone till he can carry on.'

The man's voice, as if oiled by use, took on cultivated modulations, and so full and round it was that I wondered if he were English. But I ventured no impertinent questions, fearing what might come alive behind those dead eyes. He said no more, and I fancied that his glance rested longingly on the open book beside me. No doubt we were shadows, disturbing shadows. His real world was in his books. So I rose to go, and asked him if we might buy a small jar of the honey. Peter gave me a warning glance that said, 'Forty-five cents.' But I murmured, 'We'll spend it like a prince for the stored-up sweetness of this summer's flowers.'

'Humph!' said Peter unsympathetically.

The man returned with a little bucket carefully wrapped, and said, 'Permit me, Madame Sisyphus.' And only when he had refused the money did Peter's face relax.

Our host walked a little way with us, and I noticed the curious halt in his step.

Outside the village we met the woman of the purple sunbonnet.

'The man, Mr. Jackson — has he been here long?' I asked.

'Tin yar ergo hit war whin he kim hyar, and bought ther house by ther church and turned hit eround. He war hurted in his laig. Some sez he's lakein'. But I 'low he jest sulls. He air a infi-del.'

'Ah,' said Peter as we walked on, 'his limp — the lock step, perhaps. Poor devil!'

'Oh, no!' I cried. 'He's lame. Recall what he said about the murder trial. He just refuses to share the guilt of the world with the rest of us. The religionists do it in another way. Our sins ought to hold us together. We grow queer on the heights. Poor lonely infi-del! His books are his opium!'

III

The river road! Cool golden sands beneath white-armed sycamores. The river road, where solemn cows converse disparagingly about us, and dispute our right of way; where mules look over the rail fences through their wise, bitter eyes; where the sudden print of a child's bare foot in the sand is a great work of art; where a tawny bobcat, intent on his own business, trots across on noiseless padded feet, at once another shadow in the sun-flecked wood. Where cardinals flash from green bird-haunted thickets, and a friendly mocking bird cools his wing in the clear water of the ford where we stop a moment to fish. Where the fitful breeze brings the languorous sweetness of the honeysuckle, and John selects the ripest of the plump black dewberries by the wayside, and deserts them when a red squirrel — a very short expression of life with a question mark at the end — runs up a sweet gum, and we leave John in acute hysteria at the foot of the tree. Where a wagon with bolt timber creaks slowly down the hill, and we stand before the cart that the mules may not shy; and the driver stops, and three other log wagons stop, and we all meet on the common ground of the weather with abundant time to exhaust the subject. For a highway is but a way of transit, as dangerous and as monotonous as a

railway track, but a country road is a pleasant retreat where 'all the world' may meet in careless leisure.

Beside the jade-green river the road ran in and out, then up and up the mountain. And when we came to a little knoll deep in pine needles, with a clear spring gushing at its foot, we made our noon camp, and broiled our two fat perch.

Though we had seen cabins at a distance, we had met no Indians, no negroes.

'These Indians, the blue men, are probably creoles,' said Peter as he lay on the pine needles smoking his after-dinner cigarette. I replied that I hoped they were, for I loved the creoles; meaning not the French creoles so familiar to us in New Orleans, but the miscalled creoles of the rural districts in the Gulf States — a mixture of negro and Indian.

Peter laughed, as he always did when he thought of our first acquaintance with the creoles.

It was one day when I was seated sullenly on the verandah of a deserted hotel near the railway station of a little town where we waited to connect with a road that ran to another tedious town on the Gulf. These towns were all alike. I was weary of the glaring water and the voice of the realtor in the land. I desired dully, like a lotus-eater, never more to roam — even in search of health. Peter, seeing I was wickedly 'sunk,' had gone across the street to get me a cup of coffee. A tall, lank man with blue soot-rimmed eyes leaned against a pillar and said, 'The train is late to-day.'

'Yes,' I answered; 'I have heard no excited rumors that it is on time. But I don't care if it never comes.'

'Don't you want to go on?'

'No.'

'Where do you want to go?'

'I want to go,' I answered dreamily,

'away from the sea waves. I want to go to a blue river where green banks come down to the water's edge; and below low hills boats — only little boats — glide silently. But I'm describing another country — Paradise, maybe.'

'Why, no. It's about seven miles from here. Have you bought your tickets?'

'No.'

'I can't get away until two o'clock. But you can wait over at the Mitchell House. At two I'll come and take you over there. Any baggage?'

'Two suitcases. Here are the checks. But I think we'll walk on toward Paradise and lunch by the roadside. You can pick us up in the car. I'll tie a handkerchief to a tree or something if we are far from the road.'

So when Peter came with the coffee the man told him our destination, and we hastened joyfully to buy bread, bacon, cakes, and tea, and started for Paradise.

But Jordan is a hard road to travel. At noon, after innumerable cups of tea over a little camp fire, a storm, utterly unheralded, broke, and we rushed to a ruined, deserted house near us. For half an hour the wind blew a hurricane. The left wing of the house collapsed, and sent a horde of rats upon us. But the storm ceased suddenly, the sun shone, and the car honked from the road. In a few minutes we stopped before a tiny cottage where the yard waved with phlox of varied hues in lieu of grass. I sat under a great umbrella tree while Peter and our friend went to find the landlord. But the landlord was shooting 'gator bait. His wife told them that the 'gators were rather bad. One had climbed on the bank, hit a sheep with its tail, and carried it into the river, just where the children bathed. So they were to put out bait and torches,

and shoot him in the eye this night. But she found the key, and the little house was clean and comfortable; and oh, the beautiful cedar ceilings and walls! Our friend, disclaiming all money or thanks, drove away, saying he would come Sunday to see how we liked it.

Liked it! Feeble words! We set off at once down the path to the broad blue river, where, below low green hills that sloped to the water's edge, little boats drifted aimlessly about. The people stopped in the middle of the river for afternoon gossip. It was the village highway — Venice before the motor boat. A child sang as he pushed his boat across from the one store, with a loaf of bread under his arm. A fat, jolly priest tucked up his frock and poled across with a basket of eggs. Were we in America?

That night on a little wharf in a deserted garden, as we sat under a bright moon, suddenly there floated down the river a cry, melodious, penetrating, infinitely sweet. Another voice echoed, another, and far down the shining river another, until the warm moist night was vocal. The captain of the little boat at the pier stopped before us to light his pipe, and said, 'The creoles are yodeling to-night. Beautiful, is n't it?'

Oh, beautiful! Not the crystal call of the Tyrolese, a cry to the god of the hills, but a cry as native as the gurgle of their river, as seductive as the perfume of the night-blooming flowers where the water laps the shore — the old, old cry to the god of the valleys.

The next morning the fish wagon stopped at our door, and I met my first creole. Lithe, dark, erect — an Arab with the mellifluous voice of the negro and the proud reserve of the Indian. When I came to know this man well, he told me that his father, a creole and

a widower, had married a negress, a widow with children. Now there are three free schools — one for the whites, one for the creoles, and one for the negroes. He himself went to the creoles' school, his step-brothers to the negroes'. But when children came to this couple the threat of utter illiteracy hung over them, for all schools rejected them. After years of heated discussion, the disgrace was divided between the two schools; the children went half a term to each.

Some of the creole women, of mixed white blood, are very beautiful. A white man of means married one of these women, and on their wedding journey to Chicago the Southern railway conductor refused to permit the bride to ride in the Pullman or to allow the man in the negro coach! Though in the South we hold miscegenation in peculiar horror, yet the harm was already done, and I have always hoped that Charon made this conductor cross the Styx in the steerage.

IV

Now, as we lay on the mountainside and recalled all this, I said, 'And oh, remember the day when the mail carrier tied our skiff behind his motor boat to deliver the mail!' For here was the only rural river route in America. Against the law to take us? But in this languorous land how far away the law seems! And the creoles sauntered silently down green banks to their little wharves, and there among the water lilies we gave them their letters without a word to break the steady swish-swish of the reeds.

So, lighting one cigarette after another from the dying fire, we 'tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.'

Unnoticed, an ominous cloud had appeared in the west, and we hastened

for the camp shovel to trench for the tent, and prepared for the night on the hill.

That night John gave the man-growl, and the next morning as I boiled the tea while Peter foraged for wood — pine does not make a cooking fire — I saw behind the golden splash of Spanish needle a man creeping away in the bushes. The storm still threatened, and we dug the trench deeper and stayed another night; though John, who did not like the hill, begged to go on. The following morning, as Peter cleared the trench for the still threatening storm, again I saw the man in the bushes. I took the rifle and handed it quietly to Peter, and told him to look. Peter pointed the gun at the man and cried, ‘Come out, friend! We don’t like visitors on all fours!’

An Indian with a slight blue cast — like the terror of my childhood, a man who had taken a medicine for epileptic fits — came forward calmly and said, ‘You are an Indian.’

I looked at Peter with a fresh eye. We did look like Indians! For we were bronzed deep by the sun, and our hair hung black and long, — at least Peter’s was black, — for somewhere in the cart the scissors were lost. From months of walking in moccasins we had acquired the Indian glide — and oh, the ease it brought in walking!

So Peter answered diplomatically, ‘Maybe.’

‘You are digging for our treasure — our gold. We won’t let you take it. We know it is here on this hill somewhere. You can’t take it. But,’ and a look of cunning came into his immobile face, ‘if you divide with me, I’ll not tell. Divide with me?’

‘I’m not digging for treasure,’ said Peter. ‘I’m trenching our tent because it’s going to rain.’

The Indian shook his head stubbornly. ‘Divide with me? We won’t

let you take our gold. I’ll not tell. When the moon shines I’ll come. Divide with me?’

‘You can dig alone. I’ll not be here to-night. If you know the treasure is here, why have n’t you found it?’

‘The Quallas know where it is. There is gold — much gold. I’ll help you dig when the moon shines to-night.’ And he glided away.

We broke camp at once, so that we might not be suspected of having found gold — much gold; though when Peter reflected on the forty-five cents he said he would like to fortify the hill and dig.

‘If you ask me,’ he said as we walked away, ‘these shadows of the past are too dense to be comfortable, or I’m an Indian!’

Though the houses of the blue men were neat and well cared for, — gardens always in front, and not a flower, — I was glad when we came to the first ramshackle negro cabin, where the hens scratched contentedly in gardens at the back and cockscombs and zinnias bloomed at the doorstone, where the pickaninnies grinned. But on the way we talked with some of the Indians and admitted that they were intelligent and thrifty.

A sad, a silent people, these lost Cherokees. Unlike the negroes, who hide their melancholy with marvelous secrecy, these Indians carry their sadness like a banner.

The clouds cleared away, and a perfume not of flowers or of ripening fruit came on the breeze — a fascinating odor to hungry wanderers. And around a turn of the road was a party of negroes before a barbecue fire. I turned into the big gate before an unexpectedly commodious house.

‘But they are negroes!’ said Peter doubtfully.

‘That is why we shall get a good clean dinner!’

'But negroes! And we have only forty-five cents!'

'Nonsense!' I cried impatiently and unjustly. For Peter had not been brought up in a land where Aunt Becky kept track of your 'ka-reer' through absent years, and walked ten rheumatic miles when you came home, to see if 'you still favored yo' paw'!

A very old white-headed negro came to greet us. Resolved to be economical, I said, 'Good morning, Uncle. That barbecued meat smelled so good I just had to stop and see if you would sell us a slice.'

'Suhtinly! Suhtinly! Rose, cut de lady a nice slice. One ob de blue min tole us dey wuz trablers on de road. But you is not whut we expected teh see, suh. Not atall, suh!'

A negress, who turned two kids on spits before an open fire, began to sharpen a knife. Suddenly the old man cried, 'Heah, you twins! Woodrow! You an' Sambo! Come holp me cahy obeh somethin'. Wait a minute, Miss — Miss —'

'Miss Eleanor,' I answered.

'Miss Ellen,' and he smiled delightedly, 'you jis' set down on de bench by de little table dar.'

Presently he returned with the twins, and under a great oak set the table with a clean white cloth and pink-flowered dishes.

'Dese dishes,' the old man said proudly, 'is whut I keeps fuh white folks comp'ny. Nobody else iveau et in dem. I'm ve'y much respected heah, suh. I has a gret chance o' white comp'ny. I owns my hunderd-acre fahm heah, suh. Ise lived heah sence de wah wid de States. Dese folks is all my dahters and deir chillun an' gran'-chillun. Ise pow'ful ole now. None o' my boys'd stay on de place, an' I wuked all my life teh make it fine fuh 'em! Dis is a picnic fuh Rose's gal. She has a little boy baby; and dey's

all come frum town teh bring cradle presents. So I fotched some ice frum town, an' I barbecued two fat kids fuh 'em.'

The old negro waited on us himself, and there was red raspberry ice cream and real pound cake. When he had gone for more of the delicious barbecued meat, Peter said, 'How the devil are we to pay for all this?'

'Peter,' I said, 'I'm a Southern belle befo' de wah ob de States, and you are like the man who walked before Alexander to keep telling him he was mortal! You and your forty-five cents! We can get the money at the town and send it back — if there's not enough.'

'Humph! He'll believe that!'

Suddenly he whispered, 'That little hickey you bought of the last mountain woman — it's a quilt, is n't it?'

So we unlocked the cart and took from it the beautifully pieced and quilted silk square I had bought for a footstool cover. 'Uncle,' I said, 'may I give the baby a cradle present too? It's only a little quilt, but we think it pretty.'

Rose came with the other women and bore it proudly into the house to the baby. And when we had finished our dinner Peter, as from an inexhaustible store, produced the forty-five cents and offered it to the old negro.

'Nossuh! Nossuh! You-all is comp'ny! I kim frum Vahginny, and my white folks wuz the Chiltons, suh!'

Rose eyed the money covetously, and her face fell. Her father turned to her and said sharply, 'We iveau one'd consideh it a bodacious insult teh take money frum a lady dat give Rose's gran'chile a fine cradle present. We thanks you, Miss Ellen.'

'Saved again!' murmured Peter.

'It 'pears lak it mought rain. I keeps one room fuh white comp'ny. I'd be proud if you-all would stay.'

We thanked him and declined, and he brought us some apples to take with us. 'Dey is fine apples. I got seven kinds o' sweet apples. I planted 'em all. But nobody keers nothin' fuh 'em. Maybe you-all don't want 'em. I went teh Nashville teh visit my boy an' his chillun an' gran'chillun. An' I shined up my ve'y bestest apples I'd sprayed fo' times, an' I wropped iven one in fine white paper, an' I toted de sack wid me on de kyars. But my boy he jis' th'owed 'em in de automobile an' bruised 'em. An' dat night I calls de chillun an' I says, "See whut you-all's ole gran'pappy done brung you!" An' I ontied de flour sack, an', suh, dey says, "Nothin' but ole apples!" An' th'owed 'em right on de flo'. Dey says dey laks awanges, suh. It 'pears lak I done th'owed away all my wuk heah. Dey won't nobody even stay on de place. Dese chillun all live in town dat's heah teh-day.'

The old negro's eyes filled. I could not speak; and he went on, 'Miss Ellen, I hopes you won't kyar if I axes yo' las' name. I sohteh thunk we mought name Rose's baby boy fuh you. We kindeh runs outen names.'

I wrote my maiden name on a piece of paper, — spelled phonetically, — and Peter said, 'Cheer up! With a name like that, this one will grow up and love the old place and come back to it.'

'I thanks you-all. You kin find a good camp in de grove at de ole Lancaster place teh-night. De fambly's all gone off teh be lawyers and doctahs in cities. But ole Miss an' little Miss is buried dar. Little Miss's boy wuz de las' teh leave. Dar's a tenant dar now. Jis' pore white trash.'

V

As we walked on, Peter said: 'Now that avuncular shadow of the past is worth while! But those young negroes

— why, even after we gave them the cradle present they would have taken our —'

'If you say "forty-five cents" again I shall scream! What have we to do with high finance?'

'You are right! The joy of the road is that the exigencies of the present shut off the past and the future. But the money smoulders in my pocket! And I have a feeling that a good-sized exogeneity is coming. We'll spend it at the next stop.'

After supper in the dimly lighted old hall of the Lancaster mansion, with its pathetic spindle-legged piano and occasional carved chair, I played the violin for the tenant and the field hands who lolled on the great stairway or sprawled on the floor. Hoping to find a mountain fiddler, I passed the violin among them. A mellow voice from the dark called, 'I kin play, if de lady don't mind.'

'Come in, Uncle Eli,' said our host kindly. 'You used ter live hyar, did n't ye?'

An old, old negro stood framed in the doorway. Neatly dressed, with high-topped boots of a bygone fashion, he stood slender and straight as a charred pine.

I caught the veiled contempt in the glance he gave the field hands sprawled about the old hall. A glance that included me in my short skirt and bobbed hair.

'Yas, suh! Yas, suh! I done sold my fiddle in dis berry hall when I went Nawth wid de fambly. I ain't played no mo'. But I done come home now, suh.'

He fingered the violin lovingly with trembling old hands, and pushed the bow across the strings. But the music did not come. Sadly enough he brought it back to me. 'I reckon Ise done fergot how teh play,' he said.

'Try again, Uncle Eli,' I said. 'It

will come back to you. It always does.'

It did come back to him, and after he had tuned the violin in his own way he said, 'I'll play you de oldest tune in de worl'. It's "De Road teh Jericho." An' de good Book say it made de walls o' Jericho fall.'

Half a century and more has passed since Old Miss sat in her hoop-skirted dress and smiled while she watched the dancers and listened to Uncle Eli's fiddle.

Old reels sparkled and lilted through the great hall; and suddenly one of the field hands sprang to his feet and cried, 'Hoe all day an' hop all night!' And presently they were all dancing like mad. We hopped with the best of them. Even our host's tiny daughter joined the revels. Then, for the first time, I saw Uncle Eli smile. He sang with the violin, 'Hold up youah dress an' dance lak a lady. Nobody hyah but Kitty an' de baby.' The old white head so weighted with memories sank lower and lower. Perhaps he had sung that song for little Miss who sleeps under the oaks here, while her great-granddaughter dances the Charleston at a cabaret.

Night, when the whippoorwill called incessantly in the deep grove; and before sunrise we stole silently away to

meet the mystery of the dawn breeze on the river road.

When the sun was hot we stopped at a desolate cabin for a drink. Inside, a weary woman was ironing, heating her irons before a fireplace, while a young woman sat in a cushioned chair and crocheted with very coarse twine what she called hats. The girl was beautiful. All the expression denied her body was concentrated in her face. For she had never walked. She was selling the hats to buy herself a wheel chair. When she told me they were fifty cents, Peter's eyes met mine, and without a word he gave me forty-five cents and three postage stamps.

Outside, to prove the wisdom of my purchase, I tried to wear the hat. But it volplaned like an airship. Even a string weighted with a rock failed to secure it. So I removed the wire at the edge, made a hand bag of it, and felt lighter in my mind.

At last we stood on the summit of a steep hill, and Peter said, 'If the mists would lift we could see the bank in the town.'

Sis, always of an unbalanced nature, became excited at this, and ran violently down the hill. We all three pursued, screaming and barking. A motor rattled past. We had come to the end of the river road.

MRS. TURTLE LAYS HER EGGS

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

FOR the past four years I have lived as a trader on the atoll of Puka-Puka, in the South Pacific, but it was only recently that I became personally acquainted with the midnight ramblings of Mrs. Turtle. I had been dangerously ill from ptomaine poisoning, so I decided to close the trading station and take a two weeks' vacation on Frigate Bird Islet, one of the three islets which, with the reef and the lagoon, comprise the atoll. It is contrary to the local tabus for anyone to visit Frigate Bird Islet except during the copra-making seasons, when the whole population moves; but as I am a white man, and had been very ill, the village fathers generously consented to my sojourn on Frigate Bird for the purpose of convalescence. Furthermore, it was then November, the season when the turtles come ashore to lay their eggs, and I had promised the natives to lie in wait for one.

Taking with me an old retainer called Uliamu (William), I paddled across the lagoon and was soon comfortably settled on Frigate Bird Islet, in a grove of tall puka trees. There the wind moaned with a pleasant dolorousness and innumerable sea birds were blown about the sky, settling from time to time on their perches in the tops of the trees. Frigate Bird was also a favorite nesting place for the *ruperes*, island doves whose cooing is as lonely-sounding as the music of the wind in the branches of the puka trees.

Half an hour after our arrival on the islet, old William returned in great excitement from a reconnoitre along the beach. He had found a turtle track only a few hundred yards from our little thatched hut. I followed him to the spot. It must have been a huge turtle, for the track was a good three feet wide and ploughed deep into the sand.

Looking at the trail she had left behind her, I wondered that there are any of these great turtles left in the sea. The natives of all these islands know, of course, that a turtle lays her eggs every ten or twelve days, on four or five occasions during the months of November and December. So, when a trail is discovered, one has only to lie in wait during high tide, and Mrs. Turtle may be caught when she returns to lay another batch of eggs; for she will lay her successive batches within a few hundred yards of the first one.

I have read that a turtle is very clever in hiding the spot where she lays her eggs, but this is nonsense. From the shallows to the upper beach she leaves a track behind her as plain as an armored tank's, and the spot where she lays is hollowed out much like a hog wallow, the sand being heaped over the eggs to the height of a foot or more. After the eggs are deposited and covered, she wobbles straight back to the reef, leaving another trail so plain and deep that, failing to see it, one would stumble into it.

When the eggs hatch, the first baby

turtle digs a round hole to the surface and wobbles clumsily out. At his heels — or, better, his flippers — is a second, and a third, and so on, all the little turtles marching in single file to the shallows, where they dive happily in. Then the tragedy begins, for there is no morsel daintier than a baby turtle, and every sea creature seems to be waiting for the feast. Of the hundred or more baby turtles that leave the beach, not fifty will succeed in getting as far as the reef, where a dozen more will be gobbled down by spotted eels. The moment the rest of the little company are through the breakers, the large fish outside swirl into them, devouring them, usually, to the last turtle.

When I think of the innumerable enemies of the young turtle, I marvel that any of them escape to reach maturity. But some do, of course, for old Mother Turtle makes due allowance for casualties. She lays from four hundred to six hundred eggs yearly, so that, in the course of five hundred years, a few of her two hundred and fifty thousand offspring are bound to survive.

There are thousands upon thousands of eggs in a female turtle; some are clusters of just-forming eggs no larger than a pinhead, and from these they range in size to the fully developed ones. The smaller ones are a great delicacy, but somehow, with me, half the pleasure in eating them is lost when I think of the thousands of embryo lives I am destroying through the grind of my molars.

It is a law on Puka-Puka that sailfish and turtle belong to the entire population. When only one turtle is caught and shared among the five hundred and fifty-odd inhabitants, the individual portions, one would suppose, must be small. But they are larger than the uninitiated might think, for of an average green turtle's three hundred

pounds weight not ten pounds are wasted. The Puka-Pukans eat the flippers, shell, and tail, while the head is given to the man who catches the turtle. The hard bony carapace and plastron shells are considered the most delicate parts, and the result is that when the turtle feast is over there is hardly enough refuse left to fill a hat.

II

Old William and I dug out one hundred and six round white eggs that day, each about the size of a hen's egg. The fully developed eggs are not particularly palatable, but quite good enough for a meal on Frigate Bird Islet. William decided that this batch had been laid two days earlier, so that we might expect Mrs. Turtle to return in a little more than a week. We would lie in wait and catch her by the simple process of turning her over on her back; then go to the north side of the islet and light the signal fire which would inform the rest of the Puka-Pukans across the lagoon that a turtle had been caught, whereupon they would all paddle joyously over for the feast.

The following eight days passed as I should like all days to pass for the rest of my life. I swam in the lagoon with my water goggles on, looking down on the fantastic peaks of submarine mountains, watching the gorgeously colored fish swimming in and out of caves and crevices among the coral; or I would lie on the beach and sleep, or wander idly through the groves inland, listening to the lonely cries of the sea birds. Each day I grew stronger and soon reached that stage of health where one derives the keenest delight from the mere fact of being alive.

On the eighth night old William and I walked the beach during high tide, but old Mrs. Turtle failed to appear; so we

returned to our little hut in the puka grove and went to sleep. William said that mother turtles seldom cross the reef at low tide, but this is not an invariable rule.

An hour later I awoke, as completely refreshed as though I had enjoyed a long and dreamless night's sleep. William was snoring at the other end of the hut, and I heard an owlish shearwater squawking a discordant love song to the moon.

I rose and crept out of the mosquito net, thinking that perhaps Mrs. Turtle might have stolen a march on us and might even now be fashioning the nest for her eggs somewhere up the beach. Sure enough; I had not gone more than a hundred yards along the shore when I came to a freshly ploughed track from the shallows to the shore brush. I halted and listened.

The water in the outer shallows lay steely-calm halfway to the reef, and the shadows of branching coral were outlined with striking clearness. But the first tiny wave of the incoming tide was moving shoreward, a wall of water about a foot high, jet-black in the moonlight save for flashing points of spray that rose and subsided as the tide wave foamed gently across the shallows to break with a faint hiss on the sandy beach. A moment later it was on its way back to the reef and soon the shallows were calm again, although the water was a few inches deeper than before.

I seated myself on the sand near Mrs. Turtle's track and gazed into the shadows of the shore brush. Once I thought I saw a dim ungainly shape moving there, and several times heard the crackle of breaking twigs as she broke through the bushes.

She rested for several moments, and then I heard a sharp scraping noise followed by the patter of sand against the foliage. I rose, crept close, and turned

the light of my flash lamp into the bush. At my feet, so close that I might have touched her, was a green turtle weighing at least three hundred pounds. She turned her head to stare at me with cold passionless eyes; then with a deliberate, almost haughty motion she again turned, and without paying the least further attention to me went on with her work.

I sat down and placed my flash lamp on the ground so that the light was fully upon her. I expected her to move away, but she did not, and the natives have told me that once a turtle has started to dig the pit for her eggs nothing can frighten her away. The eggs must fall and she will proceed, oblivious of everything, until she has them nested.

There was something solemn, almost religious, about that midnight labor so beset with danger. I watched with a feeling akin to awe, as though I were eavesdropping at an esoteric rite. What, I wondered, did old Mama Turtle make of my flash lamp? Was she aware that death awaited her only a few feet away, that she would never again cross the reef to plunge into the cool sanctuary of the sea? If so, she gave no evidence of the fact. More than likely she was the stoic she appeared to be, a fatalist whose hundreds of years of experience had placed her above worrying over the vicissitudes of life and the fear of death. The light of my flash lamp was merely another of those strange phenomena turtles must expect on dry land. I wondered about all sorts of things as I watched her — a man will harbor curious thoughts in the wee hours of a moonlight night on the remote beach of an uninhabited islet.

She had already started digging her pit when I first approached her. She used her hind flippers, the right and left ones alternately. With one she would reach to a spot under her tail, scrape

away about a handful of sand and gravel, and, cupping the bottom of her flipper, bring the sand to the surface and deposit it. The other flipper would then be swung into the hole, while with the first she would brush away the sand already brought out. This was done by scraping the flipper vigorously across the ground, and it was that sound I had first heard after discovering her track.

She worked automatically, for evidently she must dig her pit in the age-old manner or not at all. It was interesting to observe that, though one flipper was shorter than the other, when the hole became too deep for her to reach bottom with the shorter one she still went through the motions of scraping, cupping, and brushing the ground where the sand should have been. This somewhat lessened my opinion of Mrs. Turtle's wisdom.

When the pit was as deep as she could make it — about twenty inches — she dropped one hundred and fourteen eggs into it, filling the excavation to within three or four inches of the surface. Then, working both her hind flippers at once, she scraped the sand into the pit, patting it down firmly and pushing it under her until she had a mound a foot high over the eggs. Then she put her powerful front flippers to work for the first time. Reaching out, she scraped them across the ground so vigorously that a shower of twigs, sand, and gravel went flying into the air. This was done, I suppose, in an effort to cover and conceal the spot where the eggs were laid — an entirely futile attempt. Half of the first shower rained on me, with such force that I moved away at once. Deciding that I had seen enough of Mrs. Turtle's private affairs, I moved some distance away to sit on the beach near her track. For ten minutes longer I could hear her flinging the sand about; then she was silent.

III

I must have waited a full hour longer, for the moon had dropped to Arai Reef, and I could see the foam and spray where the long smooth combers humped their backs and broke over the sunken reef. Venus had risen, and in another hour the puka trees would be outlined in the first light of dawn. Twice I flashed my light into the bush, only to see Mrs. Turtle lying motionless, resting after her labors. Presently I nodded, and dozed off in the midst of a series of disjointed reflections.

I was roused by the sound of something dragging over the sand. It ceased the moment I looked up. There stood Mrs. Turtle, perfectly still, not more than ten feet from me. I was directly in her path; all I must do was to walk up to her, get a firm hold on her carapace shell above the tail, and tug her over — but there was plenty of time for that.

I watched her for fully ten minutes; then, of a sudden, she breathed. It was a raucous respiration, startlingly loud in the still night air. It may have been that my long exposure under the moon's full light had given me what the Puka-Pukans call 'moon madness'; however that may be, it occurred to me that old Mama Turtle was an exceedingly likable, human sort of creature. Therefore I decided to have a little confidential chat with her.

Although at first the sound of my voice startled me a little, I explained to Mrs. Turtle the foolish risk she had taken in coming to an inhabited island to lay her eggs. 'In your hundreds of years,' I said, 'you should have learned that only the loneliest sand banks are safe for you, and that your greatest danger is from an encounter with man.'

'And now, madam,' I went on with a little flourish, 'see what your lack

of foresight has brought you to! To-morrow you will be split in two — *vavaji-ake*, as the Puka-Pukans say — and eaten to the last corner of your shell. You will have ceased to exist. For many hundreds of years you have flopped across the reefs of lonely atolls, ploughed up the beaches, and laid your hundred eggs. For centuries you have paddled with dignity and deliberation about the seven seas, dining on the choicest turtle grass and contemplating the starry firmament through long tropic nights. All these centuries you have escaped being made into soup for aldermen's dinners; you have escaped the ropes and spears of savages; and most amazing of all, at about the time when William the Conqueror crossed the English Channel, when you hatched out on some remote and moonlit tropic beach such as this, you escaped your enemies in the sea and by some freak of chance managed to grow to maturity, safe from all sea creatures, only now to be unceremoniously flopped over by a mere South Sea trader.

'Outside the reef old Papa Turtle is waiting for you. When he rises to breathe he gazes shoreward, wondering what is keeping you so late. But he will never see you again. He will wait beyond the reef for a few days, and then, doubtless, paddle off in search of another mate. To-morrow your body, from the tip of your nose to the end of your tail, will be crushed between the jaws of five hundred hungry savages. What a forlorn end to a life of adventure such as yours!'

Again Mrs. Turtle breathed hoarsely, and this time she struck her flipper on the sand, as though annoyed that I

should keep her waiting. I rose and, stepping behind her, grasped her shell. I made a feeble attempt to turn her over, but she was very heavy, so I did not try again, for I was willing to believe that I was still weak from my recent illness. She waddled with stately deliberation down the beach, while I stood where I was, watching her. When she had nearly reached the water I called after her: 'Madam, I will give you three pieces of advice: Dive deeply and at once whenever you see a ship, boat, or canoe. Never go ashore at an island where you see fires at night. And above all, avoid man, your greatest enemy.'

Old Mama Turtle wobbled on without so much as a glance back. A moment later she flopped gracelessly into the water and I saw her no more. Dawn was at hand as I walked back to the puka grove. Old William was still asleep.

When he awoke he soon discovered the turtle track and my own as well, and all that day he would not speak respectfully to me. He knew at once what had happened, but he was unable to account for my strange behavior. Why, if I were unable to turn the turtle over, had n't I called him? There was really no satisfactory reply to be made to that question. The next day when we returned to the main island William told the story, and I was in disgrace. For a week not one of the village fathers would consent to buy so much as a popgun from me, or a bag of marbles. Nevertheless I am glad that I acted as I did. And if old Mrs. Turtle is capable of emotion and reflection, I am sure she is glad, too.

THE PUBLIC LOOKS AT PILLS

BY AGNES REPLIER

I

SOME years ago a society of distinguished physicians and surgeons invited a well-known journalist to speak to them on 'The Doctor from the Layman's Point of View.' It was the chance of a lifetime, but the journalist made nothing of it. He filled his allotted hour with some appropriate display of scholarship (mainly Oriental), and a great many well-turned compliments. His audience, gratified but a trifle bored, expressed their sense of appreciation, and have had none but professional lecturers ever since.

In truth the layman's point of view, as it has come down to us through the centuries, is one of mockery and derision. The French adage, 'Never waken the sleeping doctor,' is a little like 'Never warm the frozen viper.' The old Italian epitaph, 'I was well: I wished to be better: I took medicine and died,' turns up in divers tongues and in divers ages. Pausanias is said to have attributed his length of years to his avoidance of all drugs. English comedy, like French, rings with laughter at the expense of a profession from which so much was expected that a broad margin was left for discontent. George Colman's sneer, —

But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed,
is forced and mechanical alongside of
Gay's swinging lines: —

Men may escape from rope and gun,
Some have outlived the doctor's pill.

Dryden, more serious and assured, wrote decisively: —

God never made his work for man to mend,
which was being very much at home
in Zion.

The layman, writing upon the science of medicine, has never drawn any wide distinction between a statement and a fact. He gave us in the past, as he gives us in the present, a great deal of interesting reading which, if false to circumstance, is apt to be exceedingly true to life. We learn from Robert Burton, who bravely quotes authority, that in the days of Jerusalem's might and pride there lay open in the temple a great book written by King Solomon, and containing remedies for all manner of diseases. To this book the Jews had free access, and each man found in it the cure for his ailment. But Hezekiah caused it to be taken away, saying that it made the people secure, and that they forgot the need of calling upon God for help, because of their too great confidence in Solomon's wisdom.

Burton himself was far ahead of his generation in sense and rational skepticism. His words are the words of wisdom. He makes plain the advisability of dieting, which all men hate, and the unadvisability of taking other people's remedies, a habit dear to most men's hearts. Neither does he think it well for laymen to read medical treatises, and draw their own conclusions. 'No one should be too bold to practise upon himself without an approved

physician's consent, nor to try conclusions if he read a receipt in a book.'

Yet intelligence and monstrous erudition failed alike to eradicate from Burton's heart a dim respect for ancient cures that had nothing but length of years to recommend them. There, for example, were the precious stones. How natural it seemed to him that their beauty and durability should have power to soothe the restless maladies of the mind. And there were other substances unknown to and unseen by him, yet whose existence and qualities he could not bring himself to deny: 'In the belly of a swallow there is a stone called chelidonium, which, if it be lapped in a fair cloth and tied to the right arm, will heal lunatics, and make madmen amiable and merry.' And there were old wives' cures in which he put no faith, but which had the warrant of usage and of error. 'In my father's house I first observed the amulet of a spider, lapped in silk in a nutshell, applied for an ague by my mother.' This simple domestic remedy, though gravely recorded, is condemned by Burton as being ill-advised. His mother, he admits, was not the only practitioner. He has heard of divers cures wrought by spiders. But, after giving the matter due consideration, he 'can see no warrant for them.'

Our world is a changing world, and the only durable thing in it is human nature. No longer do we put our faith in spiders, and the stone in the swallow's belly has not even the poetic permanence of the jewel in the toad's head. The diseases of the present have little in common with the diseases of the past save that we die of them. 'Moral as well as natural maladies disappear in the progress of time,' wrote Jane Austen flippantly to Cassandra, 'and new ones take their place. Shyness and the sweating sickness

have given way to confidence and paralytic complaints.'

Impenetrable Latin names have also replaced the deeply colored and dramatic words which told a terror-stricken people in what guise death was knocking at their door. The 'Plague,' a strong and simple vocable, was bad enough; but think how the 'Black Death' must have numbed the heart with fright. The petty losses of perpetual warfare were trivial as compared with the blotting out of human life (one man out of every three in fourteenth-century England) when this dreadful pestilence swept the land. The *Feu Ardent* differed principally in name. We are told that the hands and feet of the infected turned 'black as coals,' and rotted away; and we know that in 1106 there was founded in Arras *La Charité de Notre-Dame des Ardents*, the members of which devoted themselves to nursing the sick until their turn came to die. Then there was the malady called, Heaven knows why, the 'Purples.' It was an afterthought in the way of epidemics, for it ravaged the town of Celle where Matilda, Queen of Denmark and sister of George the Third, was confined. The unhappy lady caught the disease from a page and died, to the great relief of those who wished her out of the reach of sympathy or succor. Even the 'Sweating Sickness,' about which Jane Austen jested, has an appalling sound which fits the horror that it bred. The Papal Nuncio, Chiericato, writing from London in 1520, says that it was so swift and sure that men riding through the streets reeled and fell dead from their horses.

Of what avail was physic against such tides of death? The world, ignorant and impotent, clung to words it could understand and feel, to remedies of childish simplicity, to the hope and consolation of prayer. Centuries

passed, bringing rich gifts of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding. We seemed immeasurably remote from the helpless throngs to whom sanitation was unknown, and who stared wild-eyed at the dying and the dead. Then in our own day a pestilence, urbanely called the Influenza, carried off (so say the latest statistics) twenty million people, outstripping all recorded epidemics because of the denser population of the civilized world, and because it traveled faster and farther than any of its predecessors. When sixty-eight thousand persons died of the Great Plague in London, Frenchmen walked the streets of Paris in comparative security. The Influenza leaped a sea as easily as it leaped a street. Britain and the Balkans, Russia and Rhode Island, were neighbors in misfortune, and each and all paid their heavy toll of death.

The changelessness of human nature, which progressive minds deny, is illustrated by man's age-old inclination to escape from the orderly development, the 'mapped lands and charted waters' of science to byways, and short cuts, and the primrose paths of charlatanism. The same spirit which made the conservative Jews seek cures from Solomon's pages impelled Londoners who lived through the terrible months that preceded the *Annus Mirabilis* to buy 'anti-pestilential pills,' and 'the only true plague water,' and mysterious remedies concocted by 'ancient gentlewomen,' familiar with the disease from childhood. Ambroise Paré fought a hard and, I fancy, a losing fight against the preposterous drugs of his day, the ever-popular mummy scrapings, and unicorn horns — a sovereign antidote to poison. The public was naturally incensed that a man who had risen from the despised ranks of barber-surgeons should presume to depreciate such rare and costly medicines, to which only the wealthy could aspire.

II

The most amazing tale which the credulity of the world has ever furnished is the many-chaptered history of touching for king's evil. From the days of Edward the Confessor in England (this is a matter of tradition), from the days of Clovis in France, clear down to the days of profound skepticism and dawning revolution, men clung to the belief that scrofula was healed by the royal touch. 'There is nothing that can cure the King's Evil but a Prince,' wrote Lylly in his *Euphues*; and the world, learned or ignorant, agreed with him. It was claimed that this mysterious power lay in the hands of French and English monarchs because they had been anointed with the sacred chrism; but Charles the Second, the most successful of royal practitioners, touched at Breda, Bruges, and Brussels before the Restoration; and devout believers crossed the Channel to be touched by the old Pretender — William the Third having sourly declined this prerogative of kingship.

Popularity, piety, profligacy, in no way affected the healing power. The people regarded their kings as Roman Catholics regard their priests. They were conduits through which flowed certain graces, irrespective of their own worthiness or unworthiness. Louis the Eleventh was fully as conscientious in touching as was Saint Louis, and Philippe de Comines warmly commends his fulfillment of this duty. 'If other princes do not the same, they are highly to blame, for there are always numbers of sick people to be healed.'

There were indeed! Reading the records, we should be driven to conclude that unwholesome diet produced scrofula on a giant scale were it not for the fact that every kind of growth,

or swelling, or eruption — diseases described by William Clowes as ‘repugnant to nature’ — was classified as king’s evil when there was a chance for the patient to be touched. Clowes, whose office it was to examine the applicants for touching in the troubled reign of Charles the First, was a firm believer in, and a jealous guardian of, the monarch’s prerogative. He denounced and brought to justice an impostor named Leverett, who claimed to be a seventh son, which he was not, and to heal by touch. This man, a gardener by trade, had his followers, — what impostor has not! — and the evidence showed that he had ‘enticed lords and ladies to buy the sheets he had slept in’ — as unpleasant a remedy as the annals of healing record.

Henry the Fourth of France, who was a strong fighter but a weakling of a doctor, complained querulously to the Countess of Guiche that, when ill himself, he was compelled to touch two hundred and fifty sick on Easter Day. He should have been ashamed of his slackness. On the Easter of 1686 Louis the Fourteenth touched sixteen hundred people with little rest or respite, bearing himself as became ‘a healer and a king.’ The great monarch ranks next to the merry monarch in the number of his patients and the presumed efficacy of his treatment. It is estimated that at his coronation he touched two thousand sick; and from that day until his death fifty-six years later he frequently and patiently fulfilled this strange function of the crown. When he lay dying a number of afflicted children were brought to his bedside. He was nearing the end, and his dim eyes could not discern the wretched little objects about him. But two bishops guided his feeble hands to child after child, and repeated the brief formula, ‘The King touches. May God heal!’ which nobly resembled the ever-

repeated words of Paré, ‘I dressed him, and God healed.’

In England the ritual for the ceremony of touching was established by Henry the Seventh, who began the practice of crossing the sore with a gold ‘angel,’ which was subsequently hung about the patient’s neck. This custom obtained also in France, and we might be tempted to think that the coin was reason enough for seeking a cure were it not for the fact that after Charles the First had grown too poor to give it there were as many applicants as ever; and Charles the Second touched hundreds of sick before he had a spare piece of silver for himself, let alone gold for others. Pepys says that in the first four years of his reign he touched twenty-four thousand people; and it is calculated that he touched ninety-two thousand — some say two hundred thousand — before he died. Whatever he may have thought, he always played his part with becoming gravity. What disconcerted him — as well it might — was to find himself touching when he had not meant to — *un médecin malgré lui*. John Aubrey tells us that ‘a Mr. Avise Evans had a fungus nose, and said it was revealed to him that the King’s hand would cure him. So at the first coming of King Charles into St. James’s Park, he kissed the royal hand, and rubbed his nose with it. Which did disturb the King, but cured him.’

Of course it cured him! That is the certain end of the story. We read over and over again that some hundreds or some thousands of people were touched for king’s evil, and ‘all were cured.’ Now it was but natural that learned writers in the days of Queen Elizabeth should bravely assert that she healed her sick subjects. They would have been unwise to say anything else. But when it comes down to Queen Anne, who

touched little Samuel Johnson, aged two and a half, we find the same repeated assurances of success. They are like the assurances of our friends to-day that they have been cured by patent medicines, by bottled waters, by colored lights, by deep-sea massage, by diets as alien as King Nebuchadnezzar's, by the satisfaction of subconscious desires, and by being confidently told that they were well. It may even have been that some rustics felt themselves cured by the Scotch blacksmith whom Sir Walter Scott found practising medicine (by the pure light of reason) in Northumberland. Horrified, he remonstrated with the man, asking him if he never killed his patients, and received the memorable reply: 'Whiles they die and whiles no. It is the will of Providence. Onyhow, your honour, it wad be lang 'til it makes up for Flodden.'

III

The age of credulity is every age the world has ever known. Men have always turned from the ascertained, which is limited and discouraging, to the dubious, which is unlimited and full of hope for everybody. To dream a few dreams after four years of world war was a pardonable weakness. To cultivate a few pleasant pretenses was almost a necessity. When Dr. Émile Coué unbottled his sunshine to warm us, we basked gratefully in its rays. Autosuggestion, so long as the suggestions were of the right kind, seemed a private path to Paradise. 'I am not a healer. You heal yourselves,' said this delightful practitioner, and we made haste to believe him. Faith, hope, and confidence were remedies within reach of all. But after assimilating our little horde of persuasions, after repeating the Coué rosary until we were lapped in content, there would come now and then like a cold wind from the north

the remembrance of words, stern and unequivocal, which we hoped we had forgotten: 'Things are as they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why should we seek to deceive ourselves?' And, shivering, we awoke to realities.

The delusions of the past seem fond and foolish. The delusions of the present seem subtle and sane. That the seventh son of a seventh son should have presumed to claim strange powers of healing, and that erysipelas (which was called the 'Rose of Ireland,' like one of Moore's melodies) should have disappeared beneath his touch, was a manifest absurdity. So, too, was the dipping of smallpox patients in milk, and the wasteful swallowing of gold, which Chaucer held to be a sovereign cordial. An old Irish woman told me when I was a little girl that as a child she had been cured of mumps by being driven three times in a halter at daybreak through running water — a remedy which modern literary slang would call 'colorful.' But when a delegation of Quakers suggested that the College of the City of New York should establish a course of Peace Psychology, we lent them serious attention; and when an educational expert urged giving dolls to children as a preventive of race suicide, we did our best to follow her line of reasoning. Two hundred years ago doctors bled their patients to the doors of death. One hundred years ago twenty thousand leeches found congenial occupation in the hospitals of London. But some months ago a man struck by a motor in New Jersey suffered himself, and was suffered by his relatives, to bleed to death, because the tenets of what he called his religion forbade his summoning medical assistance.

The perilous candor of doctors in this candid age may have lessened their prestige with the average layman, who

adores pretense and is always ready to credit what is loudly and persistently asserted. The iconoclastic jest of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes,' has been too often quoted by men who forget that it was spoken to the assured young students of the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Collins's criticism of a practitioner, 'If automatons could have diseases, I should select him for their doctor,' has a familiar ring. It wittily expresses a doubt and dissatisfaction common since the days of the Tudors. 'Many physicians,' grumbles Bacon, 'are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient.'

There was none of this professional plain speaking in the days when newspapers were unknown, and few men were so learned and so unwise as to read books. Doctors then kept their own counsel, and left the laity guessing at the nature of diseases of which all they knew was the end. When we read that king or noble died of 'a surfeit,' we may feel tolerably sure that the diagnosis was correct. A great many people die of it now, though the word does not appear on the physicians' certificate. Philippe de Comines, who gathered the strangest kind of news from every available source, tells us that Mohammed the Second had 'a swelling in his legs which every spring made them the size of a man's waist (as I have heard from those who have seen them); and the swelling never broke, but dispersed of its own accord. No surgeon could tell what to make of it; but all agreed that his gluttony was the occasion, though perhaps it was a judgment from Heaven.'

Gluttony or a judgment from Heaven? There were few maladies that could not be attributed to one or other of these causes, and occasionally to both. Charles the Bold, who was bold with caution, sought to stave off the threatened surfeit by having his six physicians sit behind his chair at table (so says the Burgundian chronicler, Olivier de la Marche), 'and counsel him with their advice what viands were most profitable to him.' They were compelled to agree, and agree quickly, with one another; but there is a story that one of them, or all of them, protested to the ducal cook that his dishes were unwholesome, to which that functionary replied, 'My business is to feed my master; yours to cure him.'

IV

One quality has never been lacking in the long, noble, humorous annals of medicine, and it is the basic quality on which depends the worth of life—courage. The *esprit de corps*, which is unpopular on the same principle that nationalism is unpopular, has served as a fortress against fear. The heroism of the doctor who gives his life in searching for and experimenting with microbes is like the heroism of the explorer, the aviator, the sailor, the soldier, who all go out with high hearts to meet their duty and their death. The heroism of the doctor who gives his life in tending the pestilence-stricken is something too holy for commendation. Not for him the overwhelming curiosity of the scientist and investigator. Not for him the interest so keen that it obliterates panic. And not for him the supreme joy and lasting honors of discovery. Only a sombre pathway to death, and often to oblivion. Gui de Chauliac, Papal chamberlain at Avignon, and the first surgeon of his day, set the seal

of glory upon his own name when he stuck to his post during the ravages of the Black Death in 1348. His *Chirurgia Magna* is the treasure of antiquarians, his admonition to physicians equals, if it does not surpass, the noble oath of Hippocrates. But because he practised what he preached, because he saw half the population of Avignon swept away, and stayed to heal the other half, his memory is honored of men, and his soul

Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

In the winter of 1915 six English doctors obtained permission to visit the German prison camp at Wittenberg, and tend the prisoners who were rotting with typhus fever. These unfortunates had not seen a cake of soap, or felt the decency of clean linen, for two months. They were alive with vermin, and dead to everything but the consciousness of misery. Three of the six doctors died within five weeks; but to them and to their valiant successors hundreds of men owed a gleam of hope, a touch of compassion, and their lives. The heroisms of the World War were beyond count and beyond praise; but nowhere was grandeur nigher to our dust, and nowhere was God nearer to man, than in that prison camp.

The late Dr. Weir Mitchell once said to me that, in his opinion, neither English nor American fiction had ever produced a satisfactory portrait of a doctor. Sevier was sentimental; Lydgate a rather dull embodiment of excellence, Thorne unconvincing as a practitioner. He was by way of thinking that the layman came no nearer to understanding the physician than to understanding medicine, though he had jested at both, railed at both, and sought help from both since the beginning of civilization. It is doubtful whether Dr. Mitchell, who was emi-

nently fastidious, would have accepted with relish the up-to-date picture of Dr. Will Kennicott of Gopher Prairie, a plain person drawn with a firm rough touch which consistently denies him distinction. He is often obliterated from the canvas because his wife, the exacting and pretentious Carol, takes up so much room. But the unforced realism of the scene in the Morganroth farm, the amputation by night, the flickering lamp, the inflammable ether fumes, the matter-of-fact courage of a man accustomed to take chances — this is the kind of thing we like to know is within the possibilities of daily life. It makes for confidence in a world which has always produced, and still produces, ordinary men who do the work that lies at hand. Mr. Lewis has spared no profession from the shafts of his bitter ridicule. It is he who says that managing an epidemic with a board of health is like navigating a ship in a typhoon by means of a committee. But he has given us a physician in whom we believe, and whom, if we detach ourselves from sentimentalism, we can sincerely love.

The doctor of to-day must infinitely prefer abuse, which is harmless, and derision, which is world-worn, to the lofty patronage of the pseudo-scientist who renders profound homage to research, and eliminates the practising physician from the field of progress. 'The fruitful study of disease,' we have been told, 'began with the investigations of Pasteur,' which is partially true. But what of Lister, who 'watching on the heights, and watching there alone,' saw Pasteur like a star on the horizon? 'The scientific use of the imagination,' a great phrase and a great quality, has distinguished many a doctor who was content to heal his fellow men. We recognize it in the words of Dr. Keen, dean of American surgery, who has registered his hope

that after death he may be permitted to know and rejoice in the discoveries of the future, in the forward leaps of 'this great though little world.'

Hygiene is now the exalted idol of the public. There are none so learned and few so ignorant as to be without a set of rules which are unfortunately communicable. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* warned us a few years ago that there was 'no such thing as a science of medicine,' and that the study of disease was a matter 'distinctly apart from the art of healing.' 'Public health,' he wrote, 'becomes less and less an affair in which physicians should meddle. It demands rather a man of the temperament and clear-headedness of the engineer who is accustomed to think mathematically, and who dwells in a region where the landslides caused by his errors descend upon his own head.'

Do they so descend, I wonder? At least inevitably? Have there been no hecatombs of victims following the fatal weakness of wall, or roof, or bridge? It is doubtless true that 'the great majority of men who enter medicine have no intention of making their métier the science of the study of disease.' Somebody must serve as a medium through whom the discoveries of science, the fruits of knowledge, may be conveyed beneficially to the sick man whose eminently selfish desire is to get well. But it is a curious verdict which would forbid physicians to 'meddle' with public health. The health of the public is in their keeping.

Why then should public health (a mere resetting of words) be outside their legitimate sphere?

A medical society in Chicago went so far as to issue a questionnaire, asking the laity, or at least some hundreds of laymen, if they preferred, and why they preferred, unprofessional to professional treatment. The answers received were with one exception — the high cost of keeping alive under the doctor's care — inexpressibly futile. They showed a peevish discontent with the possible, and a colossal faith in the impossible, which are as old as humanity. Only in the event of 'continuate and inexorable maladies,' a terrible phrase of Burton's, is this mental attitude of service. It may increase a man's pain and shorten his life; but it fools him with hope until he dies.

After the World War was over, the *Ladies' Home Journal* published a paper with this patronizing title: 'The Returning Doctor: He can now become one of the most potent assets of American life.' Can now become! How, I wonder, did the returning doctor feel if he read that encouraging assurance! How did the British Tommy feel if he read the peerless tribute to his services written by a thoughtful correspondent of the *Times*, and quoted with delight by André Maurois: 'The life of a soldier is hard, and sometimes really dangerous.'

So it is that the public looks at machine guns and at pills.

PERMANENCE

VIOLETS, with rare and thin and reaching smell,
What is it you would tell?
Five thousand, fifty thousand years from us
Your scent was even thus,
In dusks before the Spring, O cry intense,
Thrilling within the sense.
O whither would you have us yearn and reach
Following your spirit-speech?
O love, first love, and all its keen regrets
Call with you, violets;
You draw us down all woodlands that have been
Since first the world was green —
Draw us with ache through graves of all the days
To grasp what beauty stays,
What Permanence behind all perishings,
What Spring behind the springs.

And you reply: we have not known your grief,
Untricked to your belief
In Time delusive, that unreal shade
By your own thinking made;
We have not known your Forward and Behind,
Next individual mind;
We are the happy features of one Face,
The graces of one Grace;
With us the hours are one immortal Hour;
All fading flowers, one Flower.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

IMMORTAL life is once more widely canvassed. A distinguished man of science has recently told his colleagues that man has a soul which survives the dissolution of the body. Another not less eminent announced a year before that the soul is but an efflorescence of the body. When the brains are out, the man is dead, and there an end.

The question is everlasting. In one of the older Upanishads, millennia back, young Nachiketas addresses Yama, lord of death, who has given him three wishes: —

'This doubt that there is, concerning the man who has gone forth: "He exists," say some, and "He exists not," others say; this would I know, taught by thee. This of my wishes is the third!'

The lord of death replies: 'Even by the gods of old it was doubted concerning this. . . .'

Writing not long ago, one of our philosophers of science said that there are three possible answers: personal life survives the death of the body; or, consciousness ends with bodily death; or, our separate consciousness is absorbed into a common reservoir of consciousness — the dewdrop slips into the shining sea.

Instead of these being alternatives, may there not be a more inclusive answer: that the three possibilities are concurrently true; when certain conditions are fulfilled, individual consciousness persists after bodily death; when these conditions are lacking, there is, at

best, a very limited survival; there is a reservoir of consciousness, a boundless deep, into which the individual life may enter, not to be absorbed and lost, but to grow and expand to a splendor of which we can hardly conceive?

It is better, perhaps, to speak of the survival of consciousness than of the immortality of the soul; for the meaning of 'soul' is rather vague and undetermined, while 'consciousness' is something that every one of us is familiar with, through every hour of our waking lives.

Consciousness is a familiar experience; nay, more, it is the condition of all experience without exception, the one thing in the universe that we know at first hand. Yet the truth is that, while we are all endowed with consciousness, it is a rare thing for any of us to look at consciousness directly, turning consciousness back upon itself, as it were, and making a sustained effort to solve its mysteries. Perhaps our modern consciousness is too packed and crowded with activities, too careful and troubled about many things, to look backward within itself. Perhaps in past centuries our destiny after death has been surrounded by too many terrors for us to consider it with serenity. The fact remains that there are few quiet hours in which we may be conscious of our own consciousness.

But let us go back to the second of our two eminent men of science, who holds that death ends all. He is a profound believer in the method and conclusions of science. One wonders

whether he may sometimes realize that, outside consciousness, science itself has no existence; that our conception of matter exists wholly in consciousness.

What, after all, is matter? A few years since, before the discoveries of Henri Becquerel and the Curies, the answer seemed plain enough. When John Tyndall said, in the famous Belfast address, 'We find in matter the promise and potency of every form of life,' he was quite confident that he knew what matter was, and his hearers were ready to admit his knowledge. Matter was in those days a conglomerate of the chemical atoms of John Dalton, which were conceived as little round bodies like marbles, possibly furnished with hooks to link them together; there were about a hundred kinds of these little marbles, differing at least in weight, the uranium atom being two hundred and forty times heavier than the hydrogen atom. For a century they worked admirably, yielding abundant fruits — theoretical, as in the harmonic table of Mendelyeef; practical, in our chemical industries. Yet, in the strict sense, the atoms of Dalton do not exist; they never did exist outside the consciousness of Dalton and his fellow chemists. A mysterious something exists, subject to harmonic law, but not Dalton's atoms. And the power to perceive this harmonic law exists in consciousness; we can hardly conceive of that perception as existing in the atoms themselves.

After radioactivity was explored, electrons superseded the atoms of Dalton — units, positive and negative, of electricity, as we are told; though what electricity is in itself, and why it exists in units of these two kinds, remains a mystery; and our problem is not made easier when we are told that every atom, every defined group of spinning electrons, is endowed with a set of waves, while one school holds that the atom is merely the starting point of the waves

and has no substantial existence at all. So the evolutionary development of the atom continues; it is a development in our consciousness; the atoms themselves, whatever they may be, are not affected by this development. Further, we are told that the electrons which build up the atoms are grouped in complex schemes somewhat like the solar system, with the sun in the centre and the planets revolving in space, the distances being relatively immense.

If, then, we are to find in matter the promise and potency of every form of life; if, with our great anatomist, we are to maintain that consciousness is a function of the body and brain, we ought to be able to form some conception of how this function is exercised, how it comes into existence. But the truth is that, whatever view of the atoms and electrons we accept, whether the more conservative protons and electrons, the more radical systems of waves, or a compromise between the two, it is wholly inconceivable that these electrons or the resultant atoms should be arranged in a pattern which would result in a perceiving consciousness, or, even more, in self-consciousness as we know it. No philosophic speculation can bridge that chasm. There is, perhaps, one possible loophole: that each electron is endowed with consciousness from the very beginning; that consciousness is coeval with these primordial units of being. But, if we accept this solution, we thereby admit that the origin of consciousness is an insoluble mystery; that consciousness is inherent, beginningless, and, it would logically follow, endless.

In a certain sense, these are artificial difficulties. We are in reality under no obligation to leap across the chasm and to seek for consciousness in a pattern of electrons. We need not seek for it there or elsewhere. It is already found, within ourselves; is, indeed, the seeker,

whether among electrons of its own imagining or in its own mysterious depths. Let us, then, begin where we are, and consider our consciousness as we are conscious of it.

II

The first quality or power of consciousness is to be conscious — an activity so astounding that we are, for the most part, wholly unaware of it. But consider for a moment. We are aware of curiously formed black marks on a white page; aware that they form patterns which we recognize as representing sounds; aware that these sounds carry a consistent meaning, which weaves itself together in our minds; aware of that meaning; and, finally, aware that we are aware of it. We are so familiar with every step of this miraculous way that we no longer see the miracle; yet miracle it is. And, as already suggested, it is wholly inconceivable that this miracle could arise from any rearrangement of electrons, unless we suppose them already endowed with perceptive consciousness.

Like the rest of mankind, our men of science almost unconsciously take this miracle for granted. Then they go courageously forward, building up the great structure of science — and consistently making use of other functions of consciousness hardly less mysterious than this primary quality of awareness, of perception. For no one will study science unless he believes that science is a reality; that truth exists, that it can be discovered, that it can be verified. But we may legitimately ask: Whence comes this concept of truth, and of truth that can be verified? We can hardly conceive it as proceeding from a pattern of electrons and protons, in whatever complexity we may arrange them. Yet the concept is there; or, rather, it is here, within our minds, and

in every mind. For every human being, whether scientist or not, has some notion of the reality of things, however partial, even erroneous, that notion may be.

We can imagine a consciousness endowed with the primary quality of awareness, a bare perceiving consciousness, faced by a continual stream of appearances like floating clouds, and never rising to this second thought of reality, of truth — never gaining the first inkling of that kind of intelligence from which science is developed. So we are compelled to come to the conclusion that in our consciousness, besides the first miracle of awareness, there is inherent this second miracle, the concept of reality. If we add the thought of verifiable reality, we have added still further miracles: namely, the thought of continuity, of harmonious development, and, finally, of recognition. When the predicted result occurs, we recognize that it is the predicted result — something hardly less wonderful than the first miracle, that we are aware at all.

What has this to do with immortality, and with possible conditions of immortality? Primarily this: that immortality, if it be true, must be a quality of consciousness; and that, if we begin by some understanding of consciousness, some recognition of its real character, and the contrast between that character and what we are taught concerning matter, we shall have taken the first step toward understanding the deeper mysteries of consciousness.

We have already found in our consciousness three things: awareness, the sense of reality, the sense of harmonious continuity. And these three powers underlie every step of science. Without them, no step could be taken. Yet it appears to be broadly true that many of our men of science take these steps, and take them continually, without any conscious recognition of the powers

of consciousness which make these steps possible. If they really recognized these powers, it is inconceivable that they should be materialists, for the simple reason that such powers cannot conceivably proceed from matter as they depict it — from patterns of protons and electrons, even with their attendant waves.

Our men of science perpetually use yet another quality of consciousness, seemingly without recognizing its immense significance. Consider a student of the rocks in the gorge of the Niagara River. He sees many things that the unskilled eye fails to perceive. In part, this is the reward of developed attention. He notes, for example, that the scars made by glacial rocks are clearly marked below a certain point; that above this point they are absent. He sees, and he interprets. He knows that the edge of the falls recedes as the rushing water wears away the rock. The terrapin tower of older days thus disappeared, undermined and overwhelmed. He measures the rate of recession, compares it with the distance of the glacial markings from the present falls, and calculates that these marks must have been made some fifteen or twenty thousand years ago. But this is only the beginning of his journey backward into the past. He examines the rocks above the level of the track, and recognizes that they are of Silurian age — almost certainly not less than a hundred million years old.

Fifteen or twenty thousand years for the glacial scars; a hundred million years for the level layers of shale. Yet the scars and the rocks are both of them in the moment when he is observing them; it is now, now, now — never anything else. Just as we do well consciously to rest our attention on the first miracle of awareness, so we shall do well to rest our attention on this second marvelous fact: that it is perpetually

now, now, now — never anything else. The Silurian shales are in to-day; it is we who, by virtue of a power in our consciousness, project them backward through a hundred million years — an expression indefinite enough, yet holding the sense of enormous duration. Once more, it is wholly inconceivable that this feeling of duration could be generated from any patterning of protons and electrons. For these mysterious units of even more mysterious electricity, as they are depicted to us, it is always now, now, now. They are whirling ceaselessly, we are told, yet in themselves they do not change. Even Millikan, in his magnificent conception of cosmic rays, does not speak of the generation of protons and electrons, but simply of their combination into atoms, of helium, oxygen, silicon, and iron. So, as at present conceived, electrons are unchangeable throughout all time — which is the same as saying that, for them, time has no existence; it is always now. No arranging them into new patterns can alter that fundamental fact. If, as we have suggested, there is in each electron and proton some germ of consciousness, then it is a consciousness beginningless and endless, and without change or the sense of duration — an absolute immortality.

Yet that we ourselves have the sense of duration is as certain as it is mysterious. And it is also certain that every student of science, in every step of scientific thought, takes this marvelous power for granted — for the most part, as it would seem, quite unconsciously, hardly at all realizing what it implies. For the only possible conclusion is that the sense of duration is inherent in consciousness, like awareness itself, the primal miracle. If, then, duration be inherent in consciousness, we have a first step toward continuity of consciousness, toward immortality.

These powers of consciousness are

all matters of universal knowledge, effective in every step of scientific thought, equally operative in each detail of practical life. In to-day, even that hypothetical personage, the man in the street, also thinks of yesterday and to-morrow. But one may doubt that he realizes that it is eternally impossible to prove that there was a yesterday, as it is eternally impossible to anticipate to-morrow. Every scrap of proof he relies on — memory, documents, testimony — exists, not in yesterday, but in to-day; for the evidence, as for the man in the street himself, it is never anything but now, now, now; it can never by any possibility become then. The sense of yesterday, of the past, as the sense of a coming to-morrow and of the future, is in consciousness and nowhere else. It rests on the awareness of duration, a fundamental quality of our consciousness itself.

There is another quality of consciousness, implicitly taken for granted both by the man of science and by his brother the man in the street, though it is probable that the one no more realizes it than the other. Yet it underlies each and every detail of our human life, exactly as the sense of the reality of things underlies every detail of scientific thought and of practical action. When we meet a friend, or an enemy, and address him in friendly or hostile words, with warmth or with heat, as the case may be, we have taken something for granted, something as marvelous as awareness itself. We have taken for granted that he is there; that, whether he be friend or enemy, he is a consciousness cognate with ourselves, or, more generally, that there is kindred consciousness outside the limit of our own consciousness. And this is taken for granted, always and everywhere, by every man, woman, and child: *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*.

It is taken for granted by the simplest

child of man, and as completely by the most erudite scientist. Otherwise, why does he seek to impart his conclusions to his equally erudite brothers? Or, to ask the logically previous question, how does he come to believe that this imparting is possible? It has been a commonplace of philosophy for several thousand years that no proof of my neighbor's consciousness, as the logician conceives proof, is possible, just as there is no complete logical proof of the existence of an objective world. A very ancient school in India took one step more and added that there is equally no logical proof of the existence of a perceiving consciousness. It is perfectly true. But this is really a description of the limitation of logical proof, and in no way impeaches the fundamental realities of experience, which antecede all operations of logic. Our consciousness, our awareness, are realities of direct experience, and on these realities all logical reasoning, and all practical life, are based.

So certainty of kindred consciousness in others is an inherent quality of our consciousness, on which everyone without exception acts perpetually, always has acted, always will act. It is, if we wish so to name it, a fundamental intuition, like the intuition of being.

Of this primal reality there would seem to be only one possible explanation: namely, that behind and beneath the seemingly isolated consciousness of each one of us there is a common substratum, a general layer of consciousness; and that it is in virtue of this common substratum that we are so firmly convinced of the reality, the consciousness, of each other. This would supply a reasonable foundation for the admitted solidarity of human life, for all practical acting and thinking which involve other people besides ourselves. The man in the street, and equally the

woman and the child, who everlastingly take this common consciousness for granted, and act on it, are therefore fully justified. The basis of their action is there, in this enduring layer of consciousness behind and above our separate selves.

The man of science is not less fully justified. When he says that 'science' teaches this or that, or that a snail or a thrush or a star is 'new to science,' he does not mean his own personal observation and reasoning. He evidently means something at once larger and more stable: the collective consciousness of a large body of men trained in certain habits of observation and inference, and the entire sum of observations and inferences which abide in this collective consciousness. Therefore we are justified in saying, not only that science exists only in consciousness, but, in addition, that science exists only in the collective consciousness to which every student of science appeals, whenever he records and gives out his observations and conclusions, and equally when he studies the observations and conclusions of his colleagues. All this is matter of universal knowledge, to be dwelt on only because so few of us draw from it the conclusion which appears to be inevitable: namely, the reality of this general substratum of consciousness.

III

Does it follow from these conclusions, if we accept them as well founded and established, that a full continuity of consciousness is assured for every human being — man, woman, and child? That bodily death is only an incident upon the surface of the great substratum of consciousness? That immortal life is a rule which knows no exceptions? Here, in reality, we come to the heart of the matter. Let us consider it well.

When one who is not a philosopher or given to mental analysis thinks of his personal survival after death, he has in mind something which he thinks of as entirely definite: namely, the perpetuated existence of himself as he knows himself at that moment, with such a name, such a face and form, such and such personal memories, wishes, habits of thought; an immensely varied conglomerate of physical characters, and also what we may call, for want of a more appropriate name, an even more diverse collection of psychical characters. We are not losing sight of the beginnings of this group of characters, or of their almost beginningless biological history; but for the present we must limit ourselves to the actual man as he recognizes himself. Is he, exactly as he thus recognizes himself, endowed with perpetual life? He may begin by believing or hoping that he is so endowed. If he be wise, he may end by hoping most sincerely that he is not.

Let us consider some of the things which make up his personality, as he himself knows it. First, there is his personal name. We may not often realize how fully we identify ourselves with our personal names; how large a part of our feeling of identity is tied up with them. But names may be changed, by inheritance, by marriage, by a court of law; or they may be forgotten, in cases of amnesia. How completely victims of amnesia are at sea our daily records testify. As with names, so is it with personal features. Mirrors aid greatly in forming our mental images of ourselves, what we think of as our personalities. But we must make continual adjustments as the years pass, and we make our way through the seven ages. So with our psychical furniture: memories which grow dim in part, and in part are added to; knowledge which may fade, or be enriched by new fields of learning; passions which

may flare up or burn themselves out to ashes; personal contacts which may be lost, while new associations are gained. Neither in the bodily nor in the mental furniture is there anything like permanence. In reality both are changing from day to day, from hour to hour.

So long, therefore, as we identify ourselves with these personal vestments, so long are we subject to their mutability. Not only can we not expect a full survival of this personality after death; we cannot expect it to remain unchanged even for the next year, or for the next month or day, of ordinary life; while extraordinary events may change our conception of ourselves tremendously even in a very short time.

Perhaps we have hit upon the clue, in speaking of the things with which we identify ourselves. Perhaps there is no likelihood of unaltered survival for what we call our personal selves, simply because these personal selves are built up of elements, every part of which is impermanent. We attribute the idea of 'self' in our ordinary thinking, to our bodies, or to our minds, in the sense of our ordinary and habitual thoughts, desires, and fears. Yet we all realize, when we consider the matter, that these things are always in flux, never permanent. They pass before our deeper consciousness like moving pictures on a screen. There is always the division between the perceiving consciousness and what is perceived, whether it be our bodily form or the images and thoughts in our minds.

It would seem, then, that we think of all these bodily and mental belongings of ours as being ourselves, while in reality we realize all the time that they are not ourselves; that is, they are other than, and external to, the deeper perceiving consciousness, before which they pass in an endless row, as clouds drift across a mountain peak.

If, instead of fixing our sense of

personal identity upon our bodies, our names, our features, our emotions and memories, we identified ourselves with the deeper perceiving consciousness, before which these things pass, then our conclusion might be changed. Let us consider what this might mean if we were able to carry it out.

We have just spoken of our deeper perceiving consciousness as being aware of our bodies, our feelings, and our thoughts. But we should at this point remember that, while turning this consciousness upon itself, to examine it, as we did in the beginning, we found that it contained many things besides bare awareness. We found in it the sense of the reality of being, something not to be established by any logical process, and antecedent every logical process. We found in it the thought of continuity, of harmonious development, which finds expression in every scientific generalization, and equally in every practical undertaking. What practical planners of towns call a 'development proposition' has its being in their consciousness before it can embody itself in streets and houses; and it rests altogether on the innate conviction that things progress and open out; on the certainty of harmonious unfolding, which is inherent in consciousness. We found also in our consciousness the marvelous conception of duration, while in our experience we can never find anything beyond the present instant — now, now, now.

Awareness, reality, harmonious progress, duration — these are what we find in consciousness. Thence we project them outward, and discover them in the things which our consciousness perceives, as in the growth of trees and stellar systems. But, if they were not in consciousness first, we should never find them elsewhere; indeed, we should never conceivably seek them elsewhere.

Further, besides these qualities which

each one of us finds, or may find if we look for them, in our own consciousness, we have sound reasons for thinking that this separate consciousness of ours is but a part of a far greater whole; that there is a general substratum of consciousness underlying, or overarching, our separate selves, in virtue of which we recognize each other — just as islands are set off and separated by dividing seas, but, if we go down to the ocean depths, are all united by the rock shell of our earth.

If, then, one should be able to identify himself, completely and continuously, first with the true perceiving consciousness in himself, and then with the larger consciousness, one of whose properties is duration, it is entirely possible that he might thereby discover not only a true individuality, as contrasted with outer personal vestments, but also an enduring reality, thereby knowing himself to be immortal, not as a separate person, but as that greater, deeper, more universal consciousness.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE DETECTIVE

BY MARJORIE NICOLSON

THE deadly after-dinner pause had arrived. During the hour of the banquet itself, conversation had been general, if desultory; but in the drawing-room an awkward hush descended. The hostess surveyed with some alarm her tame lions, the most distinguished delegates to an international convocation of scholars. Nervously she threw into the arena for dissection the latest sensations in the world of books, the 'most provocative' of all provocatives, the 'most startling' of all exposés of human weakness. With weary courtesy the lions oped their mastic jaws; but it was only too obvious that the animals were lethargic. Desperately, she turned to the distinguished scholar at her right — a man whose name is known even to thousands who have never read his contributions.

'Tell me,' she begged, 'what do you think is the most significant book of recent years?'

'There you have me,' the great man

declared with candor. 'I never can make up my mind between *The Bellamy Trial* and *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. Of course, I know there are people who would say that *Greene Murder Case*, but . . .'

His hostess gasped. But in another moment her horror had turned to amazement. Her lions forgot their tameness; the bodies thrown into the arena were no longer the lay figures by which they had been fooled so long. The odor of blood was in their nostrils. For an hour the struggle raged; and when at last the lions, gorged with prey, had departed to their cages, they left behind them a hostess who realized that her dinner had been a complete triumph, who had learned the most valuable of all lessons for her future entertainment of the academic guest: when all else fails, start your professors upon the detective story — if they have not already started themselves!

Throughout England and America

to-day, you will find the same thing to be true. Lending libraries in college towns are hard put to it to keep up the supply; university librarians are forced to lay in a private stock 'for faculty only.' Let but two or three academics gather together, and the inevitable conversation ensues. At the meetings of learned societies this year, it will not be of the new physics or the new astronomy, of the new morality or the new psychology, that your specialists in these fields will be debating, but of footprints and thumb marks, of the possibility of poisoning by means of candles, of the chances of opening a locked door with a pair of tweezers and a piece of string! More heated the arguments, more violent the discussions, than ever were the contentions of mediæval schoolmen. And in time to come, when we shall have been gathered to our ancestors, you will find us, not in Paradise, but, like that little group of Milton's fallen angels in Hell, 'in discourse more sweet' than were ever hymns of rejoicing, sitting apart on some 'retir'd' hill, unaware of Pandemonium, unaware of Hades, while around us giants and demons tear up mountains and cast them into the sea, 'reasoning high' of clues and openings, of poisons and daggers, of tricks for disposing of unwanted bodies, of Dr. Thorndyke and of Colonel Gore.

I

That glib expositor of all mysteries, the pseudo-psychologist, has an explanation, of course. To the academic mind, he avers, detective stories constitute the 'literature of escape.' He goes even further: our lives, we hear, are barren and narrow; our college walls (not even modern American architecture can shake this metaphor) hem in a little unreal world, in which wander lost spirits, ghosts and shades as

melancholy as any who ever haunted the tenebrous Styx, wailing — not, like those spirits, for a life they had lost — but for a life we have never had. Inhibited by our unnatural existence, we find 'release' in books of blood and thunder. Through tales of abduction and poisoning, shooting and stabbing, we are able to wallow for a moment in adventures we cannot share, to lose ourselves for an evening in a world of excitement, and return next day to our dry-as-dust lectures, refreshed by vicarious violence. Unworldly, unnatural academics, who would deny us our brief moment's respite! So, having explained us to his own satisfaction, having neatly docketed us in his capacious catalogue, the pseudo-psychologist passes on to fresher woods. Like an earlier gentleman, somewhat hasty in generalization, he does not stay for an answer.

Nor, I must confess, would we bother to give it to him, did he stay. For how can we explain to such as he that escape, in the sense in which he means it, is the last thing in the world the academic mind either requires or wishes? How can he know that, as a group, we are more free from 'suppressed desires,' 'inhibitions,' and 'complexes' than any other group in the world to-day? It is not from the life of the mind that we seek release, nor is it that we may flee from the bondage of academic walls that we revel in the literature of escape.

Yet, in a sense which he does not understand, the academic reader is turning to the detective story to-day seeking release. Consciously in eighty per cent of the cases, unconsciously in the other two tenths, he has reached the limit of his endurance of characteristically 'contemporary' literature. Contrary to the usual belief, the college professor to-day does keep up with recent literature. Gone is the bearded visionary who was a child in the affairs

of the world, the pedant who boasted that he had read nothing published since 1660. There are few professors in the colleges of the arts who are not familiar with the 'latest' in drama, in fiction, in poetry. If the family budget will not cover the new books, there are the local book clubs; and, when all else fails, there are always the community bookshops, whose tables are surrounded by poverty-stricken academics, grimly reading the newest arrivals, standing now on one foot, now on the other, peer-ing determinedly between uncut pages. Probably no other group except the professional book reviewers has, during the last ten years, waded through so many thousands of pages of psychological analysis. And now we are reaping the whirlwind.

Yes, the detective story does constitute escape; but it is escape not from life, but from literature. We grant willingly that we find in it release. Our 'revolt' — so mysteriously explained by the psychologists — is simple enough: we have revolted from an excessive subjectivity to welcome objectivity; from long-drawn-out dissections of emotion to straightforward appeal to intellect; from reiterated emphasis upon men and women as victims either of circumstances or of their glands to a suggestion that men and women may consciously plot and consciously plan; from the 'stream of consciousness' which threatens to engulf us in its Lethean monotony to analyses of purpose, controlled and directed by a thinking mind; from formlessness to form; from the sophomoric to the mature; most of all, from a smart and easy pessimism which interprets men and the universe in terms of unmoral purposelessness to a belief in a universe governed by cause and effect. All this we find in the detective story.

We are not alone in our revolt against the 'psychological novel,' but perhaps

our cry for release is more passionate than that of any other group. As the new book lists appear in spring and autumn, as the brilliant new covers in violent hues bedeck the windows of the bookshops, as the publishers' blurbs grow necessarily more and more superlative, you may hear rising and swelling in protest the litany of the professors: '*From the most profound and searching dissection of human emotions; from the poignant cry of a human soul; from the daring analysis of the springs of human action; from the wings of pain and ecstasy; from the brutal frankness of the seeker after truth; from the lyric passion of a youthful heart; from the biting and mordant wit of a satirist swifter than Swift; from the provocative demolition of a fusty Victorianism; from the ruthless exposure of the shams and hypocrisies of the age* — Good Lord, deliver us!'

The chant is not ours alone; but assuredly our groans are deeper, our revolt more violent. For, to all whose daily contact is with college students, but most to those who profess to teach 'English,' the characteristic contemporary novel seems but the student theme, swelled to Gargantuan proportions. We wade yearly through pounds of paper liberally sprinkled with the pronoun 'I'; we have long ceased to expect complete sentences — and never even hope for complete thoughts; dots and dashes we accept as the only possible marks of punctuation. We read with a jaundiced eye dissections of human nature which their authors at least believe to be *profound and searching*. We listen to *lyric cries* and *passionate outbursts* until our ears are weary. We follow the *brutal destruction* and the *searching for truth* of young authors, automatically correcting their spelling as we do so. We suggest as delicately as possible — remembering always the sacred 'individuality' of these young

people with which we must not interfere — that imitation of Mr. Mencken is not always the sincerest form of flattery. We labor all day with a generation which has always *reacted* — never been forced to *think* or *consider* or *judge*. Is it any wonder that, when the last paper has been corrected, the last reaction tabulated, we reach out a weary hand for books which will be as different as possible? Having labored all day with minds that are — and should be — those of sophomores, is there any reason why we should wish to spend our nights with literature that is sophomore?

We revolt truly enough against subjectivity, because we are too used to promising young authors, who interpret their individual growing pains in terms of cosmic convulsions. We are clearly aware that adolescence will always emphasize the 'I'; will always find dissection of emotion more thrilling than analysis of intellect; will always fall victim to easy philosophies of pessimism and skepticism; will always prefer the formless, the vague, to the ordered, the defined; will always believe that it is facing the facts with candor and fearlessness — though, in reality, facts are so much less spectacular and so much less interesting than youth believes. But all this is the inevitable and natural feeling of adolescence. We whose business it is to teach the young accept it with tolerance, with sympathy — more frequently than the world believes, with humor. It is not strange, however, that we do not turn to-day for release to those children of a larger growth, the contemporary novelists, the 'bad boys' and 'smart girls' of literature. It is not mere chance that this decade is seeing a recrudescence of interest, on the part of thoughtful readers, in that most mature age of writing, the eighteenth century; that to-day Boswell and Johnson, Swift and

Voltaire, are being read by constantly increasing numbers. These were men, not boys; their wit was intellectual, their method analytical; their appeal is constantly to the mind, never to the emotions.

It is likewise not mere coincidence that scholars, philosophers, economists, are creating a demand for detective stories unparalleled in the past; that the art which might otherwise have been expended upon literature is transforming the once-despised 'thriller' into what may easily become a new classic; that Oxford and Cambridge dons, a distinguished economist, a supposedly distinguished aesthetician (we have only his pseudonymous word for his identity), an historian, and a scientist should have set themselves to this new and entrancing craft. More than one well-known author, weary unto death of introspective and psychological literature, has turned with relief to this sole department of fiction in which it is still possible to tell a story. Gilbert Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc were pioneers; Lord Charnwood, A. A. Milne, and J. B. Priestley follow gladly after. It is, we granted earlier, escape; but the more one ponders, the more the question insistently thrusts itself forward: Is it not also return?

II

Certainly it is a return to the novel of plot and incident — that genre despised these many years by *littérateurs*. The appeal of the detective story lies in its action, its episodes. Gone are the pluperfect tenses of the psychical novel, the conditional modes; the present, the progressive, the definite past — these are the tenses of the novel of action. Character — so worshiped by the psychological novelists — troubles us little, though characters we have in abundance. Characters

addicted to dependence upon the subconscious or upon the glands need not apply; men and women need all their conscious wits about them in the detective yarn. One brooding moment, one pluperfect tense, one conditional mode, may be fatal. We grant that our characters are largely puppets, and we are delighted once more to see the marionettes dance while a strong and adept hand pulls the strings cleverly. Our real interest is not in the puppets, but in the brain which designed them. Yet characters have emerged from the new detective form, in spite of their authors. The modern detective is as individual as Sherlock Holmes — though less and less often is he patterned after that famous sleuth. Our detective is made in our image and in that of the author; like ourselves, he can make mistakes; he is no longer omniscient or ubiquitous. We are passing away from the strong silent man who, after days of secret working, produces a villain whom we could never have suspected. Sometimes, indeed, the detective is wrong until the last chapter; sometimes, again, both he and we suspect the villain long before we can prove his guilt, and our interest, like the detective's, is less in the discovery than in the establishment of guilt. The nameless inspector of Scotland Yard has become, for instance, Inspector French, who more than once is puzzled and confused by false trails.

Often the detective is not a professional at all, or at least not one connected with one of the central bureaus here or abroad. There is Poirot, who is conveniently found upon the Blue Train at the needed moment, who even was known to settle down in England for a time, growing cabbages, while he waited for murder to be committed. There is Dr. Thorndyke, the medicolegal wizard, from whom we simple academics have learned most of the

natural science we know. There is the amateur Colonel Gore, who began his career by a chance application for a golf secretaryship, and has now opened his own private inquiry office — a movement which his admirers greet with pleasure, as promising an indefinite number of cases for the future. There is our friend the expert in poisons, who lives in his house around the corner from the British Museum, whence he is summoned at dead of night by the butler to a noble family and precipitated into a mystery he does not choose to solve. There is even the psychological detective, keeping us up with the times. Yet, though we welcome the technique of his creator, and call him master, many of the weary academics are inclined to resent that upstart Philo Vance, whose manners — like his footnotes — smack too much of the 'smart' young novelists and students from whom we are escaping. With all these characters, however, familiar though they are to us, the interest of the reader lies never in what they are, but in what they do. If they emerge as individuals, they emerge still from the novel of action.

We have revolted also against contemporary realism, and in these novels we return to an earlier manner. As every connoisseur knows, the charm of the pure detective story lies in its utter unreality. This is a point the untrained reader does not comprehend. He wonders at our callousness, at our evident lack of sensitiveness; he cannot understand how we can wade eagerly through streams of blood, how we can pursue our man even to the gallows with the detachment of Dr. Thorndyke himself. He is tortured by visions of blood-stained rugs; he shudders at the smoking revolver, the knife still sticking in the wound. 'I dreamed all night of people lying in pools of blood,' declared my unsympathetic friend at breakfast

this morning. ‘How can you read those things and go to sleep at all?’ And she will never believe me quite a human being again because I assured her that after five murders I can put out the light and sleep like a child until morning, the reason being that where she has seen, with horrible distinctness, an old man lying in a pool of his own blood, I had seen — a diagram. She brings to the thriller a mind accustomed to realism. But the essence of this new detective story lies in its complete unreality.

Hence, though we may read them also, we connoisseurs tend to disparage those novels of the Poe school, whose authors attempt to work upon the emotions; interesting they may be, but never in the purest style. No one of us ever believes that the murder actually occurred; no one of our best authors attempts to persuade us that it ever could occur. We come to the detective story with a sigh of relief — the one form of novel to-day which does not insist that we must lose ourselves to find ourselves; the one form of contemporary literature in which our cool impersonality need never fail. That, of course, is the great difference between detective literature and contemporary journalistic accounts of murders, in which we have no interest. Not for a moment can you fool us, either, with collections of *True Detective Stories*, or confessions of actual criminals. We seek our chamber of horrors with no adolescent or morbid desire to be shocked, startled, horrified. We handle the instruments of the crime with scientific detachment. It is for us an enthralling game, which must be played with skill and science, in which the pieces possess no more real personality than do the knights and bishops and pawns of chess, the kings and queens of bridge. Mediæval writers, to be sure, delighted in allegories of chess, in which the pieces took on moral or

spiritual significance; but those who seek to read character and emotion into our pieces and our cards miss the essence of this most entrancing game.

Here perhaps we approach the real centre of the whole matter, which explains both our revolt and our return, and suggests the peculiar characteristic of this new style of writing. Your chess player will sit by the hour in frowning contemplation before a board set with pieces. Your true bridge player finds his real life when the cards are dealt and the contest of wits begins. Your crossword-puzzle expert, dictionary on knee, spends evening after evening in solitary occupation. In each case the expert, though kind enough in other relations of life, despises the amateur. So too the connoisseur of detective stories. We restrain ourselves with difficulty when the occasional reader seeks to dispute with us, to enter into conversations and debates sacred to the initiate. It is as if a body of specialists, — physicists, astronomers, and mathematicians, — met to discuss the Einstein theory, were to be forced, for politeness’ sake, to talk about the concept of relativity with a bright youngster who labored under the popular delusion that Mr. Einstein has somehow reformed — or destroyed — the moral standard. We who are connoisseurs are profound and constant students of the new science, as regular in our practice of the art as the most passionate bridge or chess player. We ‘keep up’ as assiduously with the output as the physician, the scientist, the scholar, with learned journals. From ten to one at night is our favorite period for reading; the bedside table holds a varied assortment, drawn from rental collections or from the libraries of our wealthier colleagues.

Like the crossword puzzle, ours is a game which must be played alone; yet

on the other hand, as in chess, the antagonists are really two, for the detective story is a battle royal between the author and the reader, and the great glory of the contemporary form is that we both accept it as such. How their eyes must twinkle — those creators of heroes and villains — as they set out their pieces before the game begins. They are the only authors, we must believe, who to-day find fun in writing. As in all other games, much depends upon the opening move, the significance of which each expert fully understands. We have our favorite openings, to be sure, though we recognize all the traditional ones. The familiar scene in the oak-paneled library, the white-haired man sprawling upon his desk, two glasses beside him, the electric light still burning — it is for us photographically real, though never realistic. We know it as a type opening in our game of chess. No detective quicker than we to be on the watch for clues: the torn letter, the soiled blotter, the burned paper on the hearth, the screen moved askew, particularly the book out of place on the shelves — if our author is an expert, each of these has had its meaning to him, and must to us. Or there is that other familiar opening move — the body discovered in a place far from all human haunts (this year tending to be fished up in a basket or packing case from the depths of the sea). There is no limitation to the number of places in which murder may be committed; the very spot a real criminal would most surely avoid becomes for us a glorious experiment. We have had more than one murder on a golf links; no less than three of the season's favorites occur on a train — a device more customary in the English carriages than in American cars, though we still remember loyally *The Man in Lower Ten*.

As the game proceeds, there are

countless other signals which we know and watch for. The move of your opponent and his discard are as important here as ever in bridge or chess. We learn new moves and tricks at every game. We can distinguish with deadly precision among tobaccos we have never seen; let but a character casually be caught smoking an exotic cigarette in a yellowish paper, and we have our eye upon him till the end. You cannot fool us with the obvious tricks of a decade ago — and what scorn we heap upon an amateur who attempts to write for us, knowing far less of technique than we know ourselves. We are aware that finger prints may be forged; we can tell you more accurately than many a scientist what will happen to your footprints if you try to walk backward, if you are wearing borrowed shoes, or if you insist on carrying through the garden the corpse of the gentleman you have recently killed. We can tell you the exact angle at which your body will hang if you commit suicide with your silk stockings. We can detect with unerring precision whether the body found by the railroad tracks is that of a man killed by accident or murdered before the train passed. We can distinguish with more deadly accuracy than your hairdresser whether your hair is dyed, whether its wave is permanent or real.

Modern inventions are daily making our task more difficult. We have long been familiar with the dictaphone as a device for securing an alibi. We are not fooled by photographic evidence, which we know may have been faked. But the radio and the wireless, and particularly the airplane, give us pause. We used to know, as well as Bradshaw, the exact time of departure of every train in the British Isles, and the length of every journey in the United States. We know the location of every public airport in three countries; but the

growing tendency toward private ownership of aircraft occasionally causes us trouble in our computations.

On the whole, we incline to deprecate the use of utopian devices on the part of our authors — the death ray, the drug which produces indefinite hypnosis, the fourth dimension. We dislike as a group the unfair use of amnesia and aphasia, just as we dislike the subconscious. Being the fairest-minded of all readers, we demand that our characters be given every chance, and we feel it is not 'cricket' if they are forced to work against undue psychological influence. We demand of our authors fair play; and for the most part we get it in full measure. Gone are the days of the identical twin, the long-lost brother from Australia. Gone for the most part is the trick ending — though over the last pages of *Roger Ackroyd* we divide into two passionate camps. My own party insists that that is not a trick ending in which every single thread has been put into our hands, every device has been a familiar one. Regretfully we acknowledge that, once used, that ending can never be employed again; nevertheless, the novel remains to us a classic, one of the few that ever completely fooled us.

And as we grow in knowledge and experience, it is becoming increasingly hard to fool us. It is seldom, indeed, that we do not know the identity of the murderer long before he is taken into custody. But if you think that such foreknowledge spoils the interest, you do not understand the new science. In that grimly contested battle of wits, it is inevitable that we should guess, unless the author is far more skilled than we. But once the decision is fairly certain in our minds, we have the added pleasure of watching the author's technique, of checking those passages in which he is trying to send us off the track. Just as he tries his best (and

less than his best we will not have) to deceive us, so we do our best to catch him out. In this new game, both scrupulously observe the rules, but both of us know the rules so well that we take delight in reading each other's signals. The burden which the connoisseur is laying upon the writers of detective fiction to-day is a heavy one; but gallantly the best of them are accepting the challenge. This very interaction of specialized authors and readers in a new and international game is producing some of the cleverest technique in fiction to-day, and is developing in that fiction some remarkably interesting characteristics.

It is forcing upon the author a complete objectivity and impersonality in the handling of his material, which in the past has been peculiar to the highest art. I have suggested that this lack of subjectivity constitutes the chief appeal of the detective novel to its academic readers to-day. From the self-consciousness of youthful writers, who, having psychoanalyzed themselves, would seek to persuade us also of the astounding discovery that we are much like other men, we turn to breathe the purer air serene of complete impassivity, forced upon authors by the exigencies of the situation. One false step, and the enemy is ours. Let the author for a moment suggest a personal reaction, a sentimental affection for his character, and we have him on the hip. There is no group of readers so quick to catch a false cadence in an author's voice. And this requirement is having another effect upon technique. The author must weigh and balance all his characters; he cannot have a single unnecessary one; he cannot introduce a servant whom we will not scan sharply. The simplest action, the slightest gesture, is pregnant with meaning. He knows it, and so do we.

Very different, this insistence upon selection, from the all-inclusiveness of

a *Ulysses*. The author is forced every moment to be alert, on guard; nothing can be left to chance, no unnecessary comments introduced. In this form of contemporary literature alone, ungoverned emotional reactions are fatal. Hence the pure detective story to-day is never — and what a relief! — a love story. If the love element is introduced at all, — the connoisseur prefers that it be omitted, — it must be distinctly subordinated, for to make your hero and your heroine sympathetic enough to permit their love story is at once to free them from the list of possible suspects. And in the pure detective story, as in that grimmest of legal theories, every man and woman is guilty until he has proved himself innocent. Our detective story has thus returned to-day to a welcome insistence that love between the sexes is not the only possible motif for fiction: jealousy, hatred, greed, anger, loyalty, friendship, parental affection — all these are our themes. No longer is the wellspring of man's conduct to be found only in the instinct of sex.

And, indeed, this change of emphasis is producing a curious effect upon the treatment of women in the detective novel. Men characters are always in the majority; the detective story, indeed, is primarily a man's novel. Many women dislike it heartily, or at best accept it as a device to while away hours on the train. And while we do all honor to the three or four women who have written surpassingly good detective stories of the purest type, we must grant candidly that the great bulk of our detective stories to-day are being written by men — again, perhaps, because of their escape from a school of fiction which is becoming too largely feminized. It is noticeable also that the women characters in these contemporary stories are no longer inevitably sympathetic. More than once

the victim is a woman; and even here, where our authors might become sentimental, we notice their impassivity. For in the great majority of cases the victim in a murder story is one who richly deserved to die. One or two authors have experimented with the woman detective, but for the most part with little success. Apart from minor characters, the two important rôles in the detective story for women are, alliteratively enough, victim and villainess. With the changing standards of sentimentality, there is no longer any assurance that a woman character is not the murderer. Time was when we could dismiss women with a wave of the hand; but all of us think of at least four contemporary heroines, three of them young and beautiful, who in the end turn out to be cold and calculating murderers. Inevitably, too, we recall the more subtle ending of *The Bellamy Trial*. Whatever may be the sentimental reaction of modern judges and juries in our courts of law, in the high tribunal of the detective story women are no longer sacred.

A high tribunal it is. Earlier, I suggested that our revolt was from a smart and easy pessimism, which interprets the universe in terms of relativity and purposelessness, our return to an older and more primitive conception of the cosmic order. Here lies, I believe, the really unique contribution of the detective story to contemporary ethics. With the engaging paradox of the old lady in *Punch*, who sought through shelves of psychological literature for 'a nice love story — without any sex,' we weary academics seek refreshment in a highly moral murder. Perhaps we are protesting against a conception of the universe as governed — if governed at all — by chance, by haphazard circumstance; against a theory which interprets the way of life as like the river in the 'Vision of Mirza,' the bridge

of San Luis Rey; against a conception of men and women as purposeless, aimless, impotent; against a theory of the world as wandering, devoid of purpose and meaning, in unlimited space. In our detective stories we find with relief a return to an older ethics and metaphysics: an Hebraic insistence upon justice as the measure of all things — an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; a Greek feeling of inevitability, for man as the victim of circumstances and fate, to be sure, but a fate brought upon him by his own carelessness, his own ignorance, or his own choice; a Calvinistic insistence, if you will, upon destiny, but a Calvinistic belief also in the need for tense and constant activity on the part of man; last of all, a scientific insistence upon the inevitable operation of cause and effect. For never, in the just world of the detective story, does the murderer go undetected; never does justice fail in the end. No matter how charming, how lovable, the murderer, or how justifiable the killing, there is no escaping the implacable avenging Nemesis of our modern detective, Fury and Fate in one.

To be sure, we will not condemn our charming murderer to the gallows, for we are artists as well as moralists. We will allow the debonair, the charming rogue one final gallant moment — the sudden spurt of the match's flame as, for the last time, he lights his cigarette with that nonchalance we know so well. Do we not realize as well as he that that last cigarette is the one all well-trained murderers carry constantly for this purpose? We allow the murderess the reward of her cleverness — the last swift motion as the cyanide reaches her lips or the knife her heart. Yet the life must be spent for the life. Like the Greek dramatist, we excuse neither ignorance nor carelessness. No matter how great the personality, how masterful the mind, by one single slip he is

hoist with his own petard. By fate or predestination, — what you will, — the murderer is from the beginning condemned to his end; his election is sealed. Not for a moment does our neo-Calvinistic justice permit him to go down to punishment without an intense struggle to escape the consequence of his act. But our science and our theology, our ethics and our metaphysics, are based upon a belief in implacable justice, in the orderly operation of cause and effect, in a universe governed by order, founded on eternal and immutable law.

III

Perhaps it is for this reason that the most persistent readers of detective literature to-day are the philosophers and the scientists who were bred under an older system of belief. It may be that their revolt from a changing universe, without standard and without order, is a return to a simpler causality under which they are more at home. They alone can tell. One thing more, however, I may add to our apologia. What effect this addiction to detective literature is having without the college world I cannot pretend to say; another must speak for its influence upon the life of the capitalist, the physician, the president-elect. But I dare challenge the academic critics to say that in the field of scholarship it is not making for a new vitality. After all, what essential difference is there between the technique of the detective tracking his quarry through Europe and that of the historian tracking his fact, the philosopher his idea, down the ages? Watch the behavior of your professor for but an hour, and you know him for what he is. Do his eyes sparkle, his cheeks flush, as he pursues his idea, forgetting his class, forgetting his audience, as he leaps from historical thumb mark to ethical footprint, from cigarette stub to

empty glass? If so, he's the man for your money. In the long conversation which follows, though you begin with the quantum theory or the influence of Plato, you will end with Dr. Thorndyke or Hercules Poirot.

And if you come to compare the methods by which the scientist or the philosopher has reached his conclusions, you will find that they are merely those of his favorite detective. Only two methods are open to him, as to them. He may work by the Baconian method of Scotland Yard: he may laboriously and carefully accumulate all possible clues, passing over nothing as too insignificant, filling his little boxes and envelopes with all that comes his way, making no hypothesis, anticipating no conclusion, believing the man innocent until he can prove him guilty. Here he finds a single thread, there a grain of rice dropped in a drawing-room; here he measures a footprint, there he photographs a thumb mark. His loot finally collected, he of Scotland Yard will select the 'dominant clue,' and that he will follow with grim persistence until the end. Weary but victorious, he stands at last outside the prison to which he has condemned his idea, and listens to the passing bell. That is one method. But if he is of the opposite nature, he will follow the method of 'intuition,' upon which the detective bureaus of the country of Descartes have based their work. To him the torn cigarette and the dis-

carded blotter are of little importance; he leaves such things for his indefatigable rivals of Scotland Yard. Tucked away behind the rose bushes in the garden maze, he devotes himself to thought. Having, like his great predecessor, thought away all else in the universe, nothing remains but the culprit. By strength of logic alone, he has reconstituted the universe, and in his proper place has set the villain of the piece.

Yes, those are the only two methods, both in scholarship and in the pursuit of criminals. For, after all, scholars are, in the end, only the detectives of thoughts. The canvas is vaster, the search more extensive; the 'case' takes, not a few weeks, but a lifetime. Yet, in the end, method and conclusion are the same. Evening after evening, throughout the length and breadth of the country, lights burn longer and longer in academic studies, and philosophers, scientists, historians, settle down with sighs of content to the latest and most lurid murder tale. Yet the professorial reader, pursuing with eager interest the exploits of Dr. Thorndyke or of Colonel Gore, is not, in the last analysis, escaping from his repressions; is not even consciously returning from the present to the past; but is merely carrying over to another medium the fun of the chase, the ardor of the pursuit, which makes his life a long and eager and active quest, from which he would not willingly accept release.

FURS AND TRADERS

(From a Pre-war Diary)

BY CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

THIRTY-TWO days! It seems incredible, but here is the date in front of me. 'Twenty-ninth of November,' the day when I scrawled my last few lines.

A whole month has gone by. I remember the little frontier town, at the end of the railway — 'at the line,' as they say in the West. The absolute fringe of civilization. Just a few wooden shacks built alongside the tracks, with a long board walk undulating above the snow. A poolroom. The general store, displaying proudly the sign, 'His Majesty's Mail.' A deserted sawmill. The tiny depot, the only brick building in the community, with its huge water tower, all out of proportion with anything around it. Stray dogs roaming between the houses. A dismal background of burned timber. A gray sky with low-flying clouds and a small flock of black ravens wheeling aimlessly back and forth.

A picture of utter desolation, under the staggering icy breath of the far North.

Yes, I was there a month ago. Where am I now? I do not know exactly. I should say about six hundred miles north of the line — that is, if I can rely on what I think was our daily mileage during the last thirty-two days.

I have reached a fur-trading station. The man in charge has been here fifteen years. He is my boss for the time being. But he told me yesterday that

I should have to go on soon, farther north.

Somewhere farther north! It sounds simple, but it means such a lot here.

The man's name is McL—— and he was born in the Shetland Islands. I always thought that those islands were famed only for their small ponies. I know now that they have also a breed of dour men who can reach well over six feet in height and who are not so easy to get on with.

McL—— came to this country and the North when he was eighteen years old, and I should judge him to be at least sixty now. He does not seem to know what a map is and he always refers to the South as Canada, which is rather confusing.

I have tried to find out exactly where he intends to send me. 'North,' is the only answer.

I never knew the North extended so far. When I reached the end of the railway, I thought I was pretty far up. (They call it 'down' here, because the rivers flow down to the Arctic Ocean.) Later on, after thirty-two days of walking from morn until night behind a dog sleigh, I was certain that I had reached at least the end of the trees. Thirty-two days! It's a long, long spell, especially when there is nothing to see during the whole trip — just a howling wilderness of frozen lakes and rivers, with snow-capped spruce trees. And here, in this trading

station, they still speak of going north!

There is nothing very thrilling about this fur post. Just a log hut called a store, with a dwelling fifty feet away, built exactly the same way, two small warehouses, and a dog corral.

The only difference between the store, where business is supposed to be conducted, and the living quarters is a stove. The latter is in the house, and it is kept red-hot twenty hours out of twenty-four.

The store — for economical reasons, I suppose — is never heated, and when one has to go there to handle any kind of merchandise one hardly dares to take one's fur mitts off.

Yesterday the thermometer inside showed fifteen below zero. I was trying to cut bacon in thin slices and to weigh the result accurately. It was not so easy as one would think. When I had finished, McL—— said that it was mild for this time of the year!

All the Indians are away hunting. No one has remained behind except a few old widows and cripples whom the post keeps round the place for odd jobs such as cutting wood, bringing in water, and fishing for dog feed through the ice of the lake.

I am supposed to rest here for a few days before I go north. My nose was frostbitten coming here. So was my left ear. Both are swollen to three times their normal size. But having been treated at once, on the way up, by 'snow rubbing,' they are expected to cure rapidly. I hope so!

My feet are in bad shape. For thirty-two days the strap of my snow-shoes rubbed and bit into the flesh at the base of my toes. Caribou fat seems to be the one and only known remedy.

Two weeks have gone by and I really feel all right again. During all that time I don't think McL—— has said

ten words to me a day. I wonder if that is the result of forty years in the North. I feel more lonely with that man in the room than if I were camped alone in the middle of the lake on the ice, without even my team of dogs to cheer me up.

Second of February. I have left McL—— and I am supposed to be 'on my own' here.

What is 'here'? A tiny log hut, ten by sixteen, a stove, a wooden plank supported by four sticks on which I sleep in my fur robe, a biscuit box for a seat, and all my trading outfit hanging from nails on the walls and from the ceiling. Behind the shack, in a lean-to, the heavy stock, such as pork, flour, traps, beans, and lard.

I don't know yet exactly where I am. 'Northwest Territories of Canada' is the pompous title on my trader's license.

What I am certain of is that it took me seventeen days of hard walking to get here. Also that I am very near the Barren Lands, close to where the trees cease to grow, on the hunting grounds of the Chippewayan Indians, and near enough to trade occasionally with the 'Inland' Eskimos, if the latter come south. This, of course, means that there is still 'a lot of North' for me to 'go down to.'

My trading station — they call it an outpost — is on the crest of a small hill which is used as a two-mile portage by the natives going north and south. The river, flowing fifty feet below and right in front of my door, curves around to the east, then disappears toward the north between two gray cliffs of granite, in a series of wild rapids, to emerge behind me, on the other side of the portage.

At this time of the year everything is frozen solid, except the rapids, which I cannot see from the shack.

In the calm of the evening, when the thermometer has gone down and down to forty below, if I stand outside of my door the silence is deathly. On the other side of the river I can see the faint outline of the hills, half a mile away, with spruce tops showing dark through the snow. Not a living thing in sight.

Suddenly a whisper reaches me faintly through the air. In a second it grows and grows into a muttering groan, then finally into a dull, booming roar. After that it dies out suddenly — utter and absolute silence reigns supreme again. Every few minutes the weird sound returns over the frozen land, then goes out again completely. It's the eternal sobbing of the rapid, — unfrozen, twirling free of the grip of the ice, unconquered, wild, lashing its frantic way through the rocky canyon, — the everlasting moan which the last breath of shifting wind wafts here and there, toward me, then away from me, as I stand all alone on my doorstep.

I have been here three weeks, and I have n't seen a living soul. No Indians are expected this way before a month. The afternoon is drawing to a close. My five dogs are tied to their posts, whining with hunger. I have no meat here. The cache is two miles away, on the other side of the portage. I am weak with loneliness. I must go over there, but I will not harness the team. I'll walk there alone and bring back just what we want — the dogs and I.

Half an hour of weary plodding along the trail, clear and hard with my three weeks' footsteps — a narrow, one man's trail, winding its way through small scrub brush, coiling itself like a huge snake on the snow. The meat — caribou meat — is lying on a platform ten feet high, each of the four poles entwined with barbed wire. When I

reach the place, my eyes rest a second on the snow below. Tracks — heavy, wide pads — wolf tracks. A pack of six or seven 'timbers' have been there, under my meat, a few minutes before. The frozen powdery snow is still trickling downward on the sides of each track. A strong throat-racking smell is still floating about, the unmistakable wolf smell of a hunting pack.

Not a sound anywhere. Not a movement in the bush. Just snow, snow everywhere, and a few gray boulders scattered about, grim, in all sorts of weird and fantastic shapes.

Slowly I raise the ladder from the ground, climb up to the platform, and cut the meat, the blows of my axe echoing through the stillness of the evening. Before I get down my eyes search the surrounding country. Nothing in sight. Packing my load, I turn back toward 'home.'

The light is failing. No sunset tonight reddens the northeast. The sky has suddenly turned dark gray. A few light streaks to the southeast herald the northern lights.

Halfway back to the shack I suddenly stop, shuddering slightly. I have not seen or heard a thing, but I have the feeling that I am not alone. Turning round, I see three gray shadows standing motionless on the trail, a hundred yards from me. In a second I am again on my way. Another quarter of a mile! I must look back. Five gray shadows: three on the trail, two on the right side, in the deep snow, much nearer. One of the shadows moves slightly, its head down, and the light in its eyes, for a fraction of a second, flashes in the gathering shadows.

A last effort — a steady walk, with no apparent haste, and here is the shack. My dogs are whining, far down in their throats. Hunger? Welcome? I think it is fear!

A last look round. Six wolves are

standing motionless, fifty yards away, silent as ghosts.

A second more and I am able to grasp my rifle. A spluttering flame, a shattering roar, with the whining of the bullet skimming through the low bush, and then silence. Nothing! The six wolves have vanished completely.

For two days and two nights a blizzard has been raging without a sign of lifting. My dogs have disappeared. They were off their chains when the bad weather came. They must have burrowed behind some rock, letting the snow cover them up. There they will remain, snug and warm, until the storm is over.

As I sit beside the little stove I can hear the hissing of the powdery snow lashing one side of the hut, while tiny little streams, like white sand, trickle between the cracks down to the floor and melt there in a few seconds, leaving ugly black puddles of water. The beams, under the roof, are creaking like the timbers of a sailing ship at sea, and now and then the whole shack shudders as if it were being torn away from its foundations.

It is already noon of the third day. Amid the howling wind I suddenly hear the sharp yell of an Indian. In a second my door is opened and a small, thickset man tumbles in. Covered with snow, entirely wrapped in caribou skins, he is hugging to his breast a large fat fur bag, which he promptly lays down on the floor. With one sweep of his arm he tears his coat off; then, paying no attention to me, he kneels down, unties the cord, and slowly but gently extricates from the bag a small boy about six or seven years of age.

The child is rather thin, but does not seem the worse for what he has been through. He blinks at the lamp, then at me. Satisfied, he grins at the red-

hot stove, then, turning to the man, asks for food.

In a few minutes my two visitors are eating the remains of my pork and beans and drinking the tea which I hurriedly brewed as soon as the boy spoke.

In a little while the child goes to sleep, and the man, filling his pipe from my pouch, turns at last to me and starts talking slowly in Cree. He is a full-blooded Chippewayan, but he knows that I cannot speak his language. Very few white men can. He is an old man, sixty-five years old at least, and the boy is his grandchild.

His family is camped fifty miles or so away from here. His sons are trapping. Tea was short and there was no more tobacco; so he decided to go down to McL——. He did n't know the outfit was opened.

He started on his journey before the blizzard came. He had been camped, 'storm bound,' on the other side of the portage since the day before yesterday, waiting for the bad weather to blow over, and had heard me chopping wood in the shelter of the shack. So he came at once. His dogs are all right, like mine, hidden somewhere in the bush.

Why did he take the child with him on the trip? Just for company. And then, after all, it is good for a boy to learn how to travel when he is very young.

Yes, he is glad I am here. He has skins. He will trade them for tea and tobacco and return to his people much more quickly than if he had been obliged to go right down to McL——.

For forty-eight hours the strange pair remain with me, and I am very happy to have them. The child hardly ever speaks to me, but he plays about the room. His chief amusement seems to be the setting of a few small mink traps which are lying about, then the

springing of them with the end of a stick.

The old man smokes a great deal of my tobacco and talks quite freely. His appetite is terrible. He must average six meals a day.

When the time comes to say good-bye, at the end of the portage, the child is placed, sitting in his fur bag, in the middle of the sleigh. The old man asks me to visit his camp, which I promise to do shortly. His last words are 'I will feed you well, but you must tell me which part of the caribou you like best.' I answer, 'The feet,' meaning 'The ribs.' My Cree is not what it should be. I do not realize my mistake at the time and my Indian friend takes it for granted that I know exactly what I am saying.

So off they go north, both politely waving good-bye, while I remain on the hill, watching the sleigh dwindling away on the ice of the river.

A week later. I have not seen a soul since my two new friends, young and old, came to visit me with the blizzard. I am restless. Furthermore, I must try to get some fur. I am going to them to-morrow at daybreak.

A little hollow between two sandy hills, curving exactly like a horseshoe. North is the highest part of the ridge, sparsely covered with spruce and tamarack. South, in the opening, lies a very small lake, frozen solid.

In the centre of the hollow, at the foot of the incline, five huge caribou-skin tepees, which cluster respectfully round a tiny log hut. Here and there meat platforms and dog corrals. Everywhere, on the snow, discarded deer-skins which the dogs have torn into shreds.

On one side, a huge pile of firewood, neatly cut up. On the other, a dead tree, shorn of its branches, on the trunk

of which are nailed innumerable skeletons of all the animals trapped by the Indians. Marten, wolf, fox, wolverine, and mink.

My arrival causes a horrible sensation. My dogs are glad to reach camp, but the Indian dogs resent the presence of strange huskies. Before I am able to leave the back of my sleigh, every stray dog in the camp has piled on top of my team and I am in danger of losing it. Happily, in a few seconds all the Indians, — men, women, and children, — hearing the noise, are out of their tents. A minute goes by in confusion. Fur flies, dogs snarl, and the loud whacks of wooden clubs and fish floats echo sharply through the air. Then silence.

The attacking huskies have been driven away, and my dogs, sore, ruffled, and bloody, lick their wounds, waiting to be taken out of harness and tucked in for the night.

My old friend — 'Grandfather,' as I call him to myself; his name is Kasimir — is waiting for me in the shack. His wife is there. So are three or four other women. The boy is in a corner and recognizes me dutifully. We shake hands all round.

While I begin talking to the old man, the women start boiling something in the lean-to outside of the shack. They are using an enormous copper kettle. I can hear the crackling of the firewood and smell the boiling meat.

After a long time the kettle is brought in and placed on the floor. My host politely tells me to select my portion. With my clasp knife I am able to fish out my share. It is the leg of a caribou, from hoof to knee.

Suddenly I remember the word in Cree for 'ribs' and realize my mistake of a few days ago.

It is too late now to say anything.

Furthermore, the kettle contains other legs — in fact, nothing but legs.

After all, pigs' feet are considered a delicacy. Why should n't reindeer feet and legs be the same?

Everyone gets his portion and starts eating. The legs are good, well boiled and tender. But the cooks, for some reason or other, have not bothered to skin each long thin shank, and the whole kettle is a mass of floating brown and gray hairs.

Hungry as I am, I stop a second and look around. Everyone seems most unconcerned. I have to follow suit. But while I eat — I mean gnaw at the flesh around the bone — I feel a thick mustachio of caribou hair settling all around my mouth like fresh paint.

Twenty-fifth of April. The winter is nearly over. Although the rivers and lakes remain frozen, the snow on land is melting. Two days ago I heard for the first time the gurgling of a little creek somewhere in the bush. This morning, at dawn, I saw two sheldrakes flying over the tree tops.

The geese will be coming soon, and their honking will trumpet all over the land the news that spring at last is here.

I have been fairly successful with my trading. Kasimir's band gave me rather a lot of fur. Skin by skin, hour after hour, day after day, I have been able to secure a good part of their hunt. Six times have I had to journey back and forth from my post to their camp. I am glad that this part of the job is over now.

I have sent the furs south to McL—, neatly bundled up in water-proof sheets, in the care of two Indians who were going over there to visit some relatives.

The North is a strange country. The natives will try to cheat you at any time. They will borrow and never repay. They will attempt to change

skins on you, to give you the wrong number of pelts, to fool you on the weight of the flour, sugar, tea, tobacco, shot, which they are receiving from you in exchange for their furs.

But when it comes to plain robbery, that crime is unknown here. One can just as well entrust an Indian with thousands of dollars' worth of furs to transport from one place to another as one can leave one's watch hanging in a portage from the branch of a tree. Neither fur nor watch will ever be stolen.

I have left my outpost and I am camped now two hundred miles to the southwest, with a big band of Crees who are still hunting beaver, muskrat, and otter. McL— sent me a nice new outfit of trading goods and I have pitched my tent a few hundred yards from the Indian tepees. I have been here twenty days and I know everyone in the tribe. The men are all away in the bush and only return for two or three days at the end of each week.

The squaws are friendly, and each one feeds me in turn one meal. It's a great thing for me, as I need n't cook my own food, except coffee in the morning when I get up. I never know each day who is going to be my hostess, but toward noon and six o'clock I sit expectantly in front of my tent. Suddenly one of the squaws comes out of her tepee and shrieks, '*Misoo!* (Food!)' That's my signal. I promptly go to that tent and eat whatever is prepared, generally whitefish, sometimes caribou, often porcupine, which I detest. I always take with me the dessert, more often prunes, sometimes jam or honey, and of course a handful of tea, always.

My work, 'trading,' starts as soon as the men return. But when they are away time hangs heavily on my hands.

I have struck up a great friendship

with a little boy about nine years old. I call him 'Papoose,' but his real name is David Butterfly. I am not prepared to explain exactly how he happens to have such a family name. I suppose it is a direct translation of the native language by some local trader. But his Christian name is certainly of 'the Clergyman's choosing' — the Clergyman who lives at the big fur-trading village where the Mission is, three hundred miles away.

Papoose's parents, although they do not speak a word of English, are Protestant Methodists. I mean by that that they selected years ago, for private or business reasons of their own, to enter that fold instead of surrendering to the Roman Catholic competitor who also runs a mission in the same locality.

Papoose is the only boy of the family. His parents love him with the fierce love of the Northern Indians, to whom, as in the Far East, the male child is the only thing that counts.

To be truthful, I am afraid that he is utterly spoiled, and his manners are atrocious. But he is very useful to me.

First, he keeps me posted on everything that goes on, especially as far as the quantities of fur brought into the camp are concerned. I have of course to bribe him heavily for that, with sweets, tobacco, jam, pocket-knives, and what not.

Secondly, he keeps me company during the long weary hours of waiting for the hunters' return.

To look at, Papoose is quite out of the ordinary.

He is a thin, long-legged little human animal, with the healthy purple-brown complexion of the Canadian savage. His coarse black hair rests like a round cap on the top of his skull, his last 'haireut' having been accomplished by his mother, with a pair

of straight shears, all along the edges of a kettle clapped beforehand on his head.

His eyes are really enormous, velvety black, and as sharp as needles, but they are always half screened by drooping eyelids which slant away on each side of his face, right back to his ears.

He wears a pair of soiled canvas trousers, reaching halfway down to his ankles, sustained by a leather string which starts from his right hip, reaches across his chest over his left shoulder, and finds a final hold somewhere behind in the centre of his loins.

His shirt, made out of an old caribou skin, is torn open at the neck, while his feet are shod with real moose-hide moccasins.

He always wears on his wrists a pair of thin bracelets, in leather and beads, interwoven with small porcupine quills — which look exactly like a pair of multicolored handcuffs without chains.

Papoose smokes a pipe, like a man, and when he does not he wears it thrust, bowl upward, in a slit in his shirt, on the left side of his chest.

When he smokes he spits, and his skill at spitting is just short of miraculous. He never moves his head one way or another — and his aim is unerring.

He dearly loves dog fights and I have caught him several times coaxing two huskies to come to grips by rubbing their noses against one another.

His great joy in life is to shoot, at anything, with a bow and blunt-head arrows. As in spitting, his skill is amazing. Inside of forty feet he can hit anything he aims at, including your tent guide rope and the small knob on the lid of your kettle when the latter is boiling merrily over the camp fire.

Another favorite pastime of his is to throw a short axe, holding it by the handle, at a given target. As long as

he is aiming at something large and consistent, such as the trunk of a tree, I don't see much harm in the game. But when he tries to hit the snow birds in camp, especially when the latter are hopping on the ground in close proximity to my tent, I cannot help feeling a bit nervous.

He knows and can imitate the call of any wild animal. His masterpiece is the laugh of the loon, but he can honk a flock of geese three miles out of their course.

Papoose does n't know how to read or write, even in Cree, but his sense of location is uncanny. The north is stamped in his brain wherever he is. Blindfold him, twirl him around for a minute, stop him, and ask him where the north is. Invariably his hand will point 'true north.' I have never known that experiment to fail.

He has traveled this year alone, either in a hunting canoe or on foot in winter, twenty miles from any camp which his family has pitched. He is nine years old, mind you! Nobody here seems to think it very remarkable.

He loves to sing, all to himself. Funny Indian songs — half Cree, half Chippewayan. I have listened to him an hour at a time, but I can't make out what the whole thing is about. I can only catch a word now and then. There is no tune to speak of — just a plaintive singsong which never seems to end. But now and then he strikes a high note and his whole little self seems to give way to it. He sways back and forth, beats the air up and down with the palms of his hands, and keeps up the note until his very breath stops.

In the pitch-darkness of a winter night, right under the northern lights

shivering in the sky, on the edge of a camp fire shooting weird thin sharp shadows across the snow, his little Indian song grips and scares your heart.

Fifteenth of June. For two weeks I have been traveling south, transporting my precious bundles of fur by canoe.

To-night is my last camp. I pitched it after sunset, a few miles from the line. To-morrow I shall have reached civilization again. At last!

As I write these lines on my knees, close to the glimmering flames of the fire, I can hear nothing, not even the sighing of the breeze in the poplars above my head, while the river, at my feet, flows without a murmur, shining in places where the light of the full moon touches it through the trees.

For eight months I have listened each night to the utter silence of the North, sometimes in awe, often in dread.

But to-night I wonder at myself, for here, at the end of the long, long trail, I find myself listening and listening to it, with a feeling of regret; more than that — with a pang in my heart which must be love. My whole being seems to crave that peace and quiet against which I have been fighting unconsciously.

Just at this moment, suddenly, a long wailing screech shatters the night. It comes from the south, far away. Startled, I look up toward the tree tops, across the river. Angrily I strain my ears. Here it comes again, twice in succession, followed a second later by a last short blast.

I recognize the sound in disgust. It is an engine whistling on the railway track, a few miles away.

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

I

It was the custom of one of the greatest of races to carry its invalids down to the street, on their beds, so that anyone who passed by might look the sufferers over and say what he thought would be good for them. The notion was that in this way any nonprofessional medical genius running wild in the town would soon be roped in, to the benefit of the case. About the percentage of cures effected no word remains. But some of the patients may have survived for a time.

We have reason to hope so. For this is one of our favorite ways of doctoring the arts: painting, the theatre, literature — any art will do. First we say it is sick unto death. The poor art itself may assert that it never felt better. But we deal firmly with any hallucination like that. We strap it down on a bed, place the bed on a good open site in Fleet Street or near Covent Garden, and then invite everybody who does not practise this particular art to feel its pulse and look at its tongue, and say what pill he would give.

Of course there is never complete agreement between these wayside practitioners. But now and then a sort of common drift sets in, even in these artless minds, and a fairly general cry arises that some art, or a whole group of arts, is afflicted with some definite and highly dangerous species of 'collywobbles' from which salvation is only to be had by following a certain drastic course of treatment. For some little

time we have had in our ears one of these little choruses. It assures us that more arts than one are ailing from excess of mimicry. They represent people and things with an insalutary fidelity. Portraits are adjudged 'deplorably like,' and all the sting of the phrase is meant for the painter, not the sitter. A landscape is said to be 'too true to be good.' A statue of Pan may be forgiven for resembling Queen Victoria, but not for beingmistakable for Pan. If it is to resemble the god without discredit, it ought to offer itself as a figure of Boadicea or of Industrial Welfare. For then no detractor would say that the artist had squandered his power on the coolie work of a copyist when he should have been heading dead straight for the big aesthetic valuables.

To put it no higher, this new line of comment would have supplied any quantity of munitions to people who make solemn talk about art and are the natural prey of the artists of *Punch*. But the major fun of the business is that the new wisdom has got beyond crying aloud in the streets. It has poked into studios. A few, at least, of the preachers have gallantly given their proofs — have painted portraits in which the expression of their deepest selves is unsmirched by any recognizable aping of the exterior of anyone else, or even of the general physique of the race. Those deepest selves have not always been readily discernible, either. Still, we have it on their own word, spoken or written, that they

have sung, danced, mused, tripped, and brooded in paint, and that they have carried out in it vast structural ideas. Beyond dispute they have painted that which eye hath not seen.

II

But the scope of a vast thought like that is not to be limited to any one art. The vice of so representing persons or things that they can be identified by any untutored eye has not confined its ravages to painting and sculpture. Your fallen artist will slavishly try to make you suppose that it is really Autumn or Mr. Baldwin or Mrs. Wertheimer that has inspired his toils. But actors are as bad. They will shamelessly do to the life some humped, usurping Richard, or fat and white-headed Falstaff. Why not abandon all this deadening drudgery? Why pretend to be Wolsey with mediæval London about you, or Shylock with mediæval Venice instead? Why not simply come on the stage, without any of these shallow pretenses, and give your audience the essence of the matter — just shed around you the brilliance and charm of your genius unalloyed with any paltry make-believe? If you be made of the right air and fire for the job, what need have you of such illusory dross as sables, ermine, cups of sack, and Jewish gaberdines? Away with all this mechanical assimilation to hook-nosed Cæsars and mulberry-nosed Bardolphs. Dramatic art, like other divinities, is a spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth; let the actor be wholly sincere and original, like a thrush singing or like a child dancing for joy.

Then comes poetry's turn. Too long, we are told, have the poets wasted their strength on such copyist stuff as the Vergilian and Tennysonian representations of landscape — mere trick

work, like metre and rhyme, those obsolete implements of the conventional copycats of all ages. High time for poets to pour out their souls as they come and to hit us direct — not by ricocheting off some laborious description of an old Greek urn or of Autumn standing by a wine press. The art of prose fiction has not yet felt the full weight of the reforming hand. But its case is not seriously different from those of the other offenders. If Hugo or Mr. Hardy, brooding over the life and death of some Gauvain or Jude, has been memorably moved, had n't he better impart his grand emotion itself, and at once, and not spend some tens or hundreds of thousands of words in working out a kind of effigy of this worthy's career? 'Cut the cackle and come to the 'osse'; give us the laughter or tears without all these heavily wrought simulacra of bulky portions of life.

III

You may feel that this is absurd. So do I. And yet it has a core of rightness. Its absurdity is only the absurdity of all extreme overstatement.

For it is perfectly true that in any great work of art the element of close and literal representation of something outside the mind of the artist is relatively small. As was said by Balzac, the business of art is not to copy Nature, but to express her. Countless works of art are dull and poor because their authors have not got beyond mere circumstantial reproduction of the physical appearance of the details of their subjects — 'as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.' Many pictures by artists of considerable skill are mere dead painted schedules of this sort.

Again, it is perfectly true that middling actors will often miss the spirit of

a part and take the life out of it by their overabsorption in trivial points of accuracy in the outward trappings of the man. Many novels, too, are wrecked on that shoal. For nothing short of an authentic passion for concrete detail, in the mind of the author himself, can give the saving gusto and animation which carry off safely the long inventories of utensils, articles of food, and attire in Scott and Defoe. Anything that a competent artist loves well enough he can make lovable to any good reader. But love it must be; and the higher quality of the work, its power to move a fit spectator or reader, depends on the measure in which some free and vehement expression of this emotion of the artist's emerges out of the primary business of recalling certain external objects to the mind's eye.

So, with great caution and many reserves, you may perhaps divide the work of a writer or painter into two halves and call one higher and the other lower. Already I feel inclined, for my own part, to snatch back this concession, so repugnant do I find it to allow that there is anything short of perfection in any part whatever of the divine self-indulgence of artistic construction. Still, let it stand; in a certain sense it is valid. It may give us a lift on the way to clear thinking if for the moment we think of the murder scene in *Othello* as being divisible into two elements — one of them a certain abstract tragic beauty, a splendid sombre emotion communicable from the author or the actor, or both, to an audience; the other a succession of effects to call up before us veracious images of a bedroom, a bed, pillows, a lighted candle, a woman asleep, a man speaking to himself, making gestures, and finally attacking and killing the woman. I can comprehend, at any rate, the idea that the evocation of

all these material images, the inventing of the furniture and the devising of appropriate bodily movements for Othello and for Desdemona, is a less exalted or a less exacting function of imaginative genius than the keeping track of all the dark and swift movements of passion in the depths of their minds. But it is not so easy to think of these two functions as so completely separable in practice that either of them can be discharged to the greatest effect by an artist without his discharging the other at all. I try to think of that scene in *Othello* without a bed or pillows, or a lighted candle, or a dark-skinned face working passionately — of nothing but certain bodiless intensities of emotion. But nothing is left. It is as if I were told not to think of a beautiful eye, but of the beauty of that eye, to banish every visual image of the actual feature, in the flesh, and to fasten my whole mind upon some incorporeal essence of loveliness that is its but not it. I can't do it. Can anyone?

IV

There seems to be a natural — or, some would say, a scientific — distinction between two groups of arts.

On the one side are those arts which have the habit of representing either concrete things or persons or else concrete symbols or emblems of thoughts, emotions, or events. Your painter represents the Pyramids or the Doge Loredano, or Autumn, or Hope, or the Crucifixion, or Alfred neglecting the cakes, or the surrender of Calais or Breda. Your sculptor represents John Bright or Peter Pan or Mr. Carnegie or Famine or Maternal Love, or Dawn, or Bacchus in drink, or the snakes strangling Laocoön. Your actor represents a hunchbacked usurper brimming with venomous vitality, or a testy and generous dotard butting his

head against some of the uglier facts of human nature. Your dramatist or novelist represents figures typical of frustrated ambition or love or of humbug, unctuous or flamboyant. And in doing this they have almost always said or assumed that a recognizable faithfulness in the representation was their right aim. This conviction of theirs is recorded in scores of familiar passages. Actors are 'to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.' The good sculptor 'would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape.' His work is

. . . life as lively mocked as ever
Still sleep mocked death.

In the other group of arts are architecture, music, and dancing. In these, as a rule, there is not a representation of something preëxistent, but a presentation of something new, the direct product and expression of some personal calculation or emotion, or both. A fine new town hall or church is never an attempt to represent some other town hall or cathedral. It may remind you of some Renaissance palace or Greek temple, but so far as it is a copy of one, a mere holder-up of a mirror, it is null and void as a work of art. Resemblance to something older is not its aim or essence, but an accident or a defect.

So too a fine piece of music or a fine dance does not, as a rule, excel in proportion to the fidelity with which it represents something concrete, some object of bodily sense. The typical masterpiece of music or dancing attempts to present to us some emotion of the artist's quite directly and without any incidental imitation or representation of anything outside him, just as the best architect seeks to present, as directly and simply as he can, the comeliest possible fulfillment of certain practical requirements.

V

So broad a distinction as this is not to be whittled away by showing that some distinguished practitioner or other of one of the presentative arts has cut down a good deal the representative demand in his work. Whistler did so in many of his pictures. His 'Cremorne' made little attempt at likeness to anything that was commonly known at the time by that name. A good many poets have tried to represent people, places, or things with their forms and colors half-effaced by a twilight vagueness. The blurred outlines of Mr. Yeats may be placed in contrast with the labored lucidity, the sharp-edged particularity, of the representation of modern Rome in Zola's novel of that name. Perhaps you may say that in Turner's 'Rain, Steam and Speed' the railway engine is not represented in the sense in which contemporary dress is represented in Frith's 'Derby Day.' So too, on the other side, there have been pieces of music that try, in some slight degree, to represent the sounds of warfare or of village life or the voices of a farmyard. Occasionally a dance, like Pavlova's Dance of the Dying Swan, has attempted some little measure of visible representation of movements previous to its own. But such works are commonly felt by sensitive people to stand lower than the masterpiece of their several arts. Any strong critical instinct recognizes in them something of the freak, the *tour de force*, the astonishingly clever attempt to achieve something that cannot wholly be done or that is not worth doing. And so they only fortify the broad distinction between the essentially representative and the essentially presentative arts, the arts in which an artist expresses himself in relation to some specific objects or incidents outside him, and

the arts in which he expresses himself without this restriction — without this aid, as you may prefer to call it.

VI

Passing fits of disregard for such distinctions, or of mutiny against them, are characteristic of periods of relative sterility and depression in art. Every art, at its best, is immovably sane. It may hang out any number of wild-looking flags of fantasy, but it hangs them out from the battlements of the fortress of reason. It has an English sense of evidence, the moderation of Greece, and the common sense of Molière. And, as long as it is in health and the world not against it, it practises these bourgeois virtues, not as a matter of painful submission to a necessary discipline, but just for the joy of the thing. For it has a good hold on the great secret of life — it can see the shining novelty of old things and feel the thrill that there is in commonplaces; it finds common sense exciting, and it sticks to middle courses with a delighted consciousness of keeping a precarious and vital balance, like a man walking on high on a tight rope. You feel it all in Horace's essay on poetry and in Dryden's upon the writing of plays. Such men, writing with the exhilaration of a great creative period in their minds, do not feel any need of paradox, of startling novelty, or of any sort of sensational forcing of notes or loosing of waters. The ordinary thing is too deliciously intoxicant for that.

But there come other ages. A Peloponnesian or a European war lays its blight on whole peoples, deranges their life, upsets their standard of judgment, and lowers their spirits. It interrupts and corrupts the education of their young. As customers of arts it wears their nerves and deadens their palates so much that they tend to turn

from the diet of health; they find it insipid and cry out for sharper sauces and more spice; they want to be titillated with something novel, flamboyant, and sensational, something that, anyhow, nobody could have thought first-rate long ago. Hence many unlucky adventures in letters and art since the Great War — the labored unreserve of aphrodisiac novels and plays, the labored unmelodiousness of much minor verse, the labored rebellion of many minor painters and sculptors against the nature of their medium and the experience and tradition of their arts. Whenever the wellsprings of an art run a little dry and the choric spheres grow rather husky, there is apt to be this kind of nervous and noisy running to and fro in quest of some new recipe that will enable a middling or tired performer to outshine Garrick and Goldsmith and Reynolds. Commonly, it is one of the principles of this search that any important generalization or deep distinction hitherto accepted by the chief practitioners of the art concerned shall be treated as false. And in this way it comes to be said by many vivacious persons that a portrait should not resemble a particular person any more than a symphony does, and that an actor or a novelist should no more give you a character 'done to the life' than a dancer should dance an impersonation of somebody else.

You cannot usefully argue against such a doctrine. It would become serious only if there were any notable exception to the creative impotence which prevails where the doctrine is accepted. We have already waited ten years since the war for signs of any considerable new outburst of creative power in any art, and also for any outburst of the greater sort of criticism — the sort that can raise obvious facts from the dead and make an old bit of

veracity flash like a jewel. So far we seem to be about as likely to see a boom in the cotton trade or a mad rush to buy shares in railways.

These wonders may come yet. And so may another heyday for the arts. Painting, poetry, fiction, the drama — all may yet pass right across the region of doldrums in which they are now flapping listless sails, without enough way on them to steer in any special direction. And with the close of this long post-war interlude of immobility and middlingness there will also end a good deal of the barren, theoretic talk with which slight, facile thinkers have tried to shorten or to enliven the tedium of waiting. When the winds of the creative impulse are blowing great guns again, no imaginative painter or writer will wait to discuss, with himself or anyone else, how far Nature ought to be represented in the work that he does at her instance. He will do the work first, — do it as his passion bids him, — and then sit and listen, with a twinkle in his eye, to the buzz of all these intelligent midges.

VII

But why — that question remains — may we guess that the representative artist will go on representing? Simply because the delight of doing it is too great for him to forgo. And the delight is so great because what we call representing is, to his sense, creating.

The Falstaff or Mrs. Gamp that we know may represent some knight or nurse known to Shakespeare or Dickens. But in that case what might have

been mere copying was, at every turn, the creation of something wonderfully enhanced and supervitalized at the instance of something relatively commonplace. A Rembrandt portrait of some old Dutchwoman represents that particular crone, but the representation is made a vehicle for the conveyance of enormously more than the obvious facts of her face; in it or through it there is created, among other things, a kind of beautiful and sombre descent on old age and human fortitude and dignity and individual loneliness. And yet representation and creation are so intermingled that the artist could not and would not distinguish them. Like the lover whose imagination makes a goddess of some commonplace young woman, the artist delights in keeping his creative work in close relation to the face and figure which suggested its inception. The expression of himself and the getting of a likeness to the sitter, or to the landscape before him, are not, to him, rival aims or requirements. Each appears to him as a condition of the attainment of the other; he prosecutes the two as one, and he is bewitched to find that each step toward either brings him nearer to both.

So it may very well be that in his off time, when the creative impulse is weak and no subject fires him, an artist in paint or in letters will toy with the notion of not representing anything in particular, or of emitting his personality for our advantage without reference to one subject more than another. But let the hot fit come, and he will hoot at the notion.

ON A LITTLE BUSINESS OF HIS OWN

BY MARY E. L. HENNIGAN

I

It had rained steadily for three days. Such rain! Relentless, driving, endless rain! It struck savagely against windowpanes, flooding down over them in wavy opaque layers after each attack. It crept between door and threshold in persistent little rills. The sod was drenched with it. Every footstep in field or meadow gushed small fountains of it back to meet the gray veils falling still; every road was sodden, rivulets of mud and pebbles running steadily from crest to gutter. Incredible rain — impossible rain — endless, chill, gray rain.

Such weather might well be expected to sap the vitality and lower the spirits of any human, young or old, compelled to endure it. Yet, down the crookededy, bramble-lined, stony little boreen leading from Martin's door to the main road, through the dusk that was only a deeper shadow of the dim day, came a group of five, both young and old among them, and they all singing cheerily out of tune a rollicking ballad about the 'Shores of Amerikay.'

Johnny's cheeks glowed like ripe fruit. His bright hair, wet with rain, was plastered sleekly across his forehead. The peak of his cap was worn to the rear; perhaps because it was really more important to keep the rain off his neck than off his ruddy young face, but much more probably because caps are meant to be worn the other way. Beside him, stepping with a beautiful springing buoyancy despite the muddy

road and her heavy boots, walked Bridie, her warm brown eyes stealing admiring glances at his sturdy figure. Her dark hair curled cloudily from under the soft woolly shawl that, slipping back, only half covered her head. If Johnny swaggered a bit under that shy gaze, if he sang more lustily still, though as badly out of tune as ever, who is to blame him? Certainly not the Yank, plodding along in her ineffective American 'light boots,' a little ahead of the youngsters with Martin. Not that the same Yank, clever as she was supposed to be, had eyes in the back of her head, any more than another! She had, however, a long memory, an understanding heart, and a sort of light for turning on very young people newly in love, which had tenderness in it, and wisdom of a sort, and amusement, and a bit — oh, a very small bit — of envy. It was by this light that she knew, though she herself walked ahead with Martin, that Bridie was casting sidelong bright glances from under the woolly gray shawl and cloudy hair at Johnny; and that Johnny, apparently not seeing the glances at all, nevertheless was swaggering and singing more loudly still whenever they rested on him.

Martin was always in the van. To be in the rear of any procession might be to admit that he was, after all, growing old — an aspersion that, had anyone been bold enough to make it, he would have resented with all his soul. Seventy is not old to one of Martin's spirit. He still made fields with his knotted, bony

brown hands, picking up, pebble by pebble, stone by stone, rock by rock, the craggy layer over a bit of land that at first glance might appear to be a quarry. He whitewashed walls, tied down thatch, twisted suggans, even gave Bridie a hand about the house, where she was now the only woman, and her that young and soft! So he strode in advance of her and Johnny,—or did they linger a bit behind him?—his thin frame wrapped in a flapping black coat, his dripping slouch hat pulled low over his sharp face, his cane twirled ostentatiously often in the air, as though to deny any other use for it, his stiff leg gallantly setting pace for the good one. Martin never admitted that stiffness, as he never admitted age. Martin, in fact, never admitted impediments of any kind. He swung along in step with the Yank on one side of him, and on the other with his big, quiet, sturdy son, young Mattie. The latter was as silent as his father was loquacious, a good boy, hard-working, gentle, obedient, a little in awe of this man who, having in his youth spent several years in America, was ‘smartened up a bit’ beyond the others in the village.

Turning from the boreen into the main road, the five changed their tune, or rather they changed words and rhythm, since the melody remained woefully the same. ‘The Boys from Ould Erin the Green’ they sang now, a truculent ballad with references in every verse to ‘The beef-eating bullies o’ England’ and boastful accounts of how the latter sped before the former. It might or might not fall upon hostile ears, their loud chorus, and these were times when men frequently went to jail for singing songs in Ireland that echoed in many streets in London and Manchester and Liverpool. Two of the minstrels at least—the Yank and Martin—sang it because they knew they could with impunity.

‘Mattie will leave us here,’ said Martin as they stopped a moment at the door of Kilcannon’s public house. ‘He has the bicycle left here these two days past to a son of Kilcannon’s. He will be off on it now like a good lad, to his grandmother behind in Tormakeady, the ways he can give her a hand with the work when the weather breaks fine. She’s a grand old woman altogether to do as well as she does. But sure two hands cannot do all. Ourselves will have another bit to walk, a few stonceans to climb over maybe, till we come at the place where the boat is hid. We have Lough Carra to cross yet, and ’t is a bad night, surely, with a wind near as big as the one blew the tailor into Mayo long ’go. Ah, well, Johnny here has a stout pair of arms, God bless them, and myself has two atanny rate, such as they are.’

‘I shan’t mind,’ said the Yank, stoutly. ‘I could n’t well be wetter than I am even if I found myself in the lake instead of on it. And I guess I can walk anywhere you can, Martin. Only I don’t want to be disappointed. You promised me a dance with a green uniform, a real live Republican uniform that I have n’t caught so much as a glimpse of in all the weeks I’ve been here. I don’t care a whoop who’s inside it, nor how it dances, just so I feast my eyes on it and feel the sleeve under my hand.’

‘My blessing to you!’ cried Johnny. ‘Sure, if we had more like you—’

‘If we had, then,’ interrupted Martin sternly, ‘there would be never an end to this trouble, and this distraction, and this destroying of property. ’T is aisy for her, is miles across the water in the midst of peace and plenty, to be encouraging a bad business to go on forever over here!’

‘But you remember, Martin, you promised!’ protested the Yank.

‘I did,’ he answered, ‘and you will!

And are n't you on your way this minute? Let you walk on ahead, Johnny. 'T is a devil of a black night. See can you make out the way for us. Do you, Bridie, keep in here to me, the ways I won't lose you, and you all the daughter I have in the world. As we go along,' he went on, turning to the Yank, 'I will be telling you how myself and Pat Kennedy was for fixing the bridge. You will be putting it into a song for me, the ways I can be singing it and you far away in America.'

'I will, Martin,' the Yank promised cheerfully; and a little later, much less cheerfully, 'I will, if I ever see America again!' For Johnny led them across ditch and dike, through fields that were stony as the bottom of some long-evaporated lake, — which, in all probability, they were, — up rocky bits of boreens that offered no secure foothold anywhere. The dark was impenetrable. The wind hurled itself against them no matter which way they bent their straining bodies. The rain beat on them. The lake, when at last they reached it, was a writhing black mass that stormed and dashed in fearful harmony with wind and rain.

'Do we — do we row across *this*, Martin?' asked the Yank.

'We do, agra,' he answered kindly, helping Johnny to pull out the boat and adjust its two pairs of oars. 'We do, and trust in God to reach Gort Mor on the other side.'

'Well,' said the Yank, hesitatingly, 'we might have come a better night, I suppose.'

'You could not, then, m'am,' Johnny said cheerfully. 'Sure 't is n't every night the column is in it. 'T is the flying column, do you see. 'T is here to-day, there to-morrow, another place the next day — wherever the work is in it to do. It strikes and is gone — back into the woods — up into the hills — away, away, away! Sure, there is

manny a one has a part to do in this work, but only an odd one wears a uniform. One of the lads of the column is stopping in to the dance to-night for a minute only. Some little business of his own. A message, maybe, for another to carry on. Dances is n't all for pleasure these days. Often they do be a cover for other things, do you see?'

'I don't,' said the Yank, honestly. 'Not exactly. But then, I don't need to, do I? Let's go. Whether we ever reach Gort Mor or not, let's start.'

II

The four settled themselves in the boat. Not a single far dim light broke the blackness of the night. They seemed, indeed, to be set in the very heart of darkness. The Yank shivered a bit in her corner. The young folk were silent. Only Martin spoke, raising his voice against the wind, going on cheerily with the story which the Yank was to set to verses that the hero might some day chant about himself.

'As I was telling you,' he began when the boat had shoved off, 'I have no patience with these young ones that does be destroying what they never'll be able to replace. Is n't it their own country they are tearing into little pieces? And there was enough at that business already. Fair and aisy, fair and aisy does it, I say, and not think to make over the world in a day. Are you listening to me, Johnny?'

'I am, sir,' came a meek and respectful voice. 'Sure, you don't think 't was me, sir, that blew up the Bridge of Keel?'

'How do I know? How do I know, lad?' said Martin testily. 'Maybe you had n't hand, act, nor part in it — and maybe you had. The right hand does n't know these days what is the left one at. The bridge was blew up, at anny rate. That the world knows!

'T was as fine a bridge as could be found in the Four Fields of Ireland. 'T was blew up because there was a detachment of Black and Tans in the town above and manny a gathering of our own ones in Kilcannon's here below, especially on the bitter nights. The harder it was for them in the town to reach Kilcannon's, the easier it was for them in Kilcannon's to be coming and going on their own business. But between the two, d'ye see, was plenty of another sort of people had business of *their* own, that had need of that bridge. There was sheep and cattle to be druv to the market, flour and tea to be fetched home, and how was it to be done, I ask you, without the Bridge of Keel?'

'I don't know, Martin,' murmured the Yank; and then, betraying a mind wandering from the story, 'Can you swim?'

'Sorra swim, then,' said the old man. 'Why would I? Nor anny within in this boat, unless it would be yourself.'

'I can,' the Yank assured him. 'But where would I swim to? We'd need that bridge here, Martin, I think.'

'We would, faith,' the old man agreed, pulling steadily on his oars while he talked. 'And we needed it where it was, as well. Which was the why of it that the priest preached a roaring great sermon of a certain Sunday, winding up with an order for all the women to be off home about their own affairs, which too many of them had learned to neglect in these days, while the men was to wait in the chapel yard outside after Mass. Himself met them there and gev them a grand talk about the hardships was worked on poor people with their little business to tend to in the town above, and no way of getting to the same town. A thin bit of a board, just, that they could cross over, one foot forinst the other, and them not to have the sign of

drink on them. "The bridge," says his Reverence, "must be fixed. Let ye all, now, that are brave good men will help in this work, stand to me right. But the cowards that will have no hand in repairing the ruin, let them stand to me left, over there agin the wall!"'

Martin paused to let this picture sink into the minds of his listeners. 'T would make you laugh,' he went on at last, 'to watch the shifty ones, turning, twisting, glancing from one neighbor's face to another's, leaning now towards the left and now towards the right, hesitating on the foot, till at last, and at long last, there was a good ninety per cent stood to the right. A scattering handful of bold young things was on the left.'

'Where, Johnny, were you?' queried the Yank.

'Ah, well, now —' the boy began.

'Oh,' breathed Bridie softly from the dark, 'sure, Johnny does n't be mending bridges!'

'And you, Martin?' asked the Yank.

'I was on the side of law and order and the Church!' answered Martin sternly.

'You were,' murmured the Yank, '*this* time. I seem to remember —'

'We must be advising the young to what we believe to be best,' interposed Martin, hastily, 'and us having patience learned, bitterly, from life. At anny rate, the priest scattered those on his left with a wave of his hand and a promise of Hell in short order. For the rest of us he set a day and an hour when we would meet with him at the ruin of the bridge to make all right again. What happens now, do you think? In the couple of days that passes, the word goes about from one to another, at the fireside, in the dance, over a glass in Kilcannon's, that what little was left of the Bridge of Keel would be blew to meet the high heavens on the day, at the hour, when the valiant men of this

parish was gathered there to do the work his Reverence had laid out for them.'

'Good!' exclaimed the Yank. 'That's where your hard-earned wisdom and patience, teaching you never to attempt the dangerous and impossible, came to the fore! Did n't they?'

Johnny chuckled. '"T might be as well for me to finish the story, m'am,' he said. 'There was two men at the bridge at the time set. One was Martin, here, and the other was Pat Kennedy, that has five years in the age on this man — and *two* stiff legs!'

"T is true,' Martin admitted. 'Sure, if the bridge to-day is as it was that day, no better and no worse, 't is no fault of ours. Will you put myself and Pat in a song?'

'That I will,' the Yank promised; 'to-morrow, maybe. Is that a light?' she asked, hopefully. 'Did you really know where you were going, after all?'

'I had a kind of a sort of a notion, m'am,' answered Johnny. 'I do come this way often!'

'He does indeed,' Bridie put in eagerly. 'On the bitter nights, cold and black, when some of the lads on the run is behind in Kilcannon's, getting a taste of the fire, and a hot sup for their poor empty stomachs, the word does come sometimes that the soldiers have wind of it and are on the way. If the boat is over here on the Gort Mor side, the lads have only to wave a small bit of a light up and down. The boat goes back and over, back and over, until it has them all landed safe on this side. The lorries has seven miles to go around to come at this place, should they 'spect it. Once they did come and found nothing, because by the time they got here, over broken and blocked roads, the boat had the lads all left back again in Kilcannon's. The boat,' she finished with great satisfaction, 'the boat is a thing they know nothing about yet, nor could use it if they did. 'T is n't

everyone can cross Lough Carra in the dark of night.'

'It is not, then,' the Yank agreed heartily, as she stepped out of the boat, ankle deep in cold water, and stumbled up the path to the welcome light.

III

The light was in Aunt Mary's kitchen, where a group of pleasant young people greeted the newcomers, drawing the Yank up at once to the fire and divesting her of her wet shoes. Aunt Mary was Martin's sister, and aunt to the countryside. She condemned all rash young rascallions of rebels as heartily as he — and kept the kettle boiling to make tea for any of them that might happen her way, cold and hungry. She seldom went to bed. All through the night she sat nodding on her three-legged stool, her ample body sunk down on itself like a sack, her gray head hanging over her comfortable shoulder. Now and then she roused to put another sod on the fire, to refill the kettle, to mix a small cake. Sometimes she sallied out to the yard, or the barn, or a corner of the field in the dark, looking for the rebels whom she so fiercely berated, lest there should be a stranger among them who did not know that her house was open to him. Having found and fed him, scolded him soundly, pointed out the folly of his ways, she generally sent him to sleep in her own bed, watching beside him that she might have him safely away before the dawn.

Aunt Mary's house, in this wild, remote spot on the shores of Lough Carra, was one of the few, in these bad times, where there might still be music, light, dancing, a little gay young fun. The Yank enjoyed it all hugely — nor was it as a spectator. Her feet and her heart were as light as any there. She danced as often, with the same primi-

tive vigor, the same cheerful disregard for 'making the steps' properly and 'timing the music' that the young people had and that the older ones, far better trained in the art, shook disapproving heads over. Something in her that never grew old, nor wise, felt entirely happy — the long muddy miles on foot, the drenching rain, the wild wind, the threatening lake, all fully compensated for — when a shy, awkward, beautiful boy, whose eyes were like hazel buds, and whose dark hair looked as though a brush dipped in gold had passed lightly over its crisp curls, approached her with a muttered, 'Will ye dance, miss?' His green uniform was neither trim nor spotless. It had been slept in, on lonely Irish hillsides, in wet Irish bogs. It was sadly rumpled, badly fitting, wet with rain, spotted with mud from weary miles traveled in it. But in the eyes of the Yank it was beautiful — and so was the clear-eyed, sturdy youngster encased in it!

Only one thing marred the dance — indeed, brought it to an early close. Johnny, having danced a dozen 'sets' with a gay disregard for wet clothes and boots from which the water oozed at every step, was absent from the kitchen for a long time on — as he himself would have said — some little business of his own. Returning, he held at the door with Martin a whispered consultation which Bridie quickly joined when she saw her father's face grow grave. It was nothing, they assured her. Mattie had had a bit of an accident. Not anything serious. The brake on the bicycle had failed to hold and he going down a slippery bit of a hill, not a quarter of a mile from his grandmother's, behind in Tormakeady. The boy had been dashed against a stone wall at the bottom. His face was bruised, and both wrists had doubled under him. They were not broken, the doctor had said, but badly wrenched.

'We'll stay the night here, as we planned,' said Martin. 'And come the morrow's morning I'll have a look at the lad myself.'

'How'd you find out already?' demanded the Yank, who was constantly amazed at the speed and accuracy with which news traveled in this phoneless section of the country. 'How did you hear it, when Mattie is miles away on the other side of that lake?'

Johnny grinned engagingly, shoving his cap around until the peak rested over his ear. 'Myself is n't partial to anny one side o' this lake,' he said, mildly. 'And faith, I'm seldom the side you'd think I was on at all, at all!'

IV

The morning was a jewel, a sparkling, clear-cut, brilliant blue jewel. The whole world fairly gleamed with light. The lake was a placid sapphire pool — a little lake, after all. It seemed to the Yank, as Johnny and Martin sped the boat swiftly over its bosom, that only some sweet magic could have changed the hungry black monster of the night before into this smiling bit of limpid water.

'The lake is n't very deep, is it?' she asked after a bit.

'Tis,' answered Martin, 'and 't is n't. I could show you places you could wade across, the ways I often did myself, the shoes hung around my neck, the trousers rolled to my knees. And I could show you other places again is fathoms deep.'

Aunt Mary, sitting in fearful rigidity in the bow of the boat, crossed herself. She hated the lake, dreading it with a fear entirely without reason. She seldom crossed it, preferring the long, tedious way around by road. Only her haste to see Mattie, making sure for herself that 'th'ould woman' knew

what to do for him, had enticed her into the boat to-day.

Johnny, delighting in her fear, played on it without remorse, drawing word pictures of the dangers to be encountered in crossing this particular lake, 'the most misfortunate lake, m'am, in the whole Four Fields of Ireland, m'am, and the deepest. Oh, sorra doubt about *that*. The deepest, at all events!'

'I suppose,' said the Yank, remembering tales of other Irish lakes, 'this one, too, has no bottom?'

The feather on Aunt Mary's bit of a black bonnet quivered. Drawing her shawl closer about her pleasant bulk, Aunt Mary herself quivered as much as she dared.

'Oh, it has, agra,' she said in answer to the Yank's question. 'It has, asthore, but 't is water!'

What a shout of laughter that brought from Johnny, as he pulled the boat up on the rocky beach. Dear Johnny, how many times he laughed again between there and Kilcannon's, where his young laughter was hushed, and all their laughter, and their pleasant, easy talk. For at Kilcannon's there was news, the kind of news that passed in quick short words, with hasty glances, with a subdued excitement that, if you were young, covered exultation, and, if you were old, masked fear and despair. An ambush — not more than an hour ago — in clear daylight — two lorry loads of Black and Tans, and not four out of the lot escaped!

'The Tans is behind in McFee's hotel, at the crossroads,' said Kilcannon. 'The doctor is in it, and the devil's own confusion. The lads is gone, scattered back into the hills, and not a sign left behind them.'

A sudden look of terror passed over Martin's face. 'McFee's!' he gasped. 'Is it McFee's you said? Sure 't was

not behind in Tormakeady the ambush was?'

'T was, to be sure. And why not? What's on you, man?' asked Kilcannon.

'Maggie!' cried Martin, scarcely able to form the word.

'Arrah, Maggie was n't in it, man,' said Kilcannon, shaking Martin's arm. 'Yourself had the word he was hurt a bit on the wheel not half hour after he left you.'

'And yourself knows they do search every house and barn — yes, and sty — for miles around after one of these things. And what do they do to the one they find wounded? What will happen to a broken bit of a boy if they come on him, and they mad with anger? I must go!' he cried, shaking off Kilcannon's detaining hand. 'Get me a mare and saddle at once! Johnny! Where is the boy?'

It was only then that the agitated little group discovered that Johnny was gone, off again on some mysterious errand of his own.

'The lad's gone. I'll get the mare. What can you do?' said Kilcannon, all in one breath.

'A bit of writing from the doctor,' Martin answered shortly, 'with his own name signed to it. Sure, they never'd believe the boy's story without. They would n't give him time to tell it, itself. Oro, oro, they'll shoot him like a dog if they come on him. Or worse — or worse,' he said, beating his gnarled old hands together. 'For the love of God, let me out of here.'

'Let me go, Dada,' Bridie implored, clinging to him, her warm brown eyes wide with fear.

'Have sense, agra,' her father said, putting her gently aside. 'Have sense, acushla. Is n't it enough, one of you to be in danger, and not to lose the other maybe? What matter about me? I'll get the bit of writing from the doctor, never fear. When all is right I'll come

back here. In the meantime let ye keep each other company till I return. Kilcannon! Give them a drop of hot punch will put heart in them!"

When he had gone, for hours afterward, the three women huddled together at the fireplace in the deserted public house. No one passed on the road. There was a strange absence of the usual comforting human noises. Aunt Mary rocked back and forth on her chair, her beads slipping ceaselessly through her fingers. As endlessly one old hand tapped, tapped against her withered lips, as though to still their trembling. Bridie walked often to the door, looking up and down the road that lay so strangely still in the brilliant sunshine. The Yank worried silently with both of them.

It was dusk when old Martin stood again in the door. His shoulders drooped wearily. His stiff leg dragged frankly as he crossed the floor.

"Dada!" cried Bridie, alarmed. "Sure, you did n't fail? You got the bit of writing?"

"I did, to be sure, alannah," he answered, as he slumped down in the chair the Yank drew forward. "I did of course, my girl, gra. Come here to me, Bridie."

She came quickly, standing beside him, looking down into his eyes, which were raised sorrowfully to hers.

"What's on you, Dada?" she asked wonderingly. "Are n't you after saying that our Mattie —"

"And so he is, little love. Our Mattie is safe," said her father tenderly. "I fought my way a-through them — an awful way through dead and dying, and them that was mad with rage. Them was the worst altogether! But I got the bit of paper in spite of all. 'Twas through the kitchen I went out, when I was for going to the old woman's to wait till someone would come searching. Bridie," he went on, hesitating

curiously, "Bridie, my girleen, Johnny was in the kitchen."

"Johnny?" queried the girl, drawing her thick soft brows together in a puzzled frown. "Is it our Johnny? Our own Johnny from the village?"

"'Tis," replied her father, drawing her to his knee and tightening his arm around her. "Ye see," he went on with difficulty, looking from one to the other of the questioning faces turned to him, "ye see, when Johnny left us 't was on some business known to himself, a little errand of his own, a — a message, like. And — and — they caught him, crossing a field. He tore the paper up, but what good was that? And they had him left there in the kitchen till they'd have time to deal with him. "I think," says he to me, "I'll have a dash for it." "You won't, avic," says I. "In the name of God, don't! You would n't make the second step from the door till they had you, and what was your chances then?" "Arrah, man dear," says the lad, "what are they annway, but to be stood up before a wall and shot full of holes? And if that was all? But who knows what before that?" Not all I could say would stop the boy,' the old man faltered on, a slow, difficult tear forcing itself from under his reddened, wrinkled eyelid and down his seamed cheek. "Ah, well! Ah, well! God is good! Nothing happens but by His will. He put his cap on, the gallant lad, in the way he always wore it, with the peak around to the back, squared his shoulders, and off with him down the path to the gate. He was lying just outside that little gate when I saw him last, his face pressed into the earth of his own land, his young body riddled with the stranger's bullets."

"Oh," said the Yank a little later, softly, "let us not cry any more for Johnny. Somehow I think his gallant, gay young soul is away — away on some fine thrilling business of its own!"

THE MINOR COLLECTION: A CRITICISM

BY PAUL M. ANGLE

I

THOSE of us who engage in historical research are likely to assume that everyone will know what tests to apply in order to establish the authenticity of a series of historical documents, and will possess the knowledge necessary for the successful application of those tests. The assumption is unwarranted, of course. Rarely will all possible criteria suggest themselves even to highly intelligent persons without historical training, and more rarely still will they possess the specialized knowledge without which the criteria are useless.

In view of this fact it will be worth while at least to itemize the tests which a collection, such as the alleged Lincoln documents published serially in the *Atlantic* for December 1928, January and February 1929, should pass before its genuineness can be accepted. First come the purely physical criteria: Is the paper of the proper age, and is the ink that of the period in which the documents are supposed to have been written? Next, the soundness of the collection's pedigree, so to speak: Has it come down through a line of well-authenticated, reputable owners? Then, if the documents purport to be the work of a well-known character, comes the question of handwriting. Does it resemble that of letters and papers of undoubted genuineness? More intangible, but very important, is the question of general content. Are the sentiments expressed in any given

document in harmony with the known views of the person who is supposed to have written it, or even with his general character as established beyond dispute? Finally, do specific incidents mentioned in the challenged documents check with demonstrable historical fact?

It is not often that all of these tests can be brought to bear against a body of material so effectively as in the case of the Minor collection. Almost every item revealed such serious flaws that belief in the genuineness of the entire group became untenable. Recognizing this, the editor of the *Atlantic* not only published a statement withdrawing former expressions of confidence in the collection, but asked me, as one of those active in attacking its claims to credence, to state the case against it. In undertaking this, I hope I shall be pardoned for appropriating to my own use the contributions of Mr. Worthington C. Ford, Mr. Oliver R. Barrett, Mr. Louis A. Warren, Mr. Logan Hay, and Captain James P. Murphy, without which the prompt exposé of the character of these documents would not have been possible.

As soon as the collection was presented for publication, the *Atlantic* submitted specimens of the paper to a distinguished chemist for analysis. The report described it as 'pure linen with a trace of cotton.' Since modern paper is largely made from wood pulp, the presumption was that the paper of these documents was of sufficient age.

However, that is not a fact of positive importance. The first concern of every forger is to secure old paper, and on the whole it is easily accomplished. In this case a suspicious resemblance to the flyleaves of old books suggests the source from which it was obtained. There is another disquieting feature of physical appearance. Several of the documents are written in green ink. Green ink usually has an aniline dye as a coloring agent, and aniline dyes were not in use prior to the second half of the nineteenth century. However, the color of the ink could do no more than arouse suspicion, since inks of all colors have long been used to some extent.

When the line of descent of the Minor collection was critically examined serious weaknesses appeared. The story of its formation and transmission was related with considerable explicitness. For various plausible reasons Lincoln and Ann Rutledge gave each other's letters to a common friend, Matilda Cameron. Matilda added her own diary, and the collection passed to Sally Calhoun, described as the daughter of John Calhoun, Lincoln's friend and benefactor. Sally added memoranda of conversations with her father and letters from Lincoln, and gave the entire group of documents to two friends, Margaret Morrison and Elizabeth Hirth. In time these joint owners transferred it to Elizabeth's brother, Frederick Hirth. With the addition of a letter Hirth is supposed to have received from Lincoln it attained its final form, and descended through Hirth's widow and Miss Minor's own mother to the present owner.

Examination, however, fails to reveal satisfactory evidence that the first two reputed owners of the collection, Matilda Cameron and Sally Calhoun, ever actually existed. Matilda

is described as one of the eleven daughters of John Cameron of New Salem, and Ann's cousin as well as bosom friend. But the page from the Cameron family Bible on which the names and birth dates of the children were inscribed, now in the possession of Mrs. Edna Orendorff Macpherson of the Illinois State Historical Library, fails to record a Matilda among them.

However, in the family record only the first names and middle initials are given, and for three of the girls the middle initial was M. Might not that have stood, in one case, for Matilda? Matilda's diary destroys the possibility. In the entry dated July 10, 1833, occurs this statement: 'I will keep everthing in my box James giv me last crismas. my first bow wuz James and now Sam Anns wuz first John and now Abe. she wuz 17 when she met John and I wuz 19 when I first met James.' Since James and Matilda were lovers 'last crismas,' their first meeting could not have occurred later than 1832. If Matilda was then nineteen, she must have been born not later than 1813. But Vicana M., the second of the Cameron girls and the first to bear the middle initial M., was born on December 31, 1815. A daughter was born in 1813, but her name was Elizabeth P.

Equally conclusive is the argument against the existence of Sally Calhoun. John Calhoun, whose daughter she is supposed to have been, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in either 1806 or 1808 — both dates are given in different accounts. He came to Springfield, Illinois, in 1830, and on December 29 of the following year married Sarah Cutter. According to John Carroll Power's *History of the Early Settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois*, he had nine children, but among them a Sally or Sarah is not to be discovered.

However, it has been pointed out

that the birth dates of two of Calhoun's children, as recorded in this volume, are three months apart; and it is argued that if his account is in error in this respect it is not unreasonable to doubt the infallibility of his list of the children's names. The fact remains, however, that in spite of this error — probably a printer's mistake — Power's *History* is a very reliable compilation, so reliable that it is constantly used by Springfield lawyers in the examination of abstracts, and readily accepted in court as furnishing satisfactory proof of heirship.

But the case against the existence of Sally rests on other evidence than Power's *History*. In a letter written from St. Joseph, Missouri, December 12, 1928, Mrs. Adele P. McCord, the only living grandchild of John Calhoun, stated: 'I was an only grandchild on her side of the family & very fond of my Grandmother Sarah Cutter Calhoun. I became closely associated with her & my Aunts, and never once did I hear any of them called Sally.' Mrs. McCord added that Mrs. Mary W. Inslee Kerr, of St. Joseph, Missouri, was the only person still alive who would have first-hand knowledge of the Calhoun family, and stated that she would get in touch with her if possible. In due time Mrs. Kerr's daughter answered on behalf of her mother, now ill. 'General John Calhoun and his family,' the letter reads, 'were intimate friends of hers and there was never a daughter named, or called, Sally Calhoun.'

II

Analysis of physical qualities and examination of the manner in which it was preserved are the only standards by which the Minor collection as a whole can be judged. In describing the outcome of tests other than these, it will be an advantage to divide the

collection into several parts: (1) the Lincoln letters, (2) the books bearing Lincoln marginalia, (3) the Ann Rutledge letters, (4) Matilda Cameron's diary, and (5) Sally Calhoun's memoranda.

Since no unchallenged specimen of Ann Rutledge's writing is known to have been preserved, and since the very existence of Matilda Cameron and Sally Calhoun is at best doubtful, it is obvious that only the Lincoln letters and the books which he is supposed to have annotated can be judged on the score of handwriting. Yet the test is of the utmost significance. If the handwriting of the Lincoln documents in the Minor collection is indistinguishable from that of genuine Lincoln letters of the same approximate date, the presumption of authenticity is strong; but if it is markedly different, then all other flaws do no more than make the proof of spuriousness overwhelming.

Important as handwriting may be, however, there is little one can say about it. Actual comparison of specimens is the only test. Nevertheless, it may be worth while to point out one or two features of general appearance which can be reported in words. In the letters from the Minor collection Lincoln is frequently made to begin sentences with small letters. Letters of known authenticity never show this feature. Moreover, until the last few years of his life Lincoln usually — not always, of course — employed a short dash in place of a period. But in the Minor documents dashes are used only to indicate breaks — not terminations — of the thought.

In explaining the rakish, uneven appearance of the handwriting of these letters it has been argued that 'Lincoln had two definitely distinct styles of writing his name — the formal signature, identified with legal documents

or public business, and the more rambling and haphazard hand of friendly and familiar intercourse. The letters in this collection were of the second category. . . .

This statement is true only to the extent that, in signing official papers as President, Lincoln usually wrote his name 'Abraham Lincoln,' while he signed letters of all descriptions with the familiar 'A. Lincoln.' Legal pleadings were generally signed 'Lincoln,' followed either by 'p. q.' (*pro querente*) or 'p. d.' (*pro defendant*). So far as the character of the handwriting is concerned, there is no distinction, beyond that due to a greater or lesser degree of haste, between that to be found in the body of public and legal documents and that to be found in the body of letters.

It is true that not all specimens of Lincoln's writing are exactly similar, but the variations are the result of the writer's age rather than the character of the subject matter. Thus the handwriting of his youth shows immaturities not discernible in that of middle age, while letters written as President show clearly the effect of advancing age and mental strain. But the widest variations from these natural causes are as nothing compared with the difference between two intimate letters of the same approximate date, one from the Minor collection, the other indisputably genuine.

But in ruling out the Lincoln letters we need not depend on handwriting alone, conclusive as that should be. There is the evidence from 'known character,' so to speak. Does the Lincoln of the Minor letters harmonize with the Lincoln of historical fact? Or are they two different, distinct individuals — so different and distinct as not to be explained as variant phases of the same person?

In answering these questions I shall

disregard, as being in the last analysis a matter of opinion, my belief that the distorted and unnatural individual pictured as the writer of the letters in the Minor collection does not square at all with the Lincoln of historical fact. Instead, I shall quote, for the reader's own comparison, two expressions on the same subject — slavery.

In one of the letters to John Calhoun, printed in the *Atlantic* for December 1928 (undated, but presumably written during his term in Congress), Lincoln is made to recount a conversation with a slave at the time of one of his two visits to New Orleans. Asked whether he was happy in slavery, the black had raised 'a face of hopeless resignation' and answered, "'No — no Marse I nevah is happy no mo. whippins is things that black folks nevah can stop remembrin about — they hurt so.'" Lincoln then reminds his correspondent: 'this is one I forgot to tell you before. but John I guess it takes a queer fellow like me to sympathise with the put upon and down trodden. those blacks John dont live — they simply *exist*. I never trapped an animal in my life and slavery to me is just *that* both filling my soul with abhorrence.'

Compare the foregoing with the following extract from a letter to Mary Speed, the sister of the one man with whom Lincoln's intimacy is unquestioned. 'By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat [Lincoln was describing his return from a visit at the Speed home] for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together. . . . In this condition they were being separated forever from the scenes of their childhood, their friends, their

fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and many of them from their wives and children, and going into perpetual slavery, where the lash of the master is proverbially more ruthless and unrelenting than any other where; and yet amid all these distressing circumstances, as we would think them, they were the most cheerful and apparently happy creatures on board. One whose offense for which he had been sold was an over-fondness for his wife, played the fiddle almost continually, and the others danced, sang, cracked jokes, and played various games with cards from day to day. How true it is that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," or in other words, that he renders the worst of human conditions tolerable, while he permits the best to be nothing better than tolerable.'

It is only fair to point out that in 1855 Lincoln described this incident less amiably, calling slavery a 'continued torment.' My own belief is that this quickened perception of slavery's evil was a direct result of the agitation caused by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854. In any event, comparison of the two passages suggests, at least, the argument which could be built upon stylistic differences if space permitted. Is it possible for a man to write clear, easy prose in 1841, and seven years later to be guilty of verbiage resembling the stilted effort of a high-school freshman?

III

So much for the general character of the Minor letters from Lincoln in Washington to Calhoun in Springfield. The difference between the Lincoln of these letters and the Lincoln of historical fact is great enough to make a careful student skeptical, even if disquieting suspicions have not previously

been aroused. And a skeptical student, if competent, will at once commence the most exacting, and most exciting, of all tests — the search for errors of specific fact.

The method consists in the critical examination of every fact which admits of independent verification. As this examination largely concerns John Calhoun and his relations with Lincoln, some comment upon him is necessary.

John Calhoun came to Springfield in 1830, and continued a resident of the town until his appointment as Surveyor-General of Kansas and Nebraska in 1854. From 1832 until 1835 he was Surveyor of Sangamon County. The county, then considerably larger than now, was being settled rapidly, and the demand for a surveyor's services was greater than one man could satisfy. At the instance of mutual friends Calhoun appointed Lincoln his deputy, with the specific duty of making surveys in the northwestern part of Sangamon County, now the separate county of Menard.

As time went on, Calhoun occupied other public offices. In 1838 he was elected to the legislature from Sangamon County. Four years later he was appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court and held the position until 1848, serving simultaneously as trustee of the defunct State Bank. As Lincoln advanced to a prominent position in local Whig circles, Calhoun gained place in the Democratic Party, becoming one of Douglas's trusted lieutenants when that leader rose to national prominence. Frequently Lincoln and Calhoun clashed in debate, and local tradition, well supported, has it that Lincoln feared no one, Douglas not excepted, more than Calhoun.

With these facts in mind, let us examine closely the letter of July 22, 1848. Aside from the fact that it

implies a degree of political accord which did not exist, it contains several historical inconsistencies. 'Jed was here and called on me about a month ago. he told me of your trip to Gentryville and your clearing the boundries, titles etc.' — so Lincoln is made to write. Calhoun's trip must have taken place in 1848, or Lincoln, who took his seat in Congress in December 1847, would have known about it. But in 1848 Calhoun was Clerk of the Circuit Court, and the records show that he was performing the duties of that office in person. Relatively few legal papers for 1848 remain in the court files, but those that do contain his signature under the file date. Several were filed every month — frequently every week — during the entire year. For the month of May — the time most likely, according to the letter, for Calhoun to have made his Gentryville trip — the record is especially complete.

Moreover, even if Calhoun had gone to Gentryville, he could not have had for the reason of his visit that alleged in the letter. 'He told me of your trip to Gentryville and your clearing the boundries, titles etc; Dear John at this time I want to extend my deepest gratitude for the service rendred my Mother,' etc. The inference that Calhoun cleared 'boundries, titles etc.' for Lincoln's mother is inescapable. But in 1848 Lincoln's mother had no interest in any land at Gentryville. When Thomas Lincoln had removed from Kentucky to Indiana he entered one hundred and sixty acres near the present town of that name, but he never succeeded in obtaining a patent to more than eighty acres. This holding he sold to James Gentry in the winter of 1829-1830, shortly before removing to Illinois.

The last sentence of the letter is also open to suspicion. 'Mary is well thank the Lord and joins in love to you and

yours,' Lincoln is supposed to have concluded. That Mrs. Lincoln was in Washington is a necessary inference. That she actually was in Washington is extremely doubtful. She had accompanied Lincoln there in the winter of 1847, but in the following spring she and the children had returned to the family home at Lexington, Kentucky. Her own letters show that she contemplated remaining there during July and August, and Lincoln's letters, particularly one dated July 2, show that he was fully conversant with her plans, and did not expect her to join him soon. There is no direct evidence of Mrs. Lincoln's movements from early July until mid-October, but all the information accessible indicates that her presence in Washington on July 22, 1848, is highly improbable.

So much for the letter of July 22, 1848. That to Calhoun of May 9, 1834, offers even greater inconsistencies, one in particular admitting no explanation of any sort. 'There seems some controversy,' Lincoln writes, 'between him and Green concerning that North East quarter of Section 40 — you remember?' Since 1785 the government system of surveys had provided for townships divided into thirty-six sections, numbered consecutively from one to thirty-six. Natural irregularities occasionally resulted in townships with fewer than thirty-six sections, but never in one with more than that number. For Lincoln to have inquired of Calhoun — both men being official surveyors — regarding a 'Section 40' is unthinkable.

In the same letter Lincoln remarks that 'the "Bixbys" are leaving this week for some place in Kansas.' Kansas, however, was not open for white settlement until twenty years after the date of this letter. A few squatters, guides, and Indian traders were clustered about its military posts at an

earlier date, but that was all. It is doubtful whether even the word 'Kansas' was in common use as designating the region it now describes. Most maps of the period referred to describe the vast territory west of Missouri and north of Arkansas Territory simply as 'Missouri Territory' or 'Indian Territory,' while the gazetteers list the word only as the name of a river.

IV

The books bearing Lincoln marginalia in the Minor collection are no more worthy of credence than the letters. The handwriting is equally unlike that which is indisputably his. In addition, there is no indication that Lincoln was in the habit of underlining and commenting upon passages in the books he owned. Many books from his library are in existence, but not one whose authenticity is above suspicion contains any writing other than his name or a simple presentation inscription.

Moreover, no reliance need be placed upon these general considerations to prove spurious the notations in at least one of the volumes of the collection. This is Newman's *Practical System of Rhetoric*, containing many underscorings and comments. The book was published in 1829 at Andover, Massachusetts. On the flyleaf is the name of its original owner: 'Miss Susan Y. Baker, March 15 Eastport Academy.' At the bottom of the title-page is the signature, 'A. Lincoln; Gentryville.' At the top of the page, in the same handwriting, are a few lines expressing gratitude to Miss Baker for her gift of the book. All seems regular enough (the handwriting always excepted) until one discovers that the preface of the book is dated, in type, May 1829. Consequently Miss Baker's inscription, 'March 15,' could not have been

written earlier than 1830. And on March 15, 1830, Abraham Lincoln was not residing in Indiana, having, according to his own statement, departed for Illinois some two weeks before that time.

When these specific discrepancies are added to the evidence of spuriousness which the examination of handwriting, general content, and documentary history amassed, proof becomes overwhelming. No matter what the character of the rest of the collection, the Lincoln documents are worthless.

The other items in the Minor collection contain even more historical inconsistencies than the Lincoln material. Two grave errors are to be found in the Ann Rutledge letters alone.

Twice Ann refers to the New Salem schoolmaster as 'Newton Graham.' The name, in fact, was Mentor Graham. In the Illinois State Historical Library are poll books for the year 1834 signed Mentor Graham. In the Menard County records at Petersburg, Illinois, are several legal documents in which the name is given as Mentor Graham; and Mrs. Henry Bradley, a granddaughter living at Greenview, Illinois, has two deeds and three promissory notes so signed. Moreover, Mrs. Bradley, who knew Graham before his death, never heard him called by any other name than Mentor. Her recollection is supported by several other members of the family who were in close contact with him for several years, and who also state that they never knew of his using any other name than Mentor.

More conclusive, however, than a mistake in a name is the following sentence from one of Ann's letters to Lincoln. 'I am greatfull,' the writer says, 'for the Spencers copy-book I copy frum that every time I can spair.' Since Ann Rutledge died on August 25, 1835,—the date is recorded in the family Bible,—this letter was written

prior to that time. But Spencer's first publication on penmanship, under the title of Spencer and Rice's *System of Business and Ladies' Penmanship*, was not issued until 1848.

It has been suggested, nevertheless, that although Spencer's first formal treatise on penmanship was not published until 1848 he might have been issuing copy books or leaflets many years before that time, all trace of which has since disappeared. As a matter of fact, the work here mentioned was not a formal treatise, but exactly the sort of publication contemplated in the suggestion I have stated. It consisted of small slips of paper with mottoes lithographed in Spencerian writing, each packet of slips being enclosed in a long envelope similar to those in ordinary use to-day.

I have already referred, in connection with the question of whether or not Matilda Cameron was a real person, to one grave error in her diary. There are others. Twice she writes of boats from Springfield. On July 10, 1833, she states that her church got the first *Missouri Harmony Hymn Book* 'last boat from Springfield'; while a later entry records that 'the boat being du Satiday cum in while we wuz by the mill.' Both references indicate plainly that boats carrying passengers were running between Springfield and New Salem on a regular schedule.

To anyone familiar with the Sangamon River, and the country through which it passes, the idea is absurd. The river swings around Springfield in a rough semicircle, coming no nearer than five miles at any point. Besides, it is called a 'river' more by courtesy than because the size of the stream merits the description. Generally it is no larger than a good-sized creek, and in July — when, according to Matilda,

boats were running regularly — it will hardly float a canoe. Moreover, it meanders from Springfield to New Salem in wide curves, probably running a course of fifty miles between the two towns, less than twenty miles distant by air line. Under these circumstances, a packet line was simply impossible.

Lincoln's published correspondence reveals a second flaw in the Cameron diary. One of Matilda's boats — the one which was 'du Satiday' — brought 'Dave turnham a frend of Abes from gentryville' to New Salem. This was the same Turnham to whom Lincoln, on October 23, 1860, wrote a letter in which the following statement occurs: 'I well remember when you and I last met, after a separation of fourteen years, at the cross-road voting place in the fall of 1844.' Thus we have Lincoln's own word that he had not seen Turnham from the time he left Indiana in 1830 until he made a campaign trip to the vicinity of his old home in the fall of 1844.

Another entry in the diary commences with the statement, 'Marthy Calhone teched Ann sum new patern of kroshay and she is going to tech me.' This entry must have been dated 1835 or earlier, yet Martha Calhoun, sixth child of John Calhoun, was not born until January 9, 1843. This somewhat startling weakness in chronology has been explained on the ground that Calhoun had a sister Martha, to whom the reference might naturally apply. The explanation is possible, of course, but very unlikely. In the first place, if Calhoun's sister Martha was living with him she would not have been at New Salem, — a misapprehension which runs through all these documents, — but at Springfield. In the second place, Calhoun's father was a prosperous Eastern merchant, well able to support his family. It hardly seems likely that a young

woman would have left a comfortable home in an established community for the hardships of life in a raw Illinois village.

One more observation, and we are done with Matilda Cameron. Her final diary entry, dated March 12, 1836, contains the following statement: 'sum folks has left Sand Ridge and also a lot in Salem. . . . John Calhone and family has al-ready gone. Abe is tendin surveying for him hear what little ther is to do.' The statement contains two errors of fact. Never having lived in New Salem, John Calhoun of course had not migrated. In 1836, as for the past six years, he was living in Springfield. And whatever surveying Lincoln was doing was for Thomas M. Neale, not Calhoun, who had resigned his position the previous year. I have not been able to find the exact date of Calhoun's resignation, but as early as September 26, 1835, Neale was signing surveys as Surveyor of Sangamon County.

Only the memoranda of Sally Calhoun remain. Several of the objections raised against the other documents apply here with equal force—the failure of the picture of Lincoln there drawn to harmonize with his known character, the improbability of an interest in Lincoln great enough to have led Calhoun to dictate these reminiscences, the frequent use of the name 'Newton Graham.' Most important, however, is the fact that the memoranda, dated St. Joseph, Missouri, imply the presence of Calhoun, although Calhoun—be it insisted yet once more—was still living in Springfield. It is useless to cite evidence proving that Calhoun was actually in Springfield on certain dates, for only one of Sally's memoranda is dated. That one was supposedly written on June 2, 1848. On May 29 Calhoun put his file mark and signature on legal

papers in Springfield, and it was practically impossible for him to have been in St. Joseph four days later. Even if, by strenuous traveling, he had succeeded in making the trip in that time, it is straining credulity too far to believe that he would at once have put his daughter to recording incidents in the early life of Lincoln.

V

Thus every test except that of the fitness of the paper has found the Minor collection defective. Critical examination showed glaring weaknesses in the line according to which the collection is supposed to have descended. The handwriting of the items which purport to have been written by Lincoln bears no resemblance to that of authentic documents. The content of the Lincoln letters is not in complete harmony with his known ideas on one subject at least, slavery, and it is difficult to believe that such wide stylistic differences as have been pointed out can occur in the writing of the same individual. And the number of historical inconsistencies, some of which admit no possible explanation, is very large. By no possibility can the Minor collection be genuine.

Then who fabricated it? We know what sort of person the forger was, for in these documents he has drawn the outlines of his own character. Considerable cleverness dictated the explanation of the collection's formation and descent to the present. The character of Matilda Cameron, exceedingly well drawn, indicates no small degree of creative ability. Wide though superficial reading provided enough information about Lincoln's life to deceive those whose knowledge was not fairly extensive. Only when cleverness, artistic skill, and general information could no longer suffice, and sound knowledge became indispensable, did

the forger fail. Certainly he—or she—was not familiar with Lincoln's correspondence, either in its original or in its published form. Complete ignorance of the geographical setting of the story was coupled with defective knowledge of the minor characters. Under the circumstances it was only natural that the forger, like an amateur playwright, should overdraw his Lincoln, emphasizing too strongly his best-known traits.

That exposure followed quickly should cause no regret, for the Lincoln of the Minor collection was, after all, a sorry character. What he wrote was full of inflated sentimentality, and the manner in which he wrote it suggested a man no more than half literate. To me, at least, a belief in the common authorship of these documents and the Gettysburg Address was impossible—and I much prefer the Gettysburg Address.

DISARMAMENT—AMERICAN PLAN

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I

THE solution of the problem of disarmament cannot be found within the problem itself, but outside it. In fact, the problem of disarmament is not the problem of disarmament. It really is the problem of the organization of the world-community.

Armaments are instruments of policy. They are indeed the most important instrument of policy, together with financial power—a rarer thing. It is evident, therefore, that no disarmament is possible as long as no alternative instrument of policy is devised to armaments, and no reduction of armaments is possible as long as the utility of armaments as instruments of policy has not been reduced.

As an illustration of this assertion, let us recall the proposals for wholesale and immediate disarmament made by the Soviet delegation at the Geneva meetings (December 1927 and March 1928). Why should Soviet Russia be

the first nation to be ready to disarm? Simply because it is the first to have evolved an alternative instrument of policy. For, the Soviet Union being in effect a Church-State, its only foreign policy consists in the spreading of the communistic gospel. Its foreign policy, being one, needs but one method everywhere; and this method, the fostering of a communistic revolution in every nation, has no need of Russian armaments, and would fare better without foreign ones.

Since, in the absence of a well-organized world-community, armaments remain indispensable as instruments of policy, disarmament conferences can never hope to succeed. For in effect every delegation goes to the conference determined to secure an increase in the relative armaments of its own nation, even though the conference may lead to an all-round reduction of absolute armaments. What matters for the expert is: (a) the national standing power in relation to that

of the nation's potential adversary; (b) the national potential power (power for expanding armaments) in relation to that of the nation's adversary. It is clear that a cleverly conducted negotiation in conference may increase these two relative quantities even though the absolute values concerned be reduced.

In fact, in the absence of a preliminary organization of the world-community and of its activities, all disarmament conferences are bound to degenerate into armament conferences. Each of the delegations present has for its main aim to secure the highest possible increase of its relative armaments in a general reduction of absolute forces, if such a reduction there must be.

Viewed in the light of this conclusion, the Covenant of the League of Nations is essentially a statesmanlike effort to solve the problem of disarmament. It aims at organizing the world-community in such a way that armaments may be rendered less and less useful for war, as the collective way for dealing with international events is learned and trusted by all nations, and for policy, as the ways and means devised for dealing with international life are developed in peace. And yet Article VIII, which provides for a reduction of the armaments of all League members, is still unfulfilled. Why is it, then, that, though the Covenant is an effective measure for reducing wars, the work of disarmament does not show any tangible progress?

II

In May 1920, the Council of the League, sitting in Rome, adopted a report submitted by the French Representative, M. Léon Bourgeois, organizing the commission provided for in Article IX. The report was all that could be expected. The commission was to be entirely composed of military, naval, and air men. Each of the nations

represented in the Council was to send a delegation of three experts, one for each of the three services. The secretariat was also to be composed of a group of three experts, one for each service. The commission would be divided into three subcommittees, military, naval, and air, for each of which one of the three members of the secretariat would act as secretary.

It was as foolish to expect a disarmament convention from such a commission as a declaration of atheism from a commission of clergymen. But this opinion must be clearly defined. Much offensive and inoffensive scorn has been poured on the several military commissions which have dealt with disarmament matters in the League. In my opinion such an attitude is grossly unfair to the military profession. The military profession cannot recognize any duty above that which constitutes its very essence: ensuring the safety of its country. A military delegation sent to discuss disarmament problems cannot and should not envisage them—as it is implicitly requested to do—in a somewhat general and abstract light. It can only view them as it should only view them, with an eye on the home forces.

When the first Assembly of the League of Nations met in November 1920, it found that the commission had reported negatively on practically every point of the programme submitted to it by the Council. What else could be expected? The Assembly, led by Lord Cecil, took a bold and statesmanlike course. The Council had chosen to stultify the effect of Article IX by creating a commission of military men; the Assembly decided to set up another commission which would differ from the first on two all-important points:—

1. It would be predominantly civilian, though containing a certain num-

ber of military experts chosen in the other commission.

2. Its members would not be government representatives or government nominees. They would be chosen by the Council on their own merits.

With its two commissions, its secretariat, the Council at the helm, and the Assembly providing the gentle gales of inspiration, the Ship of Disarmament sailed forth into the seas of time. Its course was somewhat wayward at first. Disarmament, we know, is a tendency prompted by two different lines of thought: (a) arms cause war; (b) wars cause arms. And so we find the methods followed by the disarmament organization of the League influenced now by one, now by the other, of these two ways of thinking.

For it is obvious that if arms are the cause of wars the proper way to set about is to disarm, and so the school here called 'pacifist' leads to what might be described as the direct or technical method, a method whereby a direct solution is sought in the examination of the technical means for reducing and limiting armaments at once; while if wars are the cause of arms the right thing to do is to study the cause and cure of war, and therefore the school here known as 'realist' leads to what might be described as the indirect or political method, whereby the solution of the problem is sought in the creation of the political circumstances required for disarmament to take place, so to say, of itself. The evolution of the work of disarmament is determined by the interplay between these two methods and schools, in its turn dependent on the evolutions which take place in the public opinion and policy of the two protagonistic nations, France and England.

The direct method still prevails during the first years of the work of the Temporary Mixed Commission,

between November 1920, when it is created, and September 1922, when Lord Cecil takes over the leadership of the work. During this period the Temporary Mixed Commission as the initiating body and the Permanent Advisory Commission as the technical body are engaged in investigating the possibilities of a technical solution for the problem of disarmament. Two attempts are made in this direction: the plan known as Lord Esher's scheme and the Anglo-Franco-Italian proposals for extending the principles of the Washington Treaty to the nonsignatory Powers.

In a sense, both these plans emanate from the Washington Conference. This conference may be said to be the only endeavor to reduce and limit armaments which has led to any tangible results. The American Government is entitled to all the merit which it has claimed now and then for this success. If, in the remarks that follow, the achievement is not put quite so high, allowances must be made for a difference in perspective and for the natural effects of distance.

At the time of the Washington Conference there was in Geneva an international worker who now and then sought relief from his none too easy life of toil by indulging in good-humored cynicism. I thought that his opinion on the event might be valuable to me, and I knocked at his door in search of illumination. The wise though youthful observer smiled and said: 'The choicest things in life — and the Washington Conference is one of them — can best be understood in terms of parables. In the old days when Florence led the world there were five bankers in the city well known for their friendly rivalry. They all were solid and sound men, fearful of God, loving their good wives and enjoying their still better mistresses. Of these, Signor Jonathani

and Signor Giovanni Toro had so many that neither the curious town nor the fortunate bankers themselves knew the exact number thereof; Signor Nipponi, Signor Gallo, and Signor Savoia had a lesser, though still comfortable, number. But winds cannot always blow fair, and, a foul weather having set in on the seas of business, the five rivals and friends bethought themselves of the necessity of reducing their costly establishments. So Signor Jonathani, the wealthiest of the group and therefore its leader,—for you must know that among bankers the wealthiest leads as among holy men the holiest,—called a conference of the five, and it was decided, not without difficulty, for the five men were healthy and loved their flesh and the ladies were fair and brought them much pleasure and prestige—it was decided, I say, that Signor Jonathani and Signor Giovanni Toro should limit the number of their fair friends to five apiece; Signor Nipponi to three; while Signori Gallo and Savoia should be reduced to one each with occasional visits to one other, which visits they would carefully keep equal in number; and in order that their credit—I mean their financial prestige—should not suffer thereby, the five friendly rivals agreed to make it quite clear to the curious city that their sacrifices were made in deference to the sanctity of marriage.'

My skeptic friend's parable does not, of course, exhaust the aspects under which the Washington Conference can be envisaged, yet I confess to some inclination to agree with his views in so far as they represent the Conference and its results as inspired mainly in financial considerations. There is no question that the five Washington Powers refrained then from doing a very foolish thing—starting a race which would have brought some of them to the verge of ruin. The world

has become so modest that the abstention from folly is nowadays trumpeted forth as wisdom. But can it be said in all honesty that the Washington Conference was as rich in true international wealth as it was in five national savings? Anyone who cared to hear candid comment could get an earful of it per second at the time in Washington. Every delegation was convinced that every other delegation had 'done it in.' The Machiavellism of a prominent Englishman in charge of the press was the object of delighted or indignant comment according to taste and nationality, while the French delegation, so fiercely attacked both in Washington and in London, came home in a state of utter discontent and irritation. Distrust continued. The fulfillment of the clauses was jealously watched, and alleged violations denounced. The construction of the Singapore Base, strictly within the letter of the Treaty yet less strictly within its professed spirit, was an admirable illustration of the ultimate inanity of these half-measures for premature disarmament. The Washington Conference proved once more that, in the absence of a constructive effort to organize the world-community, disarmament conferences turn into armament conferences.

The Washington Conference, in other words, was a typical example of the inanity of the direct method. Similar though quicker effects were experienced by the League in its two attempts along this line. Lord Esher's plan sought to reduce armaments by setting up a unit of armament, say 30,000 men, and attributing to each nation a figure or coefficient which, multiplied by the unit of armament, would represent the army allowed to the nation concerned. Thus, France would have a coefficient of 6, Italy of 4, England of 3, and therefore their

respective arms would be 180,000, 120,000, and 90,000. The Permanent Advisory Commission, to which the scheme was referred for technical advice, rejected it on the ground that no practical criterion existed to determine a unit of armament having a reasonable degree of comparative value.

The second effort of the League on the path of direct disarmament was not more fortunate. The members of the League signatories of the Washington Treaty were anxious to make other naval nations benefit by the blessings which they were experiencing under their enlightened régime. In other words, having voluntarily limited their fleets, they sought to induce Spain, Brazil, Holland, Sweden, the Argentine Republic, Chile, Greece, Turkey, and other naval nations of lesser importance to reduce theirs. We are now in a position to estimate the true intention of this move. We know that a disarmament conference in the present state of development of the world-community is bound to turn out as an armament conference. England, France, Italy, and Japan aimed, therefore, at improving their relative armaments by limiting the tonnage of the remaining naval nations.

In 1922 Lord Cecil, who had created the Temporary Mixed Commission, joined it. From that moment the Commission fell under the leadership of this most attractive of international figures yet most representative of Englishmen. Lord Cecil is a supremely intelligent Conservative British statesman — a *rara avis*, I grant, in English Conservatism. And if he finds himself somewhat isolated in his own country, it is not at all owing to ‘radicalism,’ of which he has no trace, but to his intelligent vision, of which he has perhaps more than his British Conservative friends can bear without feeling uncomfortable.

By training and nationality Lord Cecil belongs to the ‘pacifist’ school. I mean that his heart is with disarmament. By intellectual adaptation, however, he rises above his national limitations and realizes that the direct method is premature. Yet he does not altogether espouse the indirect method pure and simple. He strives at a middle course. Such is the origin of his famous proposals, in which for the first time the technical or direct and the political or indirect aspects of the problem appear firmly bracketed together under the respective names of ‘disarmament’ and ‘guarantee.’

Lord Cecil realized the fact that disarmament has no separate existence and that it is not so much intimately connected with the general political problem as in fact one of the aspects of this problem itself. Now, at the time, the predominant feature in the situation was the sense of insecurity which prevailed in certain European quarters. Curiously enough, these regions suffering from nervousness were not the defeated and disarmed, but some of the victorious and still armed, nations. The paradox is easily solved once it is realized that victory had transferred territories and privileges from the former to the latter. Lord Cecil realized that the problem of disarmament could not be solved unless this all-important psychological situation was taken into account. He sought to meet the position by means of a general treaty of guarantee which would act as a rider to the Covenant.

Nothing can be gained for our purpose from a detailed account and analysis of an instrument stillborn, the interest of which remains purely historical. The Draft Treaty and even the Protocol, which was the reincarnation of the same spirit of one year later, must be for us as milestones on the road of our evolution toward the full

realization of the world-community. All we need retain of the Treaty is its essentials.

Guarantee. The treaty stipulates a double guarantee: one of all to all; the other by means of special treaties linking together States which may wish to prepare more definitely the plans they would eventually carry out in case they were attacked.

Disarmament. The Treaty stipulates that the Signatory Powers must communicate to the Council the reductions or limitations which they may be ready to adopt in view of the additional security gained by the Treaty itself.

Aggression. Article I of the Treaty declares aggression to be an international crime, and the Signatory Powers solemnly declare that they will not be guilty of it. The Treaty provides for specific measures to be taken by the Council, not merely in case of aggression, but even in case of threat of aggression or even of aggressive policy.

The British Government rejected the Treaty in a letter dated July 5, 1924, and signed 'J. Ramsay MacDonald, P. M.'

Nothing better shows the superficial and immature character of the reasons brought forward by Mr. MacDonald for rejecting the Draft Treaty than his splendid attitude in Geneva when, hand in hand with M. Herriot, he laid down the basis of the Protocol (1924). In its components the Protocol does not differ from the Draft Treaty; but it does in the emphasis laid on each of them. The Draft Treaty was mostly guarantee and disarmament; arbitration was relegated to an annex as one of the criteria whereby the Council might well detect the aggressor. In the Protocol, arbitration is brought to the foreground. In one year, at most in two, the idea had made great strides in the conscience of the world. It is to the honor of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that

he brought it boldly to the fore in the League Assembly and that he made of it the very basis of the work of disarmament in Geneva.

British public opinion was loud — is still loud—in its condemnation of the Protocol on the ground that it is an instrument devised for the preservation of the status quo. The fact is that this often heard argument against the Protocol was not the determining factor in the situation, though it added force to Britain's rejection of the scheme. The two main factors which explain this rejection are the position of the United States of America and the psychological attitude of Great Britain herself toward the scheme.

The position of the United States of America was bound to be of the first importance for British statesmen. It is obvious that no nation can lightly assume obligations which may eventually bring her into armed opposition to the United States. Now, the Protocol might have worked automatically in this highly dangerous way: the lonely path followed by the American nation might lead her to take action which the more elastic Covenant would in all likelihood stare blankly at, while the more rigid Protocol would have to register it as contrary to its tenets. In such a case, the position of Great Britain would not be theoretically worse than that of the remaining members of the League, but practically she would have to bear the brunt of the difficulty both in actual responsibilities and in the psychological consequences of the conflict.

The United States remained disentangled, which, of course, made it easier and more reasonable that England should remain disentangled also. For the fact is that none of the ingenious and at times amusing reasons given in the British official answer are any more than intellectual 'superstructures'

sincerely and honestly held, yet superstructures explaining *a posteriori* an opposition springing from the subconscious being of England. England turned down the Protocol because she is not yet ready to give up or even to qualify or in any way hinder her freedom of action. While France, intellectualistic, foreseeing, and relatively weak, saw in the Protocol a juridical prop to her power, England, empirical, strong, felt in it a shackle for her liberty. The outcry in England about putting the British fleet at the beck and call of a council of foreigners (it is one of the worst drawbacks of international life that it cannot be carried on without foreigners) is characteristic in this respect.

Much as the detached observer may regret that the Protocol should have been branded by its enemies as a scheme in the clouds and insulted with the scathing criticism that it was the work of idealists, it is but fair to acknowledge the great service rendered the world by Dr. Stresemann, M. Briand, and Sir Austen Chamberlain when they showed in Locarno that disarmament is but one of the aspects of politics, and that, even if good principles must wait, a political good job is a good job for all that.

The system of treaties and conventions known as 'Locarno' aims at something more than the solution of the Rhine question. In its essentials it may be described as the application of the ideas and tendencies which shaped the Protocol to the area of possible conflicts lying west, south, and east of Germany.

It is worth noticing how much it owes to the Protocol. First and foremost, it adopts the principle of peaceful settlement, providing definite machinery in order to ensure a concrete result. All possibility of war is excluded in the west under threat of armed interven-

tion by Great Britain and Italy as guarantors. Moreover, owing to the provisions of Article XIX, that most important of Protocol ideas, the preventive or 'conservatory' measures to be taken in order to limit the conflict while the dispute is argued out, is introduced into the Locarno system, not only in the west, but in the south and east also. These provisions are of the utmost importance because they contribute in a large measure to force the parties to declare their attitude in the period preceding hostilities, so that the would-be aggressor designates itself, so to say, by its own doing while the conflict is before the world. So much for the general principles of the Protocol which underlie Locarno. Considering the grave and concrete issues at stake, their application in so clear and uncompromising a manner to the most sensitive zone in the world must be registered as a great triumph of statesmanship, most of the credit of which undoubtedly belongs to Germany and her leading statesman, Dr. Stresemann.

III

In the recess between the second and third sessions of the Preparatory Commission, President Coolidge bethought himself of the advantages of a separate conference, and he issued an official inquiry to the British, French, Italian, and Japanese Governments (February 10, 1927) in order to ascertain whether they would be disposed to empower their representatives at the forthcoming meeting of the Preparatory Commission to begin negotiations toward a limitation of naval armaments. Much as this step has been commented upon since it was taken, there is one particular aspect of it which has not obtained all the attention it deserves. The United States Government acted exactly as if the work done in Geneva

to date had been transacted in a language utterly unknown to it.

Nor was that all. For there is no question that the calling of an international conference of five Powers to discuss one of the points which twenty other Powers were already debating with them was, to put it mildly, an unexpected action.

But nothing succeeds like success, and if what came to be known as the Coolidge Conference had succeeded all these thorns of reproach would have turned into laurels. Yes. But the fact is that success was impossible. For the Conference aimed at limiting the vessels not dealt with in the Washington Conference, and the Washington Conference had succeeded precisely because those vessels were left out of it.

It is only plain honesty to recognize that Anglo-American relations were never more strained in recent years than they were then. Why should an endeavor to disarm give rise to such heated situations? It seems that a difference in method as to how to do away with armaments should never lead to suspicion and controversy of the bitter character which obtained then. We know, of course, the key to this paradox: under the vocabulary and gestures of disarmament, what was at stake in the Coolidge Conference was armament. The three nations there present, and particularly the United States and Great Britain, were ready for any reduction of absolute naval power all round which would result in leaving their own relative naval power stationary at any rate, and, if possible, increased. The arguments exchanged in Geneva have no meaning whatever if they have not that meaning. True, if England did not control the sea roads she might be starved in a fortnight. But the argument applies to Finland just as well, and, moreover, who wants to starve England? Where is the enemy?

And as to the United States — true that, having no naval bases dotted all over the world, she would be put in an inferior position if she were forced to build her total tonnage in the form of small cruisers; but in an inferior position toward whom? In what kind of conflict?

For let it be said again, and not for the last time, the only solution of the problem of disarmament lies in the organization of the world-community in such a way that power may be used only as the weapon of the world-community against lawbreakers.

The Coolidge Conference was sprung upon the world as if the work of the Disarmament Conference did not exist. The Kellogg Pact has been presented to the world as if the Covenant itself did not exist. The Kellogg Pact was born in Paris. It owes its origin to that most beneficent and clear-sighted of international workers, Professor Shotwell, of Columbia University. In its origin, it was an offer made by M. Briand to the American people to the effect that France and the United States should agree to outlaw war as between themselves. The next stage begins when the Department of State made the counter-suggestion that the Treaty should not be confined to France and the United States. The French Government grew uneasy. It was all very well to outlaw war between France and the United States, but when it came to Europe the matter became more delicate — so delicate, indeed, that it proved too much for France's legal advisers, and the official correspondence of the French Government seemed for a time to cast a doubt on the compatibility of the American suggestion with the principles of the Covenant.

But why was America so difficult about it all? Why did she not content herself with the French suggestion and limit herself merely to outlawing

aggressive wars? The first answer we find we may as well give in the terms in which it was couched by Mr. Kellogg himself in his address to the Council of Foreign Relations (New York, March 15, 1928): 'My objection to limiting the scope of an anti-war treaty to merely wars of aggression is based partly upon a very real disinclination to see the ideal of world peace qualified in any way, and partly upon the absence of any satisfactory definition of the word "aggressor" or the phrase "wars of aggression."'

The claim thus implicitly made that a universal, absolute, and unqualified renunciation of war is embodied in the Kellogg Pact is, with all respect, preposterous, and no grown-up person can suggest it in earnest without insult to his audience or injury to himself. That is the honest truth which chancelleries long to speak out, but are debarred from declaring out of international courtesy. The 'ideal of world peace' must be qualified, and the 'disinclination' to do so in the American Secretary of State is due to the fact that there is only one honest and efficient way of qualifying it — the organization of the world-community, a method to which the American State objects for well-known reasons.

This brings us to the second reason put forward by Secretary Kellogg for refusing the qualification to the outlawry of war suggested by the French — 'the absence of any satisfactory definition of the word "aggressor" or the phrase "wars of aggression."' Now this assertion is contrary to the facts. Thanks to the League of Nations' work, there exists to-day a satisfactory practical standard of aggression. Moreover, let us observe that, whether the border cases are easy to define or not, wars may be classed under three perfectly clear heads: (1) aggressive wars; (2) defensive wars; (3) wars to obtain

redress of a wrong after all conciliatory methods have failed.

Now, leaving aside border cases and questions of definition, the difference between the French and the American proposals was that the French proposal outlawed the first category only, while the American proposal outlawed all but the second; or, in other words, that while the American proposal outlawed the third category the French proposal did not. This difference, however, in actual practice and within the League would not amount to much. The kind of war in question was no doubt much prized by the French merely as a hypothetical form of defense for the European system. But, given the suppleness of the Covenant, and particularly the all but omnipotent mandate which the Council can assume in cases of crisis under Article XI, the chances of actual permissible wars under the Covenant are very small indeed for members of the League of Nations. The matter, however, presents quite a different complexion if a conflict outside the League or between a League member and a powerful outsider be considered.

First, while a war of self-defense is of course permissible both under the Covenant and under the Kellogg Pact, it is in the Covenant severely watched over and regulated by the complicated system of outlawry which Articles VIII-XX imply, while nothing prevents a State outside the League from waging any kind of war it wishes and calling it defensive. Bad faith is not the greatest danger here. The gravest danger is wrong-headedness, a stout conviction that 'my country is in the right' even in ludicrously wrong circumstances. It is impossible to discuss this point without drawing the reader's attention to the fact that the very nation which suggested the outlawry of war without qualifications was at the same time waging a war in a

foreign country. The Nicaraguan affair may be described in a variety of ways, but if the outlawry of war is to be considered as compatible with that, the idea is less ideal than some American idealists would have us believe.

The efficiency of the Pact is naturally proportional to the efficiency of its second article, whereby the High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts which may arise among them, of whatsoever nature or origin they may be, shall never be sought except by pacific means. Now this article implies such a startling alteration in the policy followed by the United States, not merely in recent years, but under Mr. Kellogg himself, that the natural conclusion to which not a few men and even governments have jumped is that the article does not mean what it says. What, for instance, about the Monroe Doctrine? In a note singularly lacking in political wisdom from both the point of view of the world and the national British point of view, the British Government reserved for itself freedom of action (whatever that may mean) in certain areas of the world, invoking the similar position existing under the Monroe Doctrine for the United States. Now the Monroe Doctrine had not been mentioned by the American Government in connection with the Kellogg Pact. It would be a difficult subject to raise without qualifying 'the ideal of world peace' which Secretary Kellogg wants to maintain spotlessly unqualified. But there are such things as eloquent silences, and, despite the indiscreet blurting out of the thing by the British Government, the American Government remained obstinately silent about the Monroe Doctrine. There is only one way of interpreting a silent being: by watching his actions. Now the same Secretary of State who put forward this unqualified ideal of world

peace has been actively engaged in renewing treaties of arbitration with a number of Powers in which a reservation in favor of the Monroe Doctrine has been introduced now, though such a reservation did not exist in the previous form of the treaties. In the circumstances, the inevitable conclusion is that the United States does not mean to arbitrate any question arising out of the Monroe Doctrine, which for practical purposes means any question arising out of events happening on the American continent.

What is, then, the value of the Kellogg Pact? First it must be made quite clear that as a pact for the outlawry of war, as a psychological method for driving war out of human possibilities, the Pact is as good as nonexistent. Not only in its reservations and interpretations, but in its very essence, the Pact does not outlaw all wars. It must therefore be considered merely as one of the systems before the world whereby a certain number of wars are forbidden by collective treaty. Viewed in this light, the Pact presents quite a different efficiency, according to whether it is considered in its effects on League members or on non-League members.

From another point of view the Kellogg Pact has often been considered as an important step in international politics, because statesmen and critics of international affairs have seen it as the beginning of an evolution of the United States of America toward the organized world-community and the League. This argument calls in question the whole genesis and evolution of the Pact from the American side. The Pact was evidently born of the outlawry-of-war school. This school, we know, is led by idealists of transparent honesty, who, however, hold strong prejudices about Europe and about the League. Their opposition to political conciliation as distinct from judicial

settlement is inspired in noble if, I believe, mistaken conceptions. Theirs is the all-or-nothing attitude about outlawry without qualification. The obvious step following the initial suggestion of a multilateral treaty should therefore have been a round-table conference—the conciliatory international method put at the service of the conciliatory international aim. The idea was of course mooted in Europe. Mr. Kellogg frowned hard. For the chief attraction of his Pact was that America could contribute a magnificent 'unqualified' idea to the peace movement without paying a cent in loss of international liberty and independence in its conduct. The Pact, therefore, though aiming at peace and coöperation, was transacted by methods of power and isolation. Hence the maze of speeches, declarations, notes, reservations, and silences which obscure its meaning. And on the day the thought was mooted that it might be considered as the first step to further collaboration between the United States and Europe the most authoritative voices in the State rose to put down the error severely. America was ready to promise that she would not go to war unless she wanted and that she would arbitrate whenever she thought fit on the points which her Senate would define (and that is ultimately what the Pact means), but she was not going to give up one inch of her international sovereignty. America thus took back in the spirit what she gave in the letter, and in the Kellogg Pact she showed the world a magnificent example of splendid isolation and power in terms of idealism.

The result was felt soon enough. The American President, after having congratulated himself and his nation on the idealism of the Kellogg Pact outlawing war, proceeded to advocate a strong navy to guarantee American defense.

IV

The reader is now familiar with the idea which underlies these pages—that in the absence of an alternative system of policy, which can be no other than coöperative international running of the world, armaments are indispensable as instruments of power, and that therefore all disarmament discussions are bound to transform themselves into armament discussions. No more brilliant and more authoritative confirmation of this view could be wished than the significant incident which excited the Western world during the summer of 1928. France and England, the two protagonists of the League Disarmament Commission, could not agree about the principle to be adopted for naval reductions. France said Total Tonnage; England said Tonnage by Categories. The Commission, finding its works blocked by this disagreement, hinted that a direct negotiation between the two governments would be an excellent occupation during the recess. The two governments took the hint and presently came to an agreement. The British Foreign Office, eager to cheer up the world, gave the bare news without going into details. But the world, instead of smiling, frowned severely. Italy growled that she knew nothing and would know nothing about it. Germany began to put questions. America was angry. What had happened? 'For once that we try to agree,' said M. Briand, shrugging his shoulders before the whole League Assembly, 'we were not lucky!'

Please note that growls, grumbles, and protests began before anything was known of the agreement except that it existed. In the absence of a universal agreement never to use arms except on collective authority, armaments can only be increased (relatively, which is

what matters); they can never be decreased. Hence the growls and grumbles of the others. How were the armaments of these two going to be increased? Against whom? And note the origin of the grumbles and growls; Italy lest her claim of equality with France had gone by the board; Germany lest her insistence on limitation of (French) trained reserves had been the land price of sea concessions made to England; the United States lest these sea concessions had taken a form favorable to the type of cruiser which would strengthen the British navy and weaken her own. And mark the result: *all these fears were justified when the terms of the agreement became known.*

Disarmament is not an isolated problem; armaments are one of the features of our present international life. It is therefore hopeless to try to solve the problem of armaments in isolation from the remaining problems of the world. Indeed, this idea seems to me to form the very basis of the question. As long as it has not been grasped, and as long as it does not impose itself on governments and peoples alike, we shall be wasting our time in vain endeavors. The Russian proposal for immediate disarmament, the Kellogg Pact, sent across the world waves of influence which ultimately are bound to act in the right direction if only because the trend of our present-day evolution is irresistibly set in the right direction. But such good effects as they may ultimately have are not inherent in them or due to their virtues. In so far as such schemes fail to recognize the solidarity of all the manifestations of international life, they are irrelevant, they miss the point.

In our opinion the chief responsibility for the stagnant state of disarmament lies with the nations which remain outside the League. The League is a courageous attempt at solving

world problems in a world way, and those who remain out of it are badly crippling this effort without contributing any positive alternative of a true constructive character.

We have heard many a so-called reason for the United States to remain outside. There is no reason whatsoever for such a thing. There are explanations of the fact; but though the fact may be explained, the act cannot be justified.

The American reader, however, may say that America has contributed an alternative and a better alternative in the doctrine of the outlawry of war. The outlawry-of-war doctrine is the best-meaning red herring that ever navigated in the waters of international thoughts and politics, but a red herring for all that. The worst about it is the high standing, the generosity, and even the intellectual distinction of its trainers and inspirers. Let us briefly recapitulate the tenets of the school and confront them with our own conclusions.

1. War must be outlawed as an institution — all wars without exception. But self-defense remains. No general guarantees are given of what a nation may come to consider as self-defense. For instance, if Mexico granted Japan a ninety-nine years' lease on a comfortable little bay in Lower California, the outlawry-of-war school does not tell us what would happen. Curiously enough, the outlawry-of-war school, while allowing self-defense, condemns sanctions. Yet sanctions, we know, is but another name for collective self-defense. We are therefore entitled to define the outlawry-of-war school as a party which condemns all wars except irresponsible self-defense; and the Covenant as a system which condemns all wars including irresponsible self-defense, except wars fought after collective self-defense has broken down.

2. There is going to be a world court with affirmative jurisdiction, 'with a code of law of peace based upon equality and justice between all nations.' This is excellent; but alas, we are told that 'the greater nations know that compulsory arbitration is for them fraught with grave dangers.'¹ And moreover, 'there are some questions which, in the present state of the world, or in any conceivable state of this world, cannot be decided by a tribunal of any sort. In the case of the United States we have only to think of tariffs, and immigration, and the Monroe Doctrine, and prohibition, and the allied debts, to see how a meddlesome nation, under cover of our pledge to arbitrate any dispute whatsoever, could provocatively precipitate an issue which was none of its business—in any sense which an independent country like the United States would acknowledge—and then demand that we go to arbitration with it.' It is difficult to choose the brightest in such a string of pearls. We notice the 'independent' nation (there's the rub—*independent*, yes, not merely in law but in spirit, cut loose, isolated from the commonalty of the world); we notice the imposing list of examples, for they are only examples, of the questions on which the United States would refuse to arbitrate; we observe that the Monroe Doctrine is one of these questions, and, knowing the admirable elasticity of this expression, we begin to wonder whether its scope can be limited even to the vast American continent. Imagine France or Germany suggesting that she would arbitrate everything but European affairs!

This simple, nay, simple-minded panacea—the outlawry of war—holds the imagination of many an

American citizen. You outlaw wars and you submit your differences to a court. What more perfect? This bald form is that under which it circulates and gathers converts. The holes, the gaps, the abysses, opened out in it by further elaboration do not appear before the public eye. They are believed to be just slight qualifications of the general principle, and not what they really are—its utter negation.

Then the outlawry-of-war school enables the American nation to bridge over the gap between its two favorite tendencies: the tendency to isolation (from Europe, at any rate), and the tendency to see itself as a leading nation in moral as well as in material progress. There is no question that the ethical urge is an earnest and sincere element in American psychology; hence the implicit demand of the public for moral international leadership on the part of the government. Now the government's task is not particularly easy. It must satisfy the public's pride in being 'good'; their pride in being strong; their romantic attachment to the no-entanglement advice which Washington is supposed to have given them; their mystical belief in the mystery of the Monroe Doctrine. In these circumstances is it strange that the government should have adopted this admirable pact, which gives everything in a magnificent general public principle, safeguards everything by means of rather intricate judicial-political inferences, and enables the United States to remain outside the Covenant of the League?

Unfortunately, the people of the United States have but few opportunities to hear a straightforward statement of the position. The immense majority of them honestly think that the United States is the only peace-loving nation with decent standards of international life. Few realize that their nation bears

¹These and other quotations, except when otherwise stated, are taken from *Outlawry of War*, by Charles Clayton Morrison, Chicago, 1927.

perhaps the heaviest responsibility for the slow development of international peace. The absence of the United States from the League would suffice to justify this statement. It is sometimes argued on its behalf that it coöperates in nearly all the activities of the League. The observation is correct but irrelevant, for the main point is not movement, work, activity; it is trust, confidence, moral tone. And what is wanted is not merely that the United States should be represented in all the League commissions, but that it should assume all the League obligations. The issue has been befogged both by well-meaning fools and by ill-meaning knaves with an argument representing Europe as anxious to entangle America in European wars: 'Europe wants your boys again.' Such an argument leaves us cold. We, at any rate, want no American 'boys' to come to Europe. We should be delighted if they stayed at home. We should be even delighted if they declined to go to Nicaragua. Our wish is that American boys should not go to war at all in any continent whatsoever. For it is all very well to speak of European politics as squabbles, intrigues, and wars; but had a European nation carried out in regard to another European nation exactly the policy which the United States has carried out in half a dozen Central American countries, there would have been a grave European war. The reason why the American continent is peaceful is not that the United States has succeeded in maintaining a higher level of international politics in it than in Europe, but that the United States, being incomparably stronger than any other of the American nations, has been free to develop whatever policy, high or low, it wished, without fear of endangering the peace of the continent.

It is not that we want America as an ally in Europe; we want her as a

peaceful nation in America. We do not want her to strengthen League armies for League wars; we want her to strengthen the League's peace by bowing before the Covenant and submitting to the courts.

The responsibility of America is due to the fact that she gives the world a lesson of unlimited and irresponsible sovereignty every day. She does not accept the Court except under her own conditions, which fifty-five other nations consider inadmissible; she does not arbitrate except in a few cases, and when her Senate has carefully defined the issue; she does not join the League, but picks and chooses whichever points she wishes for coöperation, according to her own ideals, wishes, whims, or interests; she ignores the Covenant and brings forward an alternative scheme, as if the ten years of work done by practically all of the remaining nations had been the futile cackle of hens.

I am not — never was — of the opinion that America may be made to glide into the League in a kind of absent-minded way. I hold that the American people must face the issue squarely; that the nation must realize, on the one hand, the immense gravity of its responsibility while it remains outside, on the other the full meaning of its obligations if it joins. I believe that the very breadth and difficulty of the true position, once it is put squarely before the American people, are of a kind to appeal to their imagination. The American people have a remarkable psychology, a mobility amounting almost to fluidity; a genuine desire for what is good; an enterprising, an almost adventurous spirit, ready to experiment with new ideas; and, finally, a readiness to be led. That is why, though in my opinion the United States is the blackest obstacle in the path toward disarmament, I believe it to be also our brightest hope.

THE SURPLUS FARMER

BY BERNHARD OSTROLENK

I

THE incoming administration at Washington is already wrestling with the critical importance of the farm problem. Its emergence to foremost national attention is not due to farm distress more acute to-day than it was in 1921, but rather is it the result of an incessant campaign on the part of the farm leaders to seek through law some change favorable to the farmer's economic status. The flood of recent legislation started in 1920 with the Fordney emergency tariff bill. The Farm Bloc was organized in 1921. There followed a series of measures relating to coöperation, rural credit, packers and stock-yard control, grain futures, commissions for agricultural inquiry, agricultural conferences, freight rates, and a host of minor acts. In 1924 the first McNary-Haugen bill was defeated by the Congress, followed by a flood of controversy that reached new high levels for agricultural interests. A revised McNary-Haugen bill was again defeated in 1925, followed by the introduction of a bewildering variety of substitute measures. The third edition of the McNary-Haugen bill was introduced in 1927, and this time was passed by both branches of Congress, but was vetoed by the President. A fourth edition, only slightly modified from that of 1927, was passed by both branches of Congress in 1928, but was again vetoed. Farm relief became the chief issue of the 1928 political campaign, and to-day has taken the centre

of the stage as the most important and most urgent problem.

Prior to the war, agricultural discussion, if any, centred around the interests of the consumer. The important agricultural exports to which the country had become accustomed during the late eighties were declining sharply. From its very inception these exports had been a sort of historic appendage to the economic life of the country. After 1900 there was also some rise in the cost of living, and the fear of hunger began to haunt statesmen. The Country Life Commission was appointed in 1906. The cry, 'Back to the farm!' was heard in the land.

But the war had seen agricultural exports rise to new high levels. It had shown the extraordinary ability of agriculture to expand under price stimuli. It had given indubitable demonstrations that the country was far from starvation. The present agricultural discussion arises not from any fear of a food shortage, but rather from the burdens of an agricultural 'surplus.' As a result of war expansion the farmer is producing in quantities that cannot be consumed. He is producing something that is not wanted. Hence his rewards are low, and hence his cry of distress. The most discussed measures for farm relief, the McNary-Haugen bills, are officially labeled the 'Surplus Control' bills.

The farm problem grows out of a technical revolution in the practice of agriculture which is not less truly revolutionary, and which imposes

scarcely less hardship on many of those it affects, than the Industrial Revolution of England, which put an end to household manufactures and workers and inaugurated the factory system.

But it is one thing to admit the existence of a great economic and social problem; it is quite another to see that problem for what it actually is, to admit the facts which constitute its reality, and to face the question of a solution with complete frankness.

In the case of the farm problem it is exceptionally difficult to practise the frankness and directness of thought which everybody recognizes as the only tolerable attitude in problems purely economic and scientific. For, besides being an economic and technical problem of the first magnitude, the farm problem also involves a great social conception. As Mr. Hoover has pointed out in his speech of acceptance, farming in this country has been considered above all else 'a manner of living' — the characteristic base of the American social fabric. Right or wrong, it is the conviction of political and social leaders that the farms form the head reservoirs from which the cities, industry, trade, finance, religion, and education have drawn many of their ablest leaders; and in common thought the preservation of the farm population has come to mean preservation of an essential social foundation.

Moreover, besides representing a basic American social conception, the farmers represent a great political power in national legislation. The purely agricultural states are represented in the Senate on an equal basis with the predominantly industrial states; and, with their considerable body of members in the lower house of Congress, the farm states have altogether an important balance of power. Thus political influence, tradition, and sentiment combine to urge ever new

assistance to agriculture — assistance which will pacify the farmer, but which makes it extremely difficult for any man of political ambitions to act and vote with an unbiased facing of the farm problem as it actually is.

But the revolution in agriculture, like technical revolutions in other industries, has no mercy on social and economic institutions anchored to a backward state of the practical arts; and the new scientific agriculture of to-day is rapidly destroying the old foundations of farming as a manner of living, replacing them with a new order which we may for a time ignore but cannot indefinitely oppose. This new order has already made far greater advances than is generally realized. Indeed, the new farming has already established itself, and all that we can do about it now is to foresee the consequences and to lessen as far as may be the largely inevitable burden of them. This can be done by basing the agricultural relief programme, not on the emotional wish to retain the entire present farm population of six and a half million farmers, with their wasteful overproduction, but on the willingness to face the fact that this burden of the surplus can be reduced only by a reduced number of farmers. In other words, farm relief means farm migration to the city — a migration that should be developed, encouraged, and assisted.

II

The main instruments of the present agricultural revolution are as follows:—

First, scientific agriculture, thought out and in fact created by the Federal and state governments, which shall prescribe the rules by which intelligent and energetic farmers may be assured of crops much larger than the average.

Second, gas-driven farm machinery. This has enabled larger, more compli-

cated, and heavier machinery to operate on the fields than was possible with horses; it has increased the productivity per man; it has replaced millions of horses and freed fodder acreage for human consumption. It has reduced the unit cost and has tremendously increased production.

These two agencies together have divided the country's whole farm population into two very unequal parts. One of these parts is prosperous and contented; the other part embodies the farm problem. The prosperous part is the small minority of farmers — probably not more than one eighth of the country's entire number of about 6,500,000; say, 800,000 — who by the practice of scientific agriculture and the use of modern machinery can raise crops at so low a cost as to leave a wide margin of profit between that cost and the average market price.

The concrete farm problem, then, is how to keep the unprosperous seven-eighths majority on their farms and to bestow on them a satisfactory measure of prosperity. At least this is the way the problem presents itself to those who seek a solution that will at the same time retain the present farm population.

But the inescapable final result of the agricultural revolution is to make fully one half the present crop acreage and one half the present number of farm workers progressively superfluous, and to drive the latter away from the farms to employment in industrial centres. This elimination of the unsuccessful farmer and his family has been in progress for several years; the total migration of such defeated farm families from the farms to urban industrial centres since 1920 is estimated at about four million persons. This migration will continue, unless progress in agriculture stops. We know, however, that progress will not stop, but will, on the contrary, advance at an accelerated

pace. The migration has not been fast enough to keep pace with the advancing agriculture. The danger is that it will not be rapid enough in the future to avert suffering and poverty.

'The period of transition from domestic to factory system of industry,' says Cheney, 'was in England one of unrelieved misery to the great masses of those who were wedded to the old ways, who had neither the capital, the enterprise, nor the physical nor mental adaptability to attach themselves to the new. The hand-loom weavers kept up a hopeless struggle in garrets and cellars of the factory towns where their wages were sinking lower and lower, until finally the whole generation died out.'

There was no law that could have stopped or stayed the Industrial Revolution. With those who are similarly being driven from the practice of agriculture in this country, the alternative is not misery and starvation, but the difficult task of finding a place in new occupations, chiefly in the industries of the urban centres. It is a formidable problem to find employment for fifteen million additional workers in industry, but one that is not insuperable, one that if honestly faced can be solved with infinitely less disruption during the next ten years than was caused by the placing of that many workers coming from Europe to America during the period of immigration of one million a year. The movement is inevitable. The danger is not in the movement itself, but in self-deceptions, in false 'solutions' that will attempt to arrest it, or in the ignoring of it.

But the expansion of agriculture by scientific farmers with adequate power-machine equipment has consequences in addition to the present progressive expulsion of the unsuccessful.

As the total low cost production of scientifically managed, machine-powered farms increases, — and it is

increasing rapidly,—the margin of profits will be correspondingly narrowed by increasing competition in the markets. This inevitable decrease in the profit margin will tend to limit the expansion even of the new scientific agriculture. In other words, the new agriculture will follow the course already taken by factory industry, lowering prices by the competition in reducing production costs and profit margins until the agricultural industry will become more or less stabilized in plant, output, and personnel.

It should be obvious that this competitive process—already under way—means generally declining price levels for farm products, in principle precisely similar to the declines in the prices of staple products from competing factories. The economic trend of agriculture is therefore diametrically opposed to giving the now unsuccessful farmer relief by raising the market prices of farm products.

That part of agriculture which is concerned with food production faces a peculiar limitation upon the extent of its market in the fact that the demand for food is nonelastic. The use of other goods desired by human beings can be almost indefinitely diversified and expanded, and there is almost no visible limit on the consumption of such goods. But with food the situation is entirely different. The demand for food expressed in total quantities (there is always a demand for variety) can be increased only in proportion to total population increases. The maximum limit of the domestic market for foods is that rigidly fixed by the population of the country. In point of fact this maximum limit of the food market is greater than the actual demand; for the diet of the city populations, representing the diminished intake of food suited to modern hygienic ideas and city conditions of life, has reduced

total human demands considerably below per capita consumption of a few years ago. There is therefore no relief for the unsuccessful farmer in an extension of his markets.

III

The fundamental aspects of the farm problem, then, are (1) that a revolution in agricultural technique has increased production far beyond the nation's ability to consume; (2) that in the main those ground down by the pressure of declining prices are largely in that position because of the surplus production. In the face of this situation it is rather odd to hear, as an outstanding proposal for relief, the advance of the idea that the unsuccessful seven eighths of the farm population may become prosperous in agriculture by following the example of the scientific one eighth, involving proper soil maintenance, improvement of live stock, more intelligent feeding, larger use of machinery, and better organization of farm operations. Among laymen this idea has wide prevalence. The president of a national farm school publicly delivers himself thus: 'The potentialities for a happy and permanent rural life are a love for the soil and the ability to make it yield its best results.' Stripped of its verbosity, the pronouncement declares that the farmer's ills can be cured by increased production.

This exhortation to the farmer to improve his methods and thus reap the profits won by his successful neighbor has elements that make it attractive. It puts the onus of the farmer's failure on the farmer. It does not involve government aid to private enterprise, nor the setting up of new and feared institutions of distribution. It eschews politics. It does not raise prices.

It must be granted that this method of solving the farm problem does

indeed solve the problem for any one farmer. The example of the one eighth demonstrates that he who follows the scientific methods advocated by the various agricultural colleges can at present prices reap satisfactory profits. The same solution will work for any ten farmers, or for any thousand farmers, or even for any hundred thousand farmers. But when we come to apply the remedy to the six and a half million farmers involved we are obviously headed for an abyss.

We produce to-day for domestic use and for export 800,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. This is at the low average of thirteen bushels per acre. This average yield could easily be doubled on average land by skillful farming. Besides the 200,000,000 bushels of wheat normally exported we should have an additional 800,000,000 for export, or a total of one billion bushels. This amount would be twice as great as the present imports into Europe from Canada, Australia, and Argentina, the principal countries now exporting wheat to Europe, and would be equal to the total domestic production in Europe. Who would consume this increased production?

The same can be said of corn, of pork, of potatoes. Who would eat the additional quantities produced? The effective demand for the deluge of farm products would disappear.

Increased efficiency, while the salvation of any one farmer, would be the ruin of the masses. To-day the efficient farmer succeeds because his neighbors fail. His prices are good because their crops in totality are low. If the seven eighths could by some miracle be made efficient, it would precipitate an economic catastrophe beside which the overproduction catastrophe in Georgia cotton or Maine potatoes this year would seem a prosperous condition.

An important group of farm well-

wishers see a solution in coöperative organizations. They see the farmer forced to sell in markets over which he has no control and behind which 'move vested interests with sinister designs.' One type of coöperation advocated consists of the purely marketing association, which would secure for the farmer the best prices, would assist him in warehousing and financing his crop, would reduce the cost of marketing, and would help him to develop new markets. Such marketing associations have been successful in securing as high as 10 per cent in additional prices to the farmer, a saving not to be despised. Most of the organizations have not done as well, and many have failed, presumably because of inability to compete with the efficient avenues of trade. However, even the best of these organizations fall lamentably short of the price goal desired by the farmer. He wants a price of two dollars a bushel for wheat. No coöperative has as yet been able to squeeze more than five cents additional for the local shipper from the highly competitive market which fixes the price around one dollar. The coöperative in other commodities also falls far short of the desired price to maintain the seven eighths. It gives a 10 per cent increase at most, but a 100 per cent increase is desired.

Another type of coöperative is one that would by contract corner the farmer's product and then fix a monopoly price. Discussion of the point is academic, since all such efforts thus far have failed. The reasons for such failure are obvious and need not be gone into here. State and Federal laws cleared the way to permit such organizations, which would ordinarily come under the antitrust laws. Their failure was to be expected, since they did not attack the problem of over-production; they were confronted with ever-increasing burdens of surpluses,

which could not be sold, no matter what the type of selling organization. Added to this were the internal troubles of such an organization, built on a mixed membership, with rising external competition. Success would have been a miracle.

IV

For the past four years the most drastic relief measure before Congress has been the McNary-Haugen bill, in some one of its forms. The provisions of these bills are so familiar that they need not be discussed here. Moreover, it is entirely likely that the bill to be seriously taken up by Congress this spring will differ widely from the version that was vetoed twice. It can, however, be definitely stated that the object of the new measure will be to raise prices to the farmer at home, and in some way to dispose of the surplus abroad. The details may vary, but this is the object to be attained. We may omit at this time a discussion of the possibility of attaining these objects by any government agency. The total additional income necessary to put the seven eighths in an economic position comparable to that of steadily employed unskilled workers in factories would be six billion dollars, an increase in the cost of living of \$250 per family. This item alone might give pause. Then there is the doubt whether Europe can and will take any additional farm surpluses from the United States. A strong movement on her part for national self-sufficiency, backed by tariffs, has already decreased American exports to Europe. A flood of competition from Canada, Australia, and Argentina is meeting the American exporters. Our own tariff does not make for favorable rates of exchange.

But let us overlook these factors and confine our discussion to the consequences of a successful attempt to

improve the economic position of the seven eighths. Suppose the farm income was raised by six billion dollars. Suppose the average income per farmer rose from the present \$700 to \$1500. It could be accomplished by increased prices. Farming would be profitable. Crop production would pay. What would happen? We need not go to conjectures, but can examine actual occurrences. For some years potatoes had proved a reasonably profitable crop, selling at around one dollar a bushel to the farmer. The country ordinarily grew and consumed about 360,000,000 bushels, but this moderately good price over a period of years sent production up in 1928 by an additional hundred million bushels. The farm prices during the year fell to from thirty to fifty-five cents, prices at which the vast majority of farmers lost money.

The potential resources of the country for agricultural production were demonstrated during the war. An increase in prices to give an additional six billion dollars to the farmers' income would precipitate a flood of production that no government agency could handle. It would increase productive capacity in a way that would make recovery impossible for years to come. These mild and merciful solutions would bankrupt agriculture. This philosophy merely deceives the farmer.

The farmer has been deceived before. During the war and for two years after, from platform, pulpit, and press he was told to produce; that his labor formed the backbone of the nation. All sources upon which he had learned to rely glibly prophesied a continuance of war prices. In June 1920, two weeks before the precipitous drop in prices, the Democratic Party in convention assembled wrote in its platform, 'The high cost of living can only be remedied by increased production.' Mr. Cox, the presidential nominee, agreed and

said, 'Common prudence would suggest that we increase to our utmost the area of tillable land.' Mr. Lodge, in his keynote speech opening the Republican convention, said we must 'keep up increased production; particularly should every effort be made to increase the productivity of the farms.' No warning of the impending crash reached the farmer. When it came, it came suddenly; it caught him unprepared and unable to adjust himself. When these utterances were written into party platforms wheat was selling for \$2.04. Within a few weeks it had dropped to ninety-two cents, and tragedy stalked on the American farms.

During the past eight years the rate of bankruptcies has multiplied by ten. The bald statement does not tell the suffering behind it. Bankers in convention assembled tell of suicides by the score; they tell of farmers who, under years of financial strain, resisted eviction with axe and gun; they tell of wholesale misery of farmers' families

during a period when the agricultural revolution was bearing heavily on the marginal farmer. In some measure this disaster to the large group of farmers who were in no position to adjust themselves must be attributed to their advisers, who either failed to foresee the consequences of the tremendous over-production or were too timid to raise their voices. The consequence of this failure to face the realities has been eight years of misery, much of which could have been avoided. Pursuing an emotional policy has left agriculture worse off to-day than it was eight years ago, with new nostrums for the ailment.

We have too many farmers; there is too much land under cultivation; we are overproducing; we are facing decreased consumption at home, with cut-throat competition in the foreign markets. These are the facts to which the data point indubitably. Based on them an agricultural deflation programme can be built for a permanent and prosperous diminished number of farmers.

THE CEREMONY OF THE HOLY FIRE

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

THE Greek Church ceremony of the Holy Fire is celebrated on Easter Eve. It is the great feature of the annual Easter routine of Jerusalem, altogether eclipsing the Resurrection services on the following day; but historically it is incidental, not implicit in the story of the Passion of Our Lord, and it is in no way connected with either the Holy Ghost or the Pentecost, as is commonly

believed. The story of the Miracle is legendary, dating, according to some, from Apostolic times, but in greater likelihood from the second century of our era. However that may be, and whatever truth there may be in the legend itself, the rite of the Holy Fire has been established for at least eleven hundred years. For in the ninth century the monk Bernard of France recorded in his memoirs its existence and observance in terms which indicate

that at that date it had already a permanent place in the calendar of the Church. But in telling the story of its origin we may ignore the arguments as to both its veracity and its date.

An early Christian monk in Jerusalem was celebrating the Easter Passion. He and his scanty flock had observed Good Friday, and preparations had to be made for the relighting of the lamps in the chapel to greet the Risen Lord on Easter morning. But there was no oil. The monk sought everywhere in vain, and between times prayed devoutly for divine assistance. Good Friday passed. Easter Eve was nearly spent. But, still hoping that his prayers would be answered, even at the eleventh hour, he prepared the lamps for lighting, putting water in them in anticipation of the film of oil in which the burning wick would float. He then retired once more to the altar and prayed as he had never prayed before. And this time his prayers were answered. On rising from his knees he found a layer of oil in each vessel, in which burned, bright and clear, a lighted wick.

The story spread rapidly through Christendom; the Divine Fire was kept alive through the years; and the festival of the miracle was absorbed into the Easter ritual of the Christian Church, which had not yet been split by the schism between the East and the West. When the schism came, the Greek Church alone retained the ceremony of the Holy Fire, and to-day the Latin Church gives no countenance to the annual Orthodox service in Jerusalem. It is, however, a curious coincidence that in the Roman Catholic missal the Holy Saturday service at the station of Saint John Lateran opens with the kindling of a light outside the church, which is subsequently blessed by the priest at the entrance. 'Meanwhile there are no lights burning in the

Church, so that they may be presently lighted from the *Blessed Fire*.' The deacon brings a taper 'lighted from the new fire,' and after a threefold repetition of the words 'Lumen Christi,' to which the congregation responds, 'Thanks be to God,' he lights the candles on the altar one by one.

In the Greek Orthodox Church the mysticism and reality of the celebration of the miracle have survived undimmed throughout the ages. To the majority of Christians of the Eastern churches, the Russians, the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Copts, it is still a miracle and its annual representation still miraculous. Once a year, at Easter time, divine fire is given to them. They smear their faces with its smoke; they burn themselves in its flame; they bear it and happiness and hope to their homes. The festival is for them a festival of joy, the precursor of the universal joy which will come to Christendom all the world over on Easter morning. Modern evolution in the West may spurn the idea of the miraculous and be at narrow-minded pains to scoff at the clumsiness of the ritual and the transparency of the deception; for in a world slavishly concentrated on an analysis of cause and effect we of the West have lost our faith in miracles. But when we were children we believed in fairies; we lent our applause to Peter Pan when he pleaded for Tinker Bell; and we were as happy in our innocent beliefs as is the child-like Eastern Christian of to-day over the Miracle of the Holy Fire.

The ceremony naturally drifted into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and has ever been an eventful feature of that extraordinary fane. In Turkish times the estimate of the successful or unsuccessful issue of the ritual was based on the number — more or less — of the deaths which its celebration had occasioned. For Ottoman

Jerusalem was at its unhappiest during Easter time. The Christian sects which had a footing within the precincts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre were forever wrangling and even fighting on the slightest provocation; and to complete the chaos there was always the Turk, ready to exploit the internecine strife of his Christian subjects at Easter, in accordance with his avowed principles of government on the lines of *divide et impera*. Moslem intrusion and incitement were a feature of Turkish tactics, and in the cramped rotunda around the Sepulchre quarrels amounting to battles and degenerating into a primitive struggle for life itself were almost yearly occurrences.

Curzon in his book, *Monasteries in the Levant*, has left us a classic account of the riot in the Holy Sepulchre on the occasion when Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt in 1834 elected to see for himself what was this much-advertised Christian miracle. Being late by half an hour, he caused its consummation to be delayed pending his Moslem convenience. The additional and unwelcome wait turned the fanatical exhilaration of the pilgrims into indignant fury and resentment; and, in the terrible scenes which followed, Ibrahim and Curzon all but lost their lives. Three hundred pilgrims were trampled to death or killed by the Turkish bodyguard of the Egyptian Pasha, and two hundred more were seriously wounded. In more recent times Holman Hunt, the artist, was present to collect material for his subsequent picture of the ceremony. On that occasion there was desperate fighting, and two hundred pilgrims, mostly Russian, perished.

These facts may appear mediæval to the visitor to Jerusalem to-day. The supercilious accounts of the ceremony both by Dean Stanley and by Curzon represent it as a barbarity. But their accounts are faithful, sincere versions

of what they saw and experienced. To the visitor of to-day, however, they read as though the writers had viewed the happenings in the Holy Sepulchre from the lofty respectability of Westminster Abbey, which, as a matter of fact, a Russian pilgrim would hardly look on as a church at all. The East demands something from religion which the West does not look for, and which it dislikes when found. What is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. Eastern Christendom has standards and ethics of its own, and in a special way the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is its Cathedral Church. The two are supplementary one to the other, but supplementary in an Oriental fashion. Together they plead to the West, 'For God's sake, leave us our illusions.'

II

The British régime in Palestine has not in any way interfered with the ritual of the ceremony of the Holy Fire, but it has brought much-needed order into its proceedings. The crowds are still so great that the onlooker wonders how in the available space they could be greater, although he is assured that in other days they were. The excitement of the Holy Fire is still so intense that involuntarily he averts his eyes from the sight of the mob surging and screaming to light their candles. But there are now no casualties; method, unobtrusively applied, makes avenues where processions have to walk, and movement in a single direction where clashing tides have in the past spelled tragedy. And the service has gained thereby. It is still of the East, Eastern, primitive, exuberant, and exciting; but the venom has been drawn, and it is once again the healthy, albeit boisterous, expression of thanksgiving for the divine miracle which, centuries ago, saved the old monk in his dilemma.

Jerusalem at Easter time has points of resemblance to Bayreuth during the Festival. 'What have you got tickets for?' And the old habitué, 'No, I'm not going. I've seen that.' Everyone in the Holy City talks tickets for weeks before Easter, and the stranger must bestir himself betimes if he wishes to get one for the exclusive and popular Holy Fire ceremony. When he has got it, only half the battle is over, and he must leave his hotel early on Holy Saturday if he hopes to benefit from his good fortune. The crowd will already be thick in the courtyard outside the Holy Sepulchre when he arrives; he will have to push his way through serried rows of candle hawkers and onlookers before he finally reaches the great door of the Church. There the coveted ticket has to be shown. It proves to qualify for a view of the ceremony from a side gallery of the Greek Cathedral, the Catholicon, which stands on the site of the original Crusaders' Church and opens to the west, directly on to the entrance to the Sepulchre itself, a few steps below in the centre of the domed rotunda. But after climbing through Calvary and up several flights of stone stairs, worn slippery by many feet before him, the visitor will find that from his gallery the view round the Tomb, where the culminating scenes of the ritual will be enacted, is sadly blocked by the massively arched west end of the Catholicon. Happy then the man who has a smattering of Arabic and a handy five-piastre piece to open other avenues to him. There will be more stairs and a tottering ladder to negotiate; but in the end he will find himself on dizzy heights among the angels — or, in other words, he will be admitted to standing room overlooking the Catholicon on the top of the arch of the lofty reredos, a thick, heavily ornamented wall separating the main body of the Cathedral from the choir,

and containing in its recesses, among other treasured Orthodox relics, a bone of Saint Oswald of Northumbria, who died in 642 A.D.

He is indeed among the angels. The narrow sloping ledge on which he stands is fronted, toward the Sepulchre, by a closely set row of gilded wooden angels, their wings spread so that they overlap, the wormholes with which they are everywhere pierced redolent with a haunting aroma of incense. On the apex of the arch, supported by chains from the roof, is a fifteen-foot cross, also of gilded wood, and by craning his neck under the protecting and — from the point of view of vision — highly obstructive wings of the angels, he can see on the wall below him a great gold medallion, a rayed sun, which hangs over the arched entrance leading from the main part of the Catholicon to the choir and altar behind him. Being British, he proceeds without delay to take stock of his most immediate surroundings. On his arched ledge, the East is meeting the West in a way which gives a sad lie to the superior criticisms of Dean Stanley and his Victorian compeers. On his left, clutching in one hand a bunch of tapers, is a Greek woman of Jerusalem, waiting for the fire which will bring her a year's happiness. In the crook of her spare arm she holds a rather elderly baby, which is suckling with that frank gusto which a Western mother would find embarrassing. On his right, a full-voiced Briton is discussing Palestinian politics with a glib little Syrian woman, who knows nothing and cares less about such things, and is only waiting for an opportunity to tell this dull but obviously powerful representative of the mandatory government that her husband's salary is too low. Farther up the slope an amazing female dreamily lights a cigarette immediately behind the cross.

The visitor turns away in horror, picks up the shawl which has fallen from the Greek woman's shoulders, and, red with shame for the civilized West, seeks shelter under the angels' wings. From the gloom of the Catholicon, sixty feet below him, rises a murmur of voices. Ahead, through the arches of the West End, he can see the rotunda and the Holy Shrine bathed in Eastern sunshine.

III

The Church has by this time filled up considerably. Sunburnt youths of the Palestine police, from Aberdeen, Cardiff, Wigan, and Galway, are heaving and pushing, efficiently but unostentatiously, to keep open the avenues of entrance and exit among the tightly packed crowd on the floor of the rotunda. Its high, arched recesses have been boarded for the occasion into tiers of boxes which recall Mr. Vincent Crummles's theatre at Portsmouth on the night of Miss Snevelliacci's benefit. They are crammed with onlookers who have paid high prices for their comfort; but they have thereby saved themselves the expense of a night at a hotel, as most of them have been there since the preceding day, eating and sleeping, watching and praying. For thus does the East undertake its religious obligations. All have candles in their hands and friends on the floor with whom they exchange shrill greetings. One green-trousered worshiper waves his arms to give the time to a group which is dancing on the pavement below. His lady friends in the box crane their necks to see the fun, and applaud his and the dancers' efforts with the high tremolo of the *Zaghareet* and much handclapping. Suddenly the visitor's vision is blocked, as a bunch of tapers, dangling on a string, drops past his nose from nowhere. There is a laugh from overhead, and he looks up to catch the eye

of a jolly Transjordanian boy, a Christian probably from El Salt, lying full length along the eerie gallery which circles the twin dome of the Greek Cathedral, much as does the Whispering Gallery in London's St. Paul's. The boy has lowered the candles betimes to attract attention from the floor below, and to ensure that when the Fire does come some kind coreligionist there will light them for him to bring him early joy on his airy perch.

This is a first sign that time is passing and that things are beginning to move. The visitor looks at his watch. It is nearly noon. On the floor of the Catholicon below him there are indications of happenings. A queer, throbbing, dactylic chant, which is at once taken up by the congregation within the Church, is heard faintly from outside. And suddenly through a side door bursts a noisy troop, singing at the tops of their voices and surging toward the rotunda between rows of the police, who have just been reinforced by the sandwiching between them of Greek Boy Scouts, oddly dressed as sailors. The invaders have entered thus by right of birth. They are of the twelve Greek families of Jerusalem whose immemorial privilege it is to carry the sacred banners of their church round the Sepulchre in the coming patriarchal procession. The chosen bannerets of the year are being escorted by their relations to their post by the Tomb, where the banners have been placed; and soon all except the happy delegates of the occasion ebb back whence they came, still shouting and jostling. The Greek mother proves to be a well-informed churchwoman. The Greek Church, she explains in a mixture of Arabic and French, does not countenance images as does the Roman Church; and these tattered banners of Jerusalem, which are incredibly old and fervently revered, are paraded as the

visible emblems of Orthodoxy on days of festival. The visitor has heard her joining shrilly in the tune of the chant of the twelve families, and asks her for an interpretation. Arabic and French, the one only half understood, the other wholly murdered, are poor material for the reconstruction of what proves to be little more than a doggerel:—

‘Our great day.
We are glad.
Jews are sad.’

The conversation breaks off with a smile on both sides as both parties once more crane their necks under the angels' wings to see the patriarchal procession which is just forming in the sombreness of the Catholicon below. Its advent is hailed with wild applause, above which rises the shrillness of the women's *Zagharet* and the still more piercing voices of the white-robed acolytes who lead the way. Behind them follow interminable files of black-garbed priests, their long hair coiled under the brimless top hats which are the uniform of their grade. They move slowly and with difficulty through the swaying throng, shepherded lustily by the youths of the police; and in their wake emerge at length into the body of the Cathedral the twelve leading dignitaries of the Greek Church in Jerusalem, who two days before had filled the rôles of the twelve Apostles at the Maundy Thursday ceremony of ‘the Washing of the Feet.’ To-day they are clothed in white embroidered with orange, which glistens and glistens again in the soft radiance of the tall candles which they are holding. Down the nave they proceed, a wonderful oasis of light in the gloom below; and suddenly there is a still greater outburst of song and applause as the Patriarch himself appears. White-bearded, his features strikingly reminiscent of Michelangelo's statue of Moses, he stands facing down the

Cathedral toward the Sepulchre, an arresting figure in his stiff white robes and silver cope, leaning on a magnificent golden crosier, and on his head a golden filagree crown, such as Tsars wore, domed and scintillating with jewels.

The progress is agonizingly slow, and the congregation reacts. There is an atmosphere of breaking tension, of rising fanaticism—a working loose of primitive passion which will be assuaged only by the final rite of the ceremony. Three times the procession slowly circles the Sepulchre, the banners in front, the Patriarch, magnificently erect for all his eighty years, bringing up the rear. And at last the climax is reached. On the conclusion of the third circumambulation, the procession makes its way up the steps from the rotunda to the Catholicon. The Patriarch alone remains below. He stands for a few moments before the now frenzied congregation, facing the lowly door of the Angels' Chapel, where reposes such of the stone which the Disciples found rolled away from the Tomb as has not been removed by the Turks to the Museum at Constantinople. Two archimandrites of his suite, in gold and white, divest him first of his crown, then of the many golden chains of office which hang around his neck, and lastly of the silver cope and the white brocade robe. And, looking more than ever like Moses, he disappears into the Tomb, leaving, as he bends his back to enter the shrine, a memory of a tapering cross of gold embroidered on the pale blue silk of his cassock.

For some five minutes he is hidden from view. Let us not ransack our Western vocabularies for flippancies to describe what happens within or how he will contrive to produce the miracle which will crown the ceremony. This rite is of the East, and we are in the

East. Let us rather watch the sea of excited faces round the Tomb, which gaze with straining eyes toward the two openings in the walls of the shrine whence will issue the Holy Fire. There are no questionings or doubtings in the minds of those whose upraised hands, each clutching a fagot of candles, stretch out madly, like reeds shaken by the wind, for the light which will bring another year's happiness to their hearts and homes.

'Our great day.
We are glad.
Jews are sad.'

The chant swells and echoes to the domed roof, and is suddenly drowned by a crash of bells, a barbaric peal from the beautiful twelfth-century belfry in the courtyard outside. The Holy Fire has appeared. A minute later and the Patriarch himself emerges from the Sepulchre, carrying high above his head two great fagots of candles, flaming and smoking in either hand. There is a mighty cheer of triumph, and the old man, his fine face looking almost unearthly in the yellow light of the blazing torches, is practically carried in the stout British arms of the police up the steps from the rotunda and through the surging, hysterical turmoil of the Catholicon. Once again the parallel of Moses is irresistible. 'And Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady.' He disappears to the din of a beating of gongs and a clash of bells; and the wild chant of Christian joy rises almost to a scream.

Meanwhile the Holy Fire has been kindled, and, from candle to candle, spreads like some forest conflagration. A pall of oily blue smoke rises up to the angels, and through it, blurred but vivid, springs into life a flickering,

kaleidoscopic sea of flame. It spreads with miraculous speed; up the balconies, along precarious ledges to the galleries, and finally to the angels themselves. The Greek mother plunges her free hand into the smoking flame of a neighbor's candle and smears the oily soot first over her child's and then over her own face. She kisses the infant with a passion which cannot be merely maternal, and shakes the visitor so warmly by the hand that for one embarrassed moment he fears an Eastern embrace. But nothing jars. She is the spirit of the *genius loci*, the incarnate expression of Eastern Christendom in its moment of supreme jubilation.

The final ceremony of the ritual, which might be compared to our vestry prayers at home after the conclusion of a cathedral service, takes place in the Greek Convent which adjoins the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Patriarch, now once more in everyday black, appears to receive the congratulations of his flock. There are no prayers, only a wonderful chant to the glorification of God in nature. 'O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.' The words of the Greek *Benedicite, omnia opera* are different, but the spirit is the same:—

'To the wind, salutation.
To the sun, salutation.
To the wind, salutation.
To the moon, salutation.
To the wind, salutation.
To the earth, salutation.
To the wind, salutation.
To the stars, salutation.'

The refrain is ever of the wind — the mysterious, the rushing wind, the spirit which animates all mankind.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has the true appreciation of the Miracle of the Holy Fire. 'What is a miracle?' 'A miracle is an act which creates faith.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SALES RESISTANCE: A NEW ART

SCARCELY a day passes that I do not read in my newspaper an account of a convention at Atlantic City, Pinehurst, or Saratoga Springs, or some other centre from which the finest thought of the day emanates. A large proportion of these conventions, I observe, are held in the interests of More and Better Salesmanship.

Here is gathered the flower of the youth of our country to be instructed in the art of selling things. Enormous interests are behind the movement. Money is spent without reckoning, and the arts — fine, mechanical, and profane — are invoked that the training of these young men may be complete. The cloistered quiet of our universities is invaded, and learned pundits are dragged forth to add their quota of wisdom to the equipment of youth for the Great American Purpose. Here the Psychologist and the Go-Getter meet as fellow gangsters.

Of what significance is this great movement to me, in the quiet of my country home? It is of a very direct and sinister character. For I, unknown, unrecognized, and unsung, and thousands of helpless brethren like me, are the Sellees. Toward us, and our slender resources, is this vast movement directed. It is upon us that this horde of flaming youths, raised by intensive education to the *n*th power of Sales Ability, is to be turned loose.

And, Brethren, in our fool's paradise of false security, what are we doing about it? Nothing. Do we hold conventions to discuss means of self-defense? We do not. Have we gold,

without end, with which to wage battle? No, a thousand times, no. Do the universities send wise men to us to devise cunning ways of outwitting the enemy? They do not. In other words, while the cohorts of the enemy, without number, are being assembled, drilled, equipped, and provisioned, with singularly little secrecy as to their strategy, we lie helpless and supine, bleating lambs of inefficiency awaiting slaughter.

But it is not too late, if you will listen to this clarion call of alarm. We have at our command the agency which is the keystone of the prosperity (sacred word) of our beloved country. We can Organize. We have, even as humble Sellees, the use of the United States mails. Let us organize, let us use the mails, even as the Sellers use them. Let us appoint some properly equipped person (I will leave to your own good judgment who he should be) to act as a Clearing House. Send to him your name and address, together with brief details of the two or three latest selling outrages committed upon you. Add to these, as fully as possible, the technique of any methods you may have devised for your self-protection from the Salesman.

He will file, arrange, card-index, classify, and cross-reference all this information. When the tens of thousands of names which will come in response to this call are duly arranged, a small contribution will be requested. By this means you will receive, ere long, monthly bulletins on 'The Development of Sales Resistance,' and the best methods by which to Outwit the Salesman, drawn from the personal experiences of our subscribers.

From this humble beginning a nationwide movement will develop, and a National (and possibly later an International) Association for the Development of Sales Resistance will be created. But to secure, to the fullest, the beneficial results desired, you must ACT AT ONCE — SEND IN YOUR NAME TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY.

As an evidence of good faith I will add a word of personal experience. I have been, for many years, one of the favorite quarries of the Salesman. I have studied his methods, and I have tried, alone and unaided, to develop a defense. The best one I have ever discovered is Silence, utter and absolute Silence. Adopt an attitude of mild and polite interest, but remain absolutely silent during the entire interview. It is difficult at first, but it can be done with practice. Throw the entire burden of the conversation on the Seller. He has a little book that tells him what to say. It is called a Sales Canvass. He will say it. When he has finished, he expects you to say something, to object, to ask questions. His little book tells him just what to say in reply to any, or all, possible comments, objections, or queries. Disappoint him. Do not say a word. Just smile. He will repeat his sales canvass. You will notice that he will not miss a word. He knows it by heart. At the conclusion of the second recital, remain silent. In rare cases he will repeat it a third time. Not often; usually after the second he will withdraw. Then speak. Wish him 'Good afternoon,' and show him to the door. An accomplished Salesman will try to outwit you. He may abandon the canvass, and try to trick you into conversation with direct questions. Be on your guard against that, and remain silent. This is the one thing his book does not tell him how to meet. I have studied the proceedings of a dozen sales conventions, and nowhere have I ever

seen a discussion of how to meet Sellee Silence.

That is the kind of priceless information our Association will disseminate for the benefit of its members. Can you afford to remain outside? Think what this association will do for you, and for THE PROTECTION OF YOUR FAMILIES — THOSE NEAREST AND DEAREST TO YOU.

I venture a prediction. In five years, after the organization of our Association, the amount of Sales Resistance in the United States will increase 27 per cent. Then we shall be in a position to afford a convention at Atlantic City. We can play golf all day, go to the theatre in the evening, and dance all night. But we shall all wear badges on which will be emblazoned our name, town, and state. We shall call each other by our first names, because Camaraderie is the Keystone of organization, and 'Camaraderie' will be the Slogan of the N. A. F. T. D. O. S. R.

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE

SHE was the sort of child that is 'seen and not heard.' She wore rubbers without being told. She ate her bread crusts with positive avidity. She longed to run errands for her parents. Her Sunday-school attendance card glittered with constellations of stars in rigid regularity, and her appetite for Golden Texts amounted to a passion. In short, she was that fearful synthesis of self-conscious humility, aggressive piety, and intellectual vacuity which is the proudest creation of the moral pedant.

Wordsworth calls the girl 'Lucy Gray,' but the name is generic: it applies as well to all virtuous females of his rustic school. Over the fallible heroines of a hundred years shines the beacon light of her relentless purity; her pale hands are folded in calm resignation at the spectacle of human folly;

her voice is raised in prim admonishment of a generation of boyish bobs. Lucy, like Lincoln, of whom she would not have approved, belongs to the ages.

We see her first as a child of three, performing what the poet calls her 'pretty round of trespasses.' He does not specify their nature, but his use of the word 'round' suggests that Lucy was accustomed to commit a fixed series of mild transgressions with more or less regularity. And the examination of an apocryphal diary of her early years shows an undiscouraged procession of experiments with the theory that goldfish are amphibious; together with one tear-stained page on which is recorded the solemn burial of Uncle Ezra's false teeth — an act impelled by her shame at the discovery that a Gray was living a life of deliberate deception.

In the enjoyment of her childish happiness, however, we are saddened by the discovery that, even at an early age, Lucy knew 'no mate, no comrade.' To Wordsworth this may have signified merely the world's usual indifference to a perfect purity which its coarse thumb and finger failed to plumb. But is it possible that to the neighbors Lucy's 'pretty round of trespasses' lacked something of complete charm? Can we hear the strident voice of the woman next door saying, 'Russell, I *forbid* you to play with that Gray child; she's incorrigible'?

But such conjectures are dangerous; only the most charming of biographers may ignore facts. We must fall back upon the authentic statement that Lucy continued thus, 'a little prattler among men,' until she was eight. Then one day a strange man approached her as, primly starched and with upturned nose, she watched a group of ragamuffins teasing a stray cat. The stranger, with bovine kindness, asked her how many brothers and sisters she had. 'We are seven,' Lucy answered

pertly. This was her first recorded speech, and it clinched her immortality.

She went on to explain that sister Jane had died after a period of prolonged moaning (the sole recorded instance of a Gray's moaning); and that later John, too, 'was forced to go,' evidently at the cost of severe personal inconvenience and murmuring his disapproval to the end, yet accepting the inevitable like a little gentleman. Twelve steps — 'or more,' Lucy added with engaging accuracy — from her house the two lay; and Lucy often took her 'little porringer' and ate supper there, knitting stockings, or singing by way of variety. She also played by the graves; but only, she reassured him, 'when the grass was dry.' The gentleman, confused by her computations, repeatedly suggested that two from seven leaves only five; but Lucy, obviously schooled in a more cosmic mathematics, insisted to the end that they were seven. In an ordinary child this would have been, at the least, obstinacy; in Lucy, as the poet explains, it was spiritual insight.

As Lucy grew older, we are told, she became a model of 'benignity and home-bred sense.' Now 'benignity' is sufficiently clear; but in view of Lucy's childhood record one could wish some more reassuring definition of 'home-bred sense.'

At this time

Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered —

(the poet inserts, to avoid confusion)

— round her head.

She was

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining —

(Where? you ask. Wordsworth solves the problem for you.)

— in the sky.

But in spite of these ultrafeminine charms, Lucy, for some reason, suffered the neglect and disregard of her little world. She was

A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

Thus with one poignant stroke the poet paints the pathos of a child whose very family tempered the rashness of their love by withholding the treasured meed of praise. This is a far cry from Lucy's infantile 'pretty round of trespasses'; and across the interval of time rears the tiny germ of a grim suspicion: perhaps Lucy trespassed once too often, achieving the chagrined isolation of the child whose pranks are met by the Victorian anathema, 'We are not amused.'

Evidently this state of affairs saddened the girl. She never, as far as we know, complained. Probably she kept on knitting long after she had outgrown the porringer; the events of her adult life are simply not recorded. Possibly she fell into a decline — a reward often extended to the precociously virtuous. We are left with only the comfortless reflection that the good die young to account for her untimely removal from the human scene. The poet's obvious sincerity in commenting on her death is moving and persuasive, but no more so than we should expect from the fact that previously the mere thought of her demise had called forth from him the passionate ejaculation, 'O mercy!'

And now she lies forever, we hope, beside Jane and John, leaving a record of solid virtuous achievement which has made the name of Lucy Gray a synonym for all that is womanly. The poet, with touching restraint, pictures her on one occasion as

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.

Certainly not too bright!

AN INTELLIGENCE TEST FOR HOUSEHOLD IMPLEMENTS

In our old house we harbor a number of half-witted tools and utensils. The poker in our bookroom I believe came from Grandfather's house in Troy. It may have been a normal poker then. Now the brass top is loose and rolls off like a layer of a disintegrated personality — but that is nothing. The poker itself is bent, at an angle exactly like a stick half under water. However you stand it up, it waggles over and falls down with a clattery thump. On its face is an idiotic smile. I find myself gradually losing all tenderness for it; old association, the recollection of fires I poked with it when I was young — they no longer mollify me. Some morons among household goods have an engaging whimsicality, and are almost as lovable as scarecrows. Nobody that I ever heard of ever lost his temper with a scarecrow, except the fox hunter in Leech's picture in *Punch*, who rode furiously up to one and shouted, 'What d' ye stand there for pointing both ways at once? Why don't ye holler out which way the fox be gone?' And that was all to the credit of the scarecrow. He had more imagination than any man who finds sportive elements in the terror and pain of a fellow being.

Our two coal scuttles in the kitchen are perfectly coöperative if set a few inches asunder. But Aunt Jessie often does n't set them thus; and Henry Stannard always gives them an opportunity of crooking their handles together, and then they get into one of their hysterical moods. The good, reliable shovel willingly digs down into either of them after coal; but the other one twines the curly ends of the two handles together in the most impish manner, wobbles them both around, as to an unheard syncopation, and tips

one or both over if possible. We should n't mind, if there were anything really funny in this; but it's such a feeble kind of humor. They both have that look of low cunning as they do it. If they don't tip over, they wobble round and round, drooling out their coal and feebly cackling as you try to set them up.

Three of the stoppers of our four sinks are feeble-minded — that is, if any real intelligence is expected of them. A person naturally endeavors to avoid scalding her hands; and consequently, when an occasion arises, as under our particular dishwashing ritual it does arise, for manœuvring a stopper into its hole when there are three or four inches of piping hot water already in the sink, one hopefully dangles it from its chain, and tries to ease it in. But habit means nothing to utensils with as low an I. Q. as the average stopper. No chain of associations will arise; it has no sense of direction or locality. It will tilt at a wagging angle, and flop to the other side, if at all, much too far. You must cool your nice hot dishwater until you can put in the stopper by main force without cooking your fingers; and then, if you have pressed it in the least bit vindictively, it sticks hard when you try to pull it out afterward; the chain then breaks, and you have to bend a fork to extract it.

The atmosphere of this article is perhaps unduly pessimistic. Not all utensils are subnormal. We have, for example, a most intelligent can opener. It is not only capable of following directions, but can initiate plans of its own for getting into well-fortified jars of olives and pickles. We have a Dover egg beater with such an extraordinary degree of intelligence that

it can assume responsibility for a shelfful of strainers and biscuit cutters. As long as it is kept there, they never give trouble. Few kitchens, I suppose, are without some such benign influence, some natural leader among the pots and pans — a trusted fork or spoon. Miss Hermie Canfield had a noble dishpan — a marvel of coöperation. In its old age it developed a lesion, but such was its sagacity that it learned to fit this spot, or hole, over a trusty nail in the kitchen table, which made it water-tight; and thus it continued to hold its old position in the household for some time longer.

And yet I think it unfair to expect too much of these supernormal implements. It would be wiser, I believe, to work out a system by which the hardware dealers would assume a larger share of responsibility for the grade of intelligence of the utensils they supply us with. They might hold a public demonstration when new stock is placed on their shelves, to show householders just what is the mentality of the furnishings they are thinking of introducing into their homes.

'Noncataleptic saucepans for frying potatoes.'

'Depressive mania unknown among this consignment of window shades — by government test.'

'None of the enamel ware in this department has a lower I. Q. than 75.'

After all, I suppose we are all too much attached to our feeble-minded scuttles and pokers to place them in Old Pokers' Homes and Scuttle Asylums. It's more for the sake of young Mr. and Mrs. Graham, who have just come to live next door to us, that I present this plea. I'd like to see them start housekeeping with an entirely normal group of young saucepans.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA¹

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

VIII

Snow had fallen deeply. The city street looked as pure as a street in Heaven. Marble whiteness everywhere, arched by a dark blue sky out of which hung a great golden moon.

After the heat of the restaurant the sweet coldness of the still air was like a joyful caress. Finch and his companions lifted their faces to it, opened their mouths and drank it in. They sought to absorb it into every region of their beings. The soft pure snow beneath their feet was beautiful. They ran in it, ruffling it up. Lilly took off his hat that his head might cool, but Burns snatched it and jammed it on his head again. 'No, no, you'll take cold, my little Lilly. My pretty little Lilly,' he admonished, rather thickly.

Lilly, his hat into his eyes, trudged along silently, much annoyed.

'I know,' went on Burns, 'of a place where we could get a good hot supper. I'm starving, and seeing as how we got extra pay to-night I'm willing to stand treat for the crowd. How about it now, eh?'

There was almost instant agreement, and Burns remarked, 'My stomach begins to think my throat is cut.'

His companions grunted. They thought it was far from taste in him, a butcher, to talk of cut throats.

It was a little ill-lighted dingy restaurant to which Burns led them, but the bacon and eggs were good, and after a whispered consultation the waiter brought them a jug of beer. The five were ravenous. They

¹ A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column.—EDITOR

scarcely noticed the other people in the room until their plates were swept clean and cigarettes were lighted. George then leaned toward his friends, whispering, 'For heaven's sake keep your instruments out of sight. They'll be after us to play if they spot them.'

There were about two dozen people seated at the tables. It was clear that they were regarding the youths with speculation in their eyes. It was too late to hide the mandolins and banjo.

One of the men came over to them. He said, with an ingratiating grin, 'Say, could n't you fellows give us a tune or two? Some of the girlies are feeling lively and they'd give a good deal to shake a leg.'

'What do you take us for?' growled Lilly. 'We've been playing all night. Besides, there's no piano.'

'Yes, there is. Over behind the screen there. Just give us one little tune. The girlies'll be awfully disappointed if you don't.' He wheezed unpleasantly behind Finch's ear.

The 'girlies' themselves came, and added their importunities. Something from a bottle was poured into the empty beer glasses. Finch heard a strange buzzing in his head. The air in the room moved as though it were no longer air, but whispering waves. The electric lights were blurred into a milky haze. He was being led to the piano. He felt intolerably sad.

About him the others were tuning up. He heard George swearing at a broken string. He put his hands on the keyboard and blinked at it. It was a white marble terrace with little black figures of nuns in procession across it. He sat staring at them, stupefied, they were so perfect, so black,

so sad. Burns said, hoarsely, 'My Heart Stood Still.'

'Awright,' agreed Finch.

It was not he who was playing. It was only his hands, mechanisms which depended on him not at all. Over and over they played what they were told to play, firm, strong, banging out the accented notes. He could see George's face, set like a white mask, and his small white hands plucking vigorously at the strings. The flute soared and wailed in a kind of dying scream; the mandoline chirped away as though they knew no tiring. Burns's red butcher's fists had always made Finch rather sick as they hovered over the strings. The mandolin always had seemed like some puny little animal he was about to slaughter.

They were in the street again. They were all yelling together. Some primitive instinct told them it was the time for yelling.

They did not know where they were going. Up one street and down another, and, coming upon the first street again, they traversed it for the second time without recognizing it. Each variation and eccentric curve was marked on the purity of the snow. Sometimes they were separated into two parties, two going in one direction and three in another. Then the far-away shouting of one group would startle into a panic the other, and they would run, calling each other by name, until they met again on some corner.

Three figures were seen approaching, a man and two women. The women were frightened, and the man himself nervous about passing this band of ruffians on the street. He clasped the arms of the women closely, set his face, and marched into their midst.

But there was nothing to fear. The five youths gazed wonderingly into the faces of what appeared to them a portentous apparition. They crowded close, but they said nothing until the three had passed. Then George called, 'Bye-bye, ladies!'

And Finch cooed, 'Ta-ta, gennelman.'

Then a storm of bye-byes and ta-tas followed the retreating figures.

A window was thrown up in the large house opposite, and a man in his night clothes appeared in the opening.

'If you hoodlums don't get off this street in double-quick time, I'll call the police. Now, get a move on!'

The members of the orchestra looked at each other. Then they burst into jeers, whistles, and catcalls. The householder retreated. He was going to telephone for the police.

Almost at the moment of his disappearance a thick, helmeted figure appeared at the corner of the street. With terrified looks they snatched up their mandolins, banjo, and flute, silent participants in all this rowdyism, and fled along the street and down a lane.

Finch and George Fennel found themselves separated from the rest. They ran on for several blocks, and at last made sure that they were not pursued. They halted and looked at each other curiously as people who meet under strange circumstances for the first time.

'Where do you live?' asked Finch.

'With aunt in ole house in College Street.'

After a moment's reflection, Finch observed, 'I live in ole house, too. Name of Jalna.'

'In-deed. Are you going there now?'

'I dunno. Where'd you say you live?'

'I said ole house in College Street.'

'Wanna go there?'

'Absolutely. All the time.'

'Tha's nice. College Street, you say?'

'Say, have you got anything against that street?'

'No. I live in ole house named Jalna.'

'Oh . . . Well, goo'-bye.'

'Goo'-bye. See you later.'

They parted, and Finch on the next street took a taxi and drove to the station. During the ride he kept his face pressed to the window, observing with drunken interest the streets through which they passed.

There was only a short wait until the early morning train left. The conductor on this train did not know Finch, but he had a fatherly eye on him, and awoke him from his heavy sleep before they reached the station at Weddels' and saw him safely to the platform.

Out here in the open, the sunshine poured down in an unobstructed flood. The sun

was climbing the clear blue sky, his spring-time ardor unabashed by the snowfall of the night before.

Finch splashed through the melting slush, his face heavy and flushed, his hair plastered over his forehead.

He met Rags as he was about to enter the house. The servant observed, with his air of impudent solicitude, 'If I was you, Mister Finch, I should n't gaow into the 'ouse lookin' like that. I'd gaow round to the washroom and wash my fice. There's no hobject in advertising to the family, sir, wot kind of a night you've spent.'

He went in at the side door, and descended, with rather jerky movements, the short flight of steps leading to the basement. He was too dazed by the buzzing in his head to notice the sound of voices in the washroom, and even when he had opened the door he did not at once perceive that it was occupied. However, as he stood blinking in the warm, steamy atmosphere, he gradually made out the figures of his brothers. Piers was kneeling beside a large tin bathtub in which a spaniel drooped, wet and shivering, its face looking pathetically wan and meek with all the fluffy hair lathered down. Standing braced against the hand basin stood Renny, pipe in mouth, directing the operations, and perched on a stepladder was little Wakefield, eating a chocolate bar.

Finch hesitated, but it was too late to retreat — all three had seen him. He entered slowly and closed the door behind him. For a space no one paid any attention to him. Renny laid his pipe on the window sill, snatched up a bucket of clear water, and poured it over the dog, Piers slithering his hands up and down its body to rinse away the lather.

Renny turned suddenly and looked at Finch.

'Well, I'll be shot!' he exclaimed.

Wakefield peered through the steamy air at him, and then, with a perfect imitation of the eldest Whiteoak's tone, cried in his clear treble, 'Well, I'll be shot, too!'

Finch's eyes were on Renny's hand, that hard, strong hand that moved with such machinelike swiftness and surety. He sprawled on the bench, filled with misery, anger, and self-loathing.

Wakefield remarked from his perch, 'Usually I'm not on hand when there's a row.' No one heard him.

'Now,' said Renny, taking up his pipe again, 'I want you to tell me where you were last night.'

'In town,' mumbled Finch, brokenly.

'Where? You certainly were n't at Mrs. St. John's.'

'I had dinner there.'

'Yes?'

He wished that Renny's eyes were not so fiercely, so mercilessly, questioning. It made it hard for him to think clearly, to put himself in a decent light if possible. If only Piers were n't there, it would be easier to make a clean breast of it!

Piers was again rubbing Merlin, but he never took his bright blue eyes from Finch's face, and he never took the small sneering grin from his lips.

'Well,' Finch's voice was still more broken, 'there's this orchestra I belong to. I've never told you about that. But there is no harm in it really.'

'A harmless bird, this!' interjected Piers.

'An orchestra! What sort of orchestra?'

'Oh, just a little one a few of us got up, so we could make a little money. A banjo, two mandolins, a flute; I — played the piano.'

'Who are these fellows?'

'Oh — some fellows I know. Not at school. I — just got in with them.' He must not implicate George. 'We practised after school.'

'Where did you play?'

'In restaurants. For dances.'

'They must be a pretty lot. Who are they?'

'You would n't know if I told you. One of them is named Lilly, and another Burns, and another Meech.'

'What I want to know,' insisted Renny, 'is who these boys are. Are they students?'

'No. They work. Lilly's grandfather has a greenhouse. Sinden Meech is in some sort of tailoring establishment. Burns is in some kind of — abattoir.'

'H'm. . . . And so you're in the habit of knocking about town all night drinking, eh?'

'No, no,' he mumbled, wringing his fingers together. 'This is the very first time. . . . We'd been playing for a dance.'

We got awfully tired. And they gave us something to buck us up. I guess it was pretty rotten stuff, and when we came out in the street we — could n't find our way at first — and we separated and got together again and then I took the train for home.'

Renny rapped his pipe on the window sill and put it in his pocket. 'You're in no condition,' he said, looking Finch over with distaste, 'to listen to a lecture now. Go to your bed and sleep this off. Then I'll have something to say to you.'

'If you were mine,' said Piers, 'I'd hold your head under that tap for fifteen minutes and see if that would wake you up.'

'But I'm *not* yours!' Finch cried, hoarsely. 'I'm not anybody's! You talk as though I were a dog.'

'I would n't insult any dog by comparing him to you!'

Finch's misery became too much for him. He burst into tears. He took out a soiled handkerchief and violently blew his nose.

Wakefield began to scramble down from his stepladder. 'Let me out of here,' he said. 'I'm getting upset.'

He hastened toward the door, but as he reached Piers's side he espied a half sheet of crumpled paper lying on the floor. He bent and examined it.

'What's this, I wonder,' he said.

'Give it here,' said Piers.

Wakefield handed it to him, and Piers, smoothing it out, cast his eyes over it. His expression changed.

'This evidently belongs to Finch,' he said, slowly. 'He must have pulled it out of his pocket with his handkerchief.' He looked steadily at Finch. 'Now that you're making a clean breast of it, Finch, will you give me leave to read this aloud?'

'Do what you darned please,' sobbed Finch.

Piers read, with distinctness:—

'DEAREST FINCH,—

'After you were gone last night, I was very much disturbed. You were pre-occupied — not like your old self with me. Cannot you tell me what is wrong? It would be a terrible thing to me if the clarity of our relationship were clouded. Write to me, darling Finch.'

'ARTHUR'

Piers folded the paper, and returned it to the child. 'Give this back to Finch,' he said. 'He'll not want to be separated from it.' He turned then to Renny. 'Did you take it in, Renny? His friend Arthur calls him "dearest" and "darling." Could you have believed it possible that one of us should ever have got into such a disgusting mix-up? Is it any wonder he looks a wreck — alternately boozing with butchers and tailors and spooning with a rotter like Leigh?'

'I thought you were a little fool,' said the eldest Whiteoak, 'but now I'm disgusted with you. You've been deceiving me, and wasting time when you should have been studying. As for this neurotic affair with Leigh — I tell you, I'm sick at heart for you.'

Finch could not defend himself. He felt annihilated. He held Arthur's note in one shaking hand and in the other he gripped his handkerchief, but he did not hold it to his face. He left the misery of his face exposed to the eyes of his brothers. Sobs shook his lips. Tears ran down his cheeks unheeded.

Wakefield could not bear it. Slipping past Piers and Renny, he threw his arms about Finch's neck.

'Oh, don't cry,' he implored. 'Poor old Finch, don't cry!'

Renny said, 'This is very bad for you,' and took him under the arms and put him into the passage outside.

The little boy stood there motionless, his heart pounding heavily. He was oppressed by the strife among his elders. He had a feeling that something frightening was going to happen.

The door of the washroom opened. Renny and Piers, followed by Finch and the spaniel, came out. Renny picked up Wake and threw him across his shoulder. Upstairs he set him down in the hall and rumpled his hair. 'Feel better?' he asked. Wake nodded, but he kept his eyes turned away from Finch. He could not bear to look at him. . . .

IX

Three weeks later, Alayne Whiteoak sat alone in the living room of the apartment which she shared with Rosamund Trent. She had just finished reading a new book, and was about to write a review of it for

one of the magazines. She wrote a good many reviews and short articles now, in addition to her work as reader for the publishing house of Parsons and Cory.

When she had first come back to New York, her reaction from the troubled in-grown life at Jalna was a desire to submerge her personality in the routine of work, to drown in the roar of the city remembrance of that strange household — love of Renny Whiteoak. And for a while it seemed that she had succeeded. Rosamund Trent had been almost pathetically glad to welcome her back to the apartment on Seventy-first Street. ‘You know, Alayne dear, I never hoped much from that marriage of yours. Not that your young poet was not an adorable creature, but still, scarcely the type that husbands are made of. It has been an experience for you, — I should n’t have minded a year of it, myself, — but now the thing is to put it behind you and look steadily forward.’ Her voice had had an exultant little crow in it as once more she took Alayne under her wing.

Mr. Cory felt badly that the marriage had been so unsuccessful. He still had a fatherly interest in Alayne, and it had been through him that the two had met. Eden’s two slim books of poetry were still in print, but the sale of them had dropped to almost nothing. No new manuscript had been submitted to the publisher by Eden, but once, in a magazine, he had come upon a short poem by him which was either childishly naïve or horribly and deliberately cynical. He had been uncertain whether or not to show it to Alayne. He had cut it out and saved it for her, but when next she came into the office, and he looked into her eyes, he decided against it. No, she had had enough suffering. Better not remind her of the cause of it.

To-night Alayne felt stifled by the air of the city. She went to the window, opened it wide, and sat on the sill, looking down into the street. The smell of oil, of city dust, dulled the freshness of the spring night. The myriad separate sounds, resolved into one final roar, sucked down human personality as quicksand human flesh and blood. Looking down into the city, a spectator might fancy he saw wild arms thrown upward in gestures of despair.

Alayne thought of Jalna. Of the April wind as it came singing through the ravine, stirring the limbs of the birches, the oaks, the poplars, to response. She remembered the smell that rose from the earth in which their roots were twined, and lovingly intertwined, a smell of quickening and decay, of the beginning and the end. She saw, in imagination, the great balsams that guarded the driveway and stood in dark clumps at the lawn’s edge, shutting in the house, making a brooding barrier between Jalna and the world. She saw Renny riding along the drive on his bony gray mare, drooping in the saddle, and somehow, in that indolent accustomed droop, giving an impression of extraordinary vigor and vitality. . . . He was no longer on his horse. He stood beside her. His piercing red-brown eyes searched her face. He moved nearer, and she saw his nostrils quiver, his mouth set. . . . God, she was in his arms! His lips were draining the strength from her, and yet strength like fire had leaped from his body to hers. . . .

She remembered his last passionate kiss of good-bye, and how she had clung to him and breathed, ‘Again,’ and his putting her away from him with a sharp gesture of renunciation. ‘No,’ he had said, through his teeth. ‘Not again.’ And he had moved away and taken his place among his brothers. Her last sight of him had been as he stood among them, taller than they, his hair shining redly in the firelight.

To-night she felt invisible cords, charged with desire, drawing her toward Jalna. She experienced a mystic ecstasy in the secret pull of them. She gave herself up to it, all her senses absorbed. She became unconscious of the strangely compounded street roar. She did not even hear, until it was twice repeated, the buzz of the bell of her own door.

When at last she heard it, she was startled. She had a feeling approaching apprehension as she went to the door and opened it. In the bright light of the hallway stood young Finch Whiteoak. Like a ghost created by her thoughts he stood, tall, hollow-cheeked, with a tremulous smile on his lips.

‘Finch!’ she exclaimed.

‘Hullo, Alayne!’ He got out the words

with an effort. His face broke up into a smile that was perilously near the contortion of crying.

'Finch, my dear, is it possible? You in New York! I can scarcely believe it is you. But you must tell me all about it.'

She drew him in, and took his hat and coat. It seemed so strange to see him away from Jalna, and she felt she might be laying eyes on him for the first time.

'I ran away. I just could n't stand it. . . . I've been here three weeks.'

Alayne led him to a sofa and sat down beside him. 'Oh, Finch! Poor dear. Tell me all about it.' She laid her hand on his. Isolated thus, they were intimate as they had never been at Jalna.

He looked at her hand lying on his. He had always been moved by the whiteness of her hands.

'Well, things seemed absolutely set against me — or me against them. Darned if I know which. Anyhow, I failed in my matric. I suppose you heard that. Aunt Augusta and you write sometimes to each other, don't you? Well, Renny stopped my music lessons. I was n't even allowed to touch the piano. And I guess that was all right, too, for I'd sort of gone dotty about music. I could n't forget it for a minute. But I'm like that, you know. Once I get a thing on the brain, I'm done for.' He sighed deeply.

Her hand which was lying on his clenched itself. She withdrew it and repeated, 'He stopped your music.' Between her and Finch rose a vision of Renny's carved profile, its inflexibility denying the warmth of the full face. 'Yes? And then what?'

'Well, it seemed as though I'd got to have something besides plain work. A kind of ballast. I felt that I could n't stick it unless there was something. So I went to play-acting. The Little Theatre, you know. I'd made a friend of a splendid chap named Arthur Leigh. He's perhaps a bit girlish — well, no, not girlish, but over-refined for the taste of my brothers. Anyhow he liked me, and encouraged me a lot about my acting. He even got after Renny and persuaded him to come and see the play I was in. Well, it all turned out badly. I was taking the part of a half-witted Irish boy, and Renny thought it came too darned

easy to me. I did it too well. He was fed up with me and my talents, he said.'

'Is it possible that Renny could not appreciate the fact that you were doing a piece of good acting?' How she loved to drag in that name, to caress it with her tongue, even while her heart was angry against him!

'The trouble was,' answered Finch, 'that he hated seeing me in that part. I was in my bare feet, and dirty. I had n't much on but an idiotic expression. Renny's awfully conventional.'

'But think of some of the men — horse dealers, and such — that he goes about with, seems to make friends of. That's not conventional.'

'If you said that to Renny, he'd say, "Yes, but I don't get up on a stage with them and charge people admission to watch my antics." Most of all, it was the half-wittedness of the part. He thinks I'm a bit that way already.' He pulled his lips again, and then went on more quickly, so that the tale of his misdeeds might be done with. 'So there was no more play-acting. The next thing was an orchestra. George Fennel — you remember the boys at the rectory, Alayne — and myself and three other chaps got it up — a banjo, two mandolins, a flute, and the piano. All the practising was done on the sly. We played for club dances. You know the sort of club it would be. Cheap restaurants. But we made quite a lot of money — five dollars apiece, each night.'

Alayne looked at him with a mingling of admiration and amusement. 'What amazing boys! Had you planned to do anything special with all this money?'

'We bought quite a good radio. We had that at the rectory, of course. Then some of the money went toward hearing some good music — Paderewski, Kreisler. But I saved most of it. That's how I got here, to New York. And then too we'd blow in quite a bit on grub. I'm always hungry, you know.'

There was a peculiar expression on his face, as he said this, that startled Alayne. A sudden break in his voice. She thought, 'Is it possible the boy is hungry now?' She said, 'You're like I am. I'm always getting hungry at odd times. Here it is, only half-past eight, and I'm starving. But of course I did n't eat much dinner. Supposing, Finch, that you tell me quickly how things

came to a head, and then we can have the details over some supper.'

He agreed, in his odd, hesitating way, and then, in a muffled voice, told of the last performance of the orchestra, of his return to Jalna, of the scene in the washroom. 'It was n't only that I'd been lit, and was feeling dazed, — oh, absolutely awful, — but there was something else. I'd pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket, and with it a note from Arthur Leigh. There was nothing to that, but he'd called me "darling Finch," and Renny and Piers went right up in the air over it.' His face twitched as he remembered the scene.

'But why should they have been angry? It was harmless enough, surely.'

He flushed a dark red. 'They did n't think so. They thought it was beastly. Neurotic, and all that. Oh, you can't understand. It was just the last straw.' He clasped his hands between his knees, and Alayne saw that he was shaking. She got up quickly. She was afraid he was going to cry, and she could not bear that. Something in her would give way if he cried. She must hang on to herself. She said, almost coldly, 'So it was then you decided to run away?'

'Yes. I stayed in my room all day. Lay on the bed trying to think. Then, when night came, I sneaked out with a suitcase of clothes and got a late bus into town on the highway. In the morning I took the train for New York.'

'And you've been here three weeks?'

'Yes. I've never written home, either.'

'What have you been doing, Finch?'

'Trying to get a job.' He raised a miserable young face to hers. 'I thought it'd be easy to get one here, but I simply can't round up anything. There seemed to be dozens ahead of me whenever I answered an advertisement. Gosh, it's been awful!'

She looked down at him with compassion. 'But why in the world did n't you come to me before? It hurts me to think that you've been walking the streets here looking for work, and have never come to see me.'

'I did n't want to come until I had got something, but to-night — I just gave in. . . . I — I was so frightfully homesick.' He reached out, took her hand, and pressed it to his forehead. 'Oh, Alayne, you've always been so good to me!'

She bent and kissed him; then she said, assuming a businesslike tone, 'Now we must have something to eat. There are cigarettes. You smoke while I forage in the pantry.'

In the glittering little pantry, with its air of trig unhomeliness, she discovered some potato salad bought at a delicatessen shop, a tin of vermicelli with tomato sauce, a lettuce, and some dill pickles. She and Rosamund took only their breakfast and lunch in the apartment.

Strange fare, she thought, as she arranged the things on the tea wagon, for a Whiteoak! She had made coffee, and now she remembered some jars of preserves given to her by the aunts who lived up the Hudson. She chose one of black currants in a rich syrup. Last, she added some slices of rye bread and some little chocolate-covered cakes.

Finch's back was toward her as she entered the living room. His head was enveloped in tobacco smoke. He was examining her books. She noticed how loosely his coat hung on him. The boy looked half-starved, she thought.

'Poetry,' he commented, picking up a book. . . . He looked up as she came in. Their eyes met, and he took a quick step toward her. 'Alayne — have you ever — seen him — heard of him?' His face grew scarlet.

'Eden?' She said the name with composure. 'I've never seen him or heard from him, but Miss Trent, who shares the apartment with me, insists that she saw him one night last fall outside a theatre. Just a glimpse. She thought he looked ill. Your aunt told me in a letter that you had heard nothing.'

'Not a thing. I've been afraid ever since I came here that I'd run up against him. He and I had an awful scene.' Oh, Lord, why had he recalled that time to her? 'I guess he hates me, all right.'

She had begun to set the supper things on a small table. He came to her and touched her arm timidly. 'Forgive me, Alayne. I should n't have spoken of him.'

She looked up with continued composure. 'It does n't upset me to speak of Eden. He is nothing to me now. I don't believe I should feel greatly disturbed if I met him face to face. Now do sit down, Finch, and try to imagine that this food is not so

sketchy. If only I had known you were coming . . .

How hungry the boy was! She talked incessantly to cover the fact, to give him a chance to eat without interruption. He swept the plates clean, and drank cup after cup of coffee. Over coffee and cigarettes he gave her news of each separate member of the family. Finally he told her in detail of the last performance of the orchestra, of the wild night in the streets afterward. He began to laugh. Finch's laughter was infectious. Alayne laughed too, and as he imitated the maudlin outpourings of the different players they could no longer restrain themselves, and laughed till they were exhausted. Alayne had not given way to such primitive emotions since leaving Jalna, had had no impulse to do so.

Rosamund Trent, returning, discovered them thus abandoned to hilarity. She was astonished to find this lank youth sprawling in the Chinese-red leather armchair, a fair lock dangling over his forehead, making himself tremendously at home. She was still more astonished to find Alayne deeply flushed, weak with laughter.

Finch got to his feet, embarrassed by the arrival of the sophisticated-looking middle-aged woman whose small green hat looked as though it had been moulded to her head.

'Rosamund,' said Alayne, 'my brother-in-law, Finch Whiteoak.'

Miss Trent looked at him keenly, smiled humorously, and shook his hand heartily.

'I'm glad you came,' she declared. 'I don't often find Alayne in such spirits.'

She took to Finch at once. When she heard that he was looking for a position, she was instantly ready to take him under her wing, to place him where he would have an excellent chance of advancement. She was in the advertising business.

'The very thing for him!' she exclaimed to Alayne, energetically snapping her cigarette lighter. 'I'll see about it first thing in the morning.'

But Alayne could not picture Finch in an advertising office. She had already made up her mind to see Mr. Cory about him. It required courage to oppose Rosamund when she had set her mind on taking someone under her wing, but Finch helped her by boldly saying that he felt a greater urge

in himself toward publishing than toward advertising.

Before he left, Finch helped to carry out the supper things, and in the kitchen Alayne gave him some money — it was to be only a loan — and learned from him that he had been forced to pawn his heavy coat and his watch.

In a few days Finch was installed in a minor clerk's position in the publishing house, and Rosamund Trent had had to satisfy her instinct for managing by finding him a more comfortable lodging.

It was only a week later that Alayne had a letter from Lady Buckley, written in a long, graceful hand, with frequent underlinings.

JALNA

18th April, 1927

MY DEAR ALAYNE, —

I was so pleased to receive your last, and to hear that you are in good health and as good spirits as possible, under the circumstances.

We are in fair health, excepting my brother Ernest, who has been suffering from a cold. My brother Nicholas is troubled by the gout, as usual with him in the spring. I reiterate the word *diet* to him, but it has little effect. My mother is excessively well, considering her great age. Has come through the winter with no more serious ailments than occasional attacks of *wind* on the stomach. Renny is in good health, as always, but is limping about on a stick as the result of a severe kick on the knee from a vicious *horse*. Luckily the veterinary was in the stable at the time and administered *first aid*.

It is really at Renny's instigation that I am writing to you about our trouble. He is greatly upset in his mind, as indeed we all are, excepting perhaps Mamma, who seems singularly callous about it all. I am sure that by now you are quite *wrought up* by curiosity, so I shall relieve it by coming to the point at once. Finch has *disappeared*.

Knowing what a closely knit, affectionate family we are, you can imagine our *state of mind*.

He has been gone four weeks and we are now thoroughly alarmed. Wakefield quite threw us into a state at the dinner table yesterday by suggesting that perhaps Finch

has been *murdered*. What a dreadful word that is! I doubt if I have ever written any so low word in my correspondence hitherto.

Renny has had a private detective on the search for Finch, and has traced him to New York. He now declares that, unless he is found inside of the week, he will *publicly* advertise for him. This would be very humiliating for us, as we have given out that he is away on a visit for his health. As a matter of fact, it was none too good. I think the poor boy worried a great deal over being denied access to a pianoforte, and I firmly believe this was at the root of the *disaster*.

You are so sympathetic, dear Alayne. You understand, as no outsider could, our extreme devotion as a family, in spite of little *surface* flurries. I trust you will be able to send us some word of Finch. Remembering how fond he was of you, we think it quite probable that he has sought you out. Pray heaven we shall not have to go through the agony of *publicly* advertising for him. Renny has already gone to the length of writing a *complete* description of him, and it sounded *so* unattractive when read aloud.

Hoping to hear good news from you,
In urgent haste,
Ever affectionately,

AUGUSTA BUCKLEY

P. S. Wakefield sends his love. His heart has been very troublesome. The Canadian winter inevitably pulls him down, as it does me. A. B.

Alayne wrote by return post:—

DEAR LADY BUCKLEY,—

It is as you have guessed. Finch has been to see me. He is quite well, and has a position in which he has a good chance of advancement. If I were you (and by you, I mean the entire family) I should not interfere with him, or try to get in touch with him. For the present, at any rate. Finch has been through an unhappy time, and I think he should be left quite to himself for the present.

I will see him regularly, and send you a report of him frequently, but you may tell Renny that I absolutely refuse to send his address.

I am glad you got through the winter as well as you did, and I am sorry to

hear of the various disabilities, especially that Wake's heart has been troubling him. Please tell him that I often, often think of him, and wish I could see him.

I really do not think you need to worry about Finch.

Yours lovingly,
ALAYNE

X

Rags carried in the mail and laid it before Renny, who was sitting on one side of the fireplace, his injured leg propped on an ottoman, the top of which was worked in a design in green and silver beads, portraying an angel carrying a sheaf of lilies. On the opposite side of the fireplace sat Nicholas, his gouty leg supported by an ottoman of exactly similar pattern, a glass of whiskey and soda at his elbow. He was chuckling deeply over a month-old copy of *Punch*. At a small table sat Ernest, stringing afresh a necklace of enormous amber beads for his mother. His long face drooped above the task in hand with an expression of serene absorption. Old Mrs. Whiteoak, leaning forward in her chair, watched every movement of his fingers, gratifying from the glow of the amber in the firelight her love of color, as a heavy old bee might extract sweetness from a flower. Her gusty breathing and the occasional chuckle from Nicholas were the only sounds as Renny read his letters, and they served but to emphasize the seclusion of the room, the sense of an excluding wall against the rest of the world that a group of Whiteoaks always achieved.

None of his elders inquired for letters of Renny. Not one of the three received more than one or two in the whole year, and then it was, as likely as not, an advertisement.

Wakefield came into the room. 'Aunt Augusta wants to know,' he said in his clear treble, 'if there are any letters for her.'

'Two from England.' Renny gave them to him.

'How nice for her!' said Wakefield, looking over his shoulder. 'Why, there's another, Renny, with an American stamp. It's addressed to Lady Buckley, is n't it?'

'Take her what I gave you,' said his brother curtly, and Wakefield trotted off to tell Augusta that Renny was holding back some of her mail.

When time enough had passed for her to read the two letters from England, she appeared in the doorway.

'Are you sure you have not overlooked one of my letters, Renny?' she asked. 'I was expecting another.'

He patted the seat of the sofa beside him. 'Come and read it here,' he said.

Lady Buckley looked annoyed, but she came and placed herself beside him, very upright, with eyebrows almost touching her Queen Alexandra fringe.

'I'll open it for you,' he said, and carefully slit the envelope, taking time with the business, as though he liked to touch this particular letter. She divined whom the letter was from.

She perched her eyeglasses on her nose and took the letter with an impassive face, but she had barely read a line when she exclaimed on a deep note, 'Thank heaven, he is safe!'

Renny hitched his body nearer to her and peered at the letter. 'Well, I'll be shot!' he muttered.

'Read,' she commanded, in a whisper, and they perused the letter together.

When they reached the line, 'You may tell Renny that I absolutely refuse to send his address,' she pointed to it with a dramatic forefinger, and Renny's teeth showed in a smile that was an odd mingling of chagrin and gratification.

Wakefield, behind the sofa, intruded his head between theirs and asked, 'Is it about Finch? Has anything happened to Finch?'

Hearing the name, Ernest looked up quickly from his beads. 'Is anything wrong? Any bad news of the boy?'

'He is found,' announced Augusta. 'He is in New York. He is well.'

'The young devil,' observed Nicholas, laying down his *Punch*. 'He ought to be brought home and given a sound hiding!'

For once the gentle Ernest agreed. 'He ought indeed. I've worried myself ill over that boy.'

'Who is the letter from?' asked Nicholas.

'Alayne. Keep still and I will read it to you.' Impressively she read the letter aloud.

'I'm the only one she sent a message to,' cried Wakefield, 'excepting Renny, and his is n't a nice one. She says she won't tell him where Finch is, does n't she?'

'Hush,' said Augusta. 'We don't wish to hear any of your chatter at a moment like this.'

Renny said, 'To think of his having the guts to go to New York alone! He must have saved all the money he made from that fool orchestra.'

'The question is,' said his aunt, 'what is to be done? It is shocking to think of Finch exposed to the temptations of that terrible city.'

'He must be brought back at once!' exclaimed Ernest, dropping a bead in his agitation.

So long as he had been faithful to his task, handling the honey-colored spheres with delicacy and precision, old Mrs. Whiteoak had chosen to pay no heed to the conversation, but now she raised her massive head in its beribboned cap and threw a piercing glance into the faces about her.

'What's the to-do?' she demanded.

They looked at each other. Had they better tell her?

The look did not escape her. She rapped with her stick on the floor. 'Ha! What's this? What's the to-do? I will not be kept out of things.'

'Easy on, Mamma,' said Nicholas, soothingly. 'It's nothing but young Finch. We've found out where he is.'

A feeling of breathlessness came over the room, as always happened when a piece of news had just been broken to her. How would she take it? Would there be a scene? Every eye was fixed on that hard-bitten, smouldering old face.

'Finch, eh? You've found out where Finch is!'

'He's in New York,' went on Nicholas. 'We have had a letter from Alayne. She's seen him.'

'Ha! What's he doing there?'

'He seems to have some sort of job. I fancy Alayne got it for him.'

'Oh, did she? I had always thought she was well connected.' She dropped her chin to her breast. Was she thinking deeply, or had she fallen into one of her dozes?

Suddenly she raised her head and said, emphatically, 'I want him. I want to see Finch.'

Renny observed, 'I think it would be a damned good idea to leave him there for a

while. He'll soon get sick of it. Teach him a lesson.'

Grandmother arched her neck and turned her beaklike nose toward him. 'You do, eh? You would, eh? And you his guardian! Always ready to cross my will! Unnatural grandson! Unnatural brother!' Purplish red suffused her face.

'Nonsense,' said Renny. 'I'm nothing of the sort.'

'You are! You are! You like nothing so well as to cross people. You'd like to be a tyrant like my father. Old Renny Court. Red Renny, they used to call him in Ireland. He cowed all his eleven children but me. Me he could n't cow.' She shook her head triumphantly, then was transported by rage. 'To think that I should bring another like him into the world!'

'Thanks for nothing!' retorted the master of Jalna. 'You did n't bring me into the world.'

'Did n't bring you into the world!' she cried. 'You dare contradict me? If I did n't bring you into the world, I should like to know who did!'

'You forget,' he returned, 'that you are my father's mother, not mine.'

'Well, I should like to know who you'd have been without your father! An English gentleman, and your mother only a poor fibbertigibbet governess.'

His face was nearly as red as hers. 'Now you're confusing me with his second family. My mother was Dr. Ramsay's daughter. Surely you don't forget how you hated her.'

Nicholas broke in, rumblingly, 'Stop baiting her, Renny! I won't have it. Look at the color of her face, and remember that she's over a hundred.'

His mother turned on him. 'Look at the color of your own face! You're only envious that you have n't our hot blood. What we want is to have our quarrel out in peace.'

'I wonder,' observed Wakefield, 'if Finch will get into the crime wave they're having in that country. Rags was telling me about it.'

'The child has touched the keynote of the matter,' said Augusta. 'Finch will be sure to come under some bad influence if he is left in New York. How could Alayne watch over him? What can she know of the temptations that befall a young man?'

'He must be fetched,' said Grandmother, 'and that at once. Ernest shall go for him.'

If Ernest had been told that he was to join an Arctic exploring party, he could not have looked more surprised. 'But, Mamma,' he said, 'why me?'

'Because,' she responded, vigorously, 'Nick cannot travel on account of his leg. Renny cannot travel on account of his knee. Piers is too busy; besides, he's never been there. Eden — what's become of Eden?'

'He's away, Mamma.'

'Hmph. I don't like this going away. I want the young folk about me. You had better fetch him, too. You're the one to go.'

'I quite agree with Mamma,' said Augusta.

Mother and daughter looked at each other, amazed to find themselves in accord.

After the first consternation had worn off, Ernest was thrilled through all his being by the adventure of going to New York. He had always intended to visit it again. But he had procrastinated, because of lack of money and indolence, till the intention had become more and more shadowy, and would have melted into the shadow of other unfulfilled intentions had not the family forced him to action.

Two days later he was eating his dinner in the train. He felt extraordinarily pleased with himself as he bent his head above the menu under the deferential black gaze of the waiter, and felt beneath him the deep, purposeful throbbing of the wheels. He even enjoyed the unaccustomed ice water.

His heart was thudding uncomfortably as they neared the Grand Central Station. His knees trembled as he stood while the porter brushed his clothes. Now came terrible suspense as the man disappeared with his bag, a good English bag that he had bought himself at Drew's in Regent Street. Then relief at the capture of the bag on the platform. And scarcely had relief raised its head, like a too early spring flower, before it was frozen into dismay by the sight of a 'redcap' darting into the throng, the bag clutched in his hand.

By the time the bag was recaptured, Ernest's head was wet with sweat. He sank on to the seat of a taxi, and, taking off his hat, mopped his brow, gazing meanwhile

anxiously through the window into the unbelievably crowded street. He had directed the driver to take him to the Brevoort, because it was there that he had stayed during his last trip to New York twenty years ago.

XI

Alayne's amazement on seeing Finch at her door was a mild emotion compared with that which she experienced when it opened upon Ernest. She would scarcely have been more taken aback had one of the tall old trees of Jalna drawn up its roots and journeyed to visit her. She suffered him to shake her hand, to imprint a kiss on her cheek. She put him into the Chinese-red chair, and even then she could not believe in his reality.

'But, my dear child,' said Ernest, 'how good it is to see you!'

'Yes, indeed,' said Alayne, sitting down near him and trying to make her voice natural, 'it is delightful to see you, too.'

'You're looking pale, dear Alayne.'

'Ah, well, you know what winter in the city is. I've been tired to death sometimes.'

She realized, now that the shock of surprise was passing, why he had come. He had come to take Finch home, and, if possible, she would prevent it.

She turned a look of defense on him. 'I suppose you've come to see Finch,' she said.

Ernest was embarrassed. He wished she had not come so directly to the point. He would have liked to have a little pleasant conversation, and then have led up delicately to the object of his visit.

'Well, my dear Alayne, I suppose I shall see Finch, now that I'm here, but it really gives me a much deeper pleasure to see you.'

'You're not really going to insist on the poor boy going back with you, surely?'

'No, no, no. But I want to talk to him, to find out how he is living — in short, to satisfy the family about him. It's really dreadful, you know, for a mere boy of his inexperience to be turned loose in New York.'

'He's working! And he's treated with more consideration than he was at home. I hope you don't mind my saying that. You know yourself that Finch was not always treated fairly.'

Ernest remained invincibly placid. 'My dear girl, I don't believe you understand us. Our family circle is very closely knit.'

'I do understand! It's so closely knit that you won't let one of your number escape. You want to reach out and drag him back again. I know I'm being awfully rude, but I cannot help it. It is the way I've always felt about your family.'

'We did n't reach out after Eden.'

'You knew it was no use. You could n't control Eden. And you had no inkling as to where he was.'

Ernest regarded her with curiosity. 'Do you mind if I ask you something?'

'What is it?'

'Have you seen Eden since you came back?'

'No, I have not. I suppose I shall never see him again. I don't want to.'

'I'm very sure you don't. You suffered too much because of him.' Ernest was relieved that he had successfully switched the conversation into a more sympathetic channel. He laid his long white hand on hers and gently pressed it. She experienced a sudden warmth and sense of security in being treated with affection by a much older person. It was nice, and he was nice — she had forgotten how nice, how kind. She had forgotten, too, how distinguished his appearance. Really, he was a dear, and she must not be too hard on him.

He exclaimed in admiration at the compactness, the charm of the apartment. She led him about, showing him all the trig electrical devices. They delighted him. He had never seen anything like them. He must press the electric buttons and observe all the resulting phenomena. Ernest said that he wondered how she had ever endured the discomforts of Jalna.

Returning, arm in arm, to the living room, the subject of Finch was reopened, with more restraint on the part of Alayne and even greater amiability on the part of Ernest. She gave him particulars about Finch's work, his chances of advancement.

Ernest listened with sympathy.

'But where,' he asked, 'does his chance of continuing the study of music come in?'

'I'm afraid it does n't come in at all,' she replied sadly, 'but then, neither does it apparently at Jalna.'

'Oh, I think Renny may relent on that score.'

'Tell me, Uncle Ernest,' she demanded, looking him in the eyes, 'was it Renny who urged you to come to see Finch or was it to please your mother? I know she hates the thought of any of the boys leaving home.'

He was pleased at being 'Uncled' by Alayne.

'My dear child,' he said, 'I did not need any urging. I wanted to see the boy, and I thought what an opportunity for seeing you. You know, I had grown very fond of you.'

'And I of you! You see, I had no — no —'

'No nice old uncles,' he continued for her. 'Of course not. Nice old aunts are one thing, but nice old uncles are quite another. Their position is unique. . . . Now, as to Renny. If you had heard him talking to me just before I left, you would have realized how keen he is to have Finch back.'

'When I lived at Jalna,' she said, thoughtfully, 'I used to think that very often in those family conclaves of yours Renny was urged' — she longed to say 'harried' — 'into taking a stand that —'

'No, no, no! Renny is a man of quick decisions. He knows what he wants and goes for it.'

'Yes, I know,' she agreed, in a low tone.

'When we hold those conclaves, as you call them, Renny usually has his own opinion from the beginning, but it is only after the matter has been thrashed out by the family that he gives voice to his decision, and because his decision often coincides with the conclusion the family has reached —'

'Does the family ever reach a unanimous decision?'

'If you could have heard how fully agreed we were that Finch must come home —'

'Oh, that I can understand! I wish I had not told you where he is working.'

'My dear, I shall not try to force Finch in the very least. You shall be present, if you will, when we meet; then you'll see that I only want an affectionate talk with him.'

'But what are you going to do, then? Bribe him to go home with the promise of music lessons? Has Renny descended to bribing the boys?'

Ernest answered impressively, 'Renny had no intention of stopping Finch from playing the piano except till his examinations should be over. Once he has written on them, Renny intends, and has intended all along, that Finch shall begin taking lessons again. He may spend the whole summer making music if he likes.'

'Hmph,' muttered Alayne, grudgingly. She wished she could have felt more enthusiastic over the family's plans for Finch.

Nevertheless, Ernest was a dear. She loved to see him sitting in her most comfortable chair making attractive but rather vague gestures with his graceful hands. She was proud of him when Rosamund Trent came in and discovered them. She had the feeling that when she had talked of Eden's uncles Rosamund had pictured two rather frowsty old men, quaint relics of a bygone day. Now she saw that Rosamund found Ernest charming. She was impressed by the pleasant modulations in his voice. These he had acquired at Oxford, along with the notion that, while it might be well for some to slave, it was not well for Ernest Whiteoak.

Ernest invited the two to luncheon with him. As he walked along Fifth Avenue with them beside him, there was spring in his step and in his blood. Alayne had a look of breeding; he admired that in a woman above all things. Rosamund looked essentially a woman of the world; and he hankered for the world. Again and again he wished old Nicholas could see him. As a gesture of complete abandon, he ordered lobster. His guests ordered it, too, but without any air of recklessness. With the three bright red mounds before him, he could not help but talk of meals in Victorian London. He told of sitting at a table near Oscar Wilde, and of having seen Lily Langtry in her prime. He recalled how Nicholas had rowed for Oxford.

After luncheon they returned to the apartment and arranged when he was to see Finch. Alayne suggested that they meet in the evening, go out to dinner together, and then to the theatre. Ernest desired that Finch should not be told of his arrival. It would be a pleasant surprise for the boy to find his uncle awaiting him. 'Because, you know, dear Alayne, I'm not going to scold

or threaten him. Nothing at all of that sort.'

'I should say not,' said Alayne, truculently.

But she would not agree to Finch's meeting Ernest without preparation. She telephoned him, asking him to come to see her that evening, and announced the arrival from Jalna. She delivered Ernest's reassuring message.

Nevertheless Finch was shaking when he came into the room. He did not know just what he feared. His uncle could not force him to go home. At his back he had the strength of Alayne's staunch loyalty. That day he had actually had a word of praise in the office.

'Upon my honor,' exclaimed Ernest, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, 'you're taller than ever, old fellow! And thin! He's really thinner, Alayne, though I should n't have thought it possible. And how are you getting on?'

Finch braced himself with as much manliness as he could muster, and replied, 'Oh, fine, thanks. That is — all right, I think.'

'I'm glad of that. They'll be so glad to hear at home.'

Finch was embarrassed. 'Were they worrying?' he mumbled.

'Indeed they were. We were all of us greatly worried. But no need to talk; I can tell them now that you are well and safe.' No word of his going back. Finch breathed easier, and yet there was a queer ache at his heart. The truth was, in the past few days he had been suffering acutely from homesickness. Under the delicate May sky, the dusty never-resting traffic of the city had made him feel as he had never before felt in springtime — heavy, tired, stifled, trapped. His feet dragged, longing for the springing grass. Each night he dreamed of Jalna, and waked half expecting to find himself in his room under the eaves. More and more he remembered all that had been beautiful and kindly and pleasant in his home.

Alayne had intended that they should go to a play, but Ernest suggested grand opera because Finch was so fond of music. She had acquiesced, and Rosamund Trent had been able to arrange about the tickets. While they were at dinner, Alayne had suddenly seen Ernest's sweet thoughtful-

ness in a new light. She remembered having heard him say that above all things he disliked grand opera. 'He is a sly old man,' she thought. 'He intends to work on Finch's feelings through his love of music.'

The opera was *Aida*. Finch had never heard it before. Tears of happiness filled his eyes; his heart was heavy with the sweetness of music. Yet it was not the music of the orchestra or the singers that moved him. It was the music of the old square piano at home. It was Beethoven's Opus X, which in imagination he was playing. The keys, alive, eager, rose to meet his fingers. With one part of his brain he heard the music of *Aida*. With another he followed himself through the intricacies of the movement.

Every now and again Ernest slid a speculative look toward him. He wondered whether the boy were happy or unhappy, whether he should have difficulty in persuading him to come home. The thought of leaving Finch in New York was intolerable to him. The thought of Jalna without Finch seemed insupportable. Not that he had ever found him but a commonplace, rather irritating boy. But he was a Whiteoak, one of themselves. Eden's defection had been the first break. If Finch left home, it would seem that disintegration of the family had set in. Besides, there was Mamma. It was bad for her to be worried.

He felt suddenly rather tired. It had been an exciting day for him, full of unusual activities. He felt weighted by his responsibility. Would the opera never end? He stifled a yawn.

But as the crowd surged out, and he felt the cool night air on his face, he revived. It was like a return to his prime to find himself steering an evening-cloaked female through a crowd. Really, he must make a trip to New York every now and again after this.

They had a little supper in the apartment. Delicate food, Pall Mall cigarettes, bought specially for him; gay conversation, for Ernest found it easy to shine before this audience, so uncritical, so, if he could have known, tolerantly amused by him; with, added to the tolerance and amusement, a sentimental desire to look through his mind back into the strange glamour of another day. He sighed as he said good-night. He

was not a bit tired now, and he hated to think how soon this charming interlude would be over.

It was not till he and Finch were back in his hotel bedroom that there returned to him with force the consciousness of his mission. He had arranged that the boy should spend the night with him, and had got a room for him next to his own. He shrank from the thought of a clash of wills at that late hour. He wished he could simply pack Finch into his portmanteau the next day, with his clothes, and carry him back to Jalna. It was such a nuisance having to be politic with him, tactful and understanding. It was really a pest the way boys grew up.

There was a distinct air of embarrassment between them when they found themselves alone in the hotel bedroom together. It was abominably stuffy, and Ernest went to the window and threw it up.

He went into the bathroom to wash his hands. Finch had dropped into a chair by the table, looking very young and wan under the hard electric light. He had picked up the shiny black Bible belonging to the hotel and was looking at it with a queer smile. An uncomfortable boy, Ernest thought. He lathered his hands, and examined his face in the mirror above the basin. He was looking very well.

On returning to the bedroom he said, 'I hate very much to go back to Jalna without you, Finch. Everyone at home will be disappointed.'

'I can't see them disappointed because I don't go back.'

'But they will be. You don't understand. You're one of us, are n't you?'

'The odd one.'

'Nonsense. We're all more or less oddities, I fancy. And we're proud of you, though you may not think so.'

Finch grunted sarcastically. 'You should have heard Renny and Piers telling me how proud they were of me!'

'Come, come, don't take things so hard. Piers has a rough tongue — he does n't always mean it; and, if he does, he's not the

important one. It's Renny who matters.' 'Renny thinks I'm an ass.'

Ernest sat down beside him. He put all the persuasiveness, all the eloquence of which he was capable, into his voice. 'Renny loves you. He wants you to come home like a good boy, without any further trouble. He is willing, after you've tried your examinations, to let you take music lessons again — to play as much as you want to. All you have to do is to try your exams.'

'What if I fail?'

'You won't fail. You'll pass. You did not fail badly last time. You're sure to pass.'

'And if I do — what then?'

'You have all your life before you. You'll make something fine of it.'

'I don't see myself,' said Finch wearily.

'Finch, you had a very clever and very lovely mother. She would have wanted you to develop your talent — to be a credit to us.'

'Good Lord!' exclaimed the boy. 'This sort of talk is new to me! My talents — my mother —'

'But, my dear child,' cried Ernest in exasperation, for his head was beginning to ache, 'families will make remarks. You don't expect —'

'Gran often makes sneering remarks about her — my mother. I hear her, though I've pretended not.'

'Your grandmother is a hundred and one. Your mother has been dead eleven years. What have their relations to do with the question in hand? . . . Really, you are wearing me out! The point is this.' Ernest made a supreme effort. 'What is there for you in New York? Crowds, crowds, crowds. Struggle, struggle. You, a Whiteoak, struggling in a foreign mob! Uncongenial work. Homesickness. You know you're horribly homesick, Finch. I've been watching you. You're homesick.'

'Don't!' cried the boy in anguish, putting his head on the table. 'I can't bear it! Oh, Uncle Ernest, do you really think I'd better go back?'

(*To be continued*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To see men as trees walking is not such an aberration after all, when one knows as much about them as **Charles D. Stewart**. Those who recall his illuminating papers on bees will be prepared for the temper of mind which is scientifically ready to accept an explanation at its full worth, but humanly alive to the limits of explanations at their best. △ Men express their individuality in the vacations which they choose. **Earnest Elmo Calkins** finds relaxation from the responsibilities of a national advertising business in motor journeys through France and Italy. △ A pilgrimage through the Ozark Mountains in search of health has led to the remarkable series of encounters and adventures among the hill folk which **Eleanor Risley** records. Readers will be interested in the following paragraphs from a recent letter we received from Mrs. Risley:—

The flus have ravaged our mountains. No physicians and no nurses. Insufficient clothing, lack of nourishing food, pneumonia, and so many new graves in the dripping rain on Concord Hill . . .

A year ago no one had even heard of the *Atlantic*. In I— last week they were eagerly borrowing the last number from each other. The postmaster was waiting for the second Socratic Dialogue. At the little cream station two women were talking of the Puka-Puka story, and Billy at the blacksmith shop was discussing the philosophy of Joseph Krutch. How far the *Atlantic* throws its beams! (They read my own stories with but languid interest, but admire my checks!)

Five years ago **Robert Dean Frisbie** opened a store on a remote atoll for a South Seas trading company. He kept the establishment for four years, until it was sold by the owners. He is, at this writing, on his way to America. **Miss Reppplier** is now in Europe. **Geoffrey Johnson** is a young English poet. △ Formerly an English civil servant in India, **Charles Johnston** has studied the thought of the

East and felt its influence. He has traveled extensively, has translated Eastern, Russian, and German writings, and is the author of several books of his own. **Marjorie Nicolson** is an associate professor of English at Smith College. In sending us her manuscript, she writes as follows:—

I have waited in vain for someone else to do this, and so finally I have done it myself! Although magazines have talked a good deal this year about the vogue of detective stories, no one seems to have pointed out the remarkable extent to which they are becoming the fare of the supposed 'intellectual.' You probably know that Professor Kittredge is supposed to be the great champion in the field; and that Professor Lowes is not far behind him. Professors of philosophy are perhaps the most omnivorous — Professor Lovejoy of Johns Hopkins and Professor Singer of Pennsylvania have almost unique collections. I am willing to wager anything that when the Modern Language Association begins its convention at Toronto this week more time will be devoted to the subject of detective stories than to any other one form of art. As a matter of fact, I think the real reason many of us never miss a meeting is that we are afraid we might miss the latest detective find of the year.

I know this article should have been written by a man — for the detective story is, of course, a man's story preëminently. My only excuse must be that most of my associates at M. L. A. will vouch for the fact that I am recognized — for a woman — as being close to an authority on the subject! We all admit the reservation; a scholar whom I greatly admire is kind enough to say that, considering the disadvantages of my age and sex, he thinks I may some day be worthy to be ranked with the really great readers of the detective story!

President of the American office of Revillon Frères, one of the largest furriers of the world, **Captain Thierry Mallet** writes from first-hand knowledge of the life of the fur trader in the far North. △ The recent death of **C. E. Montague**, who was prominent on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, deprives English letters of an

essayist and novelist whose loss none can make good. △ A lover of the Irish people, **Mary E. L. Hennigan** writes with reality of cruel episodes. **Paul M. Angle** is executive secretary of the Lincoln Centennial Association of Springfield, Illinois. The editor of the *Atlantic*, after talking with him in Chicago, in the course of an extended investigation of his own, gave Mr. Angle the information he had acquired and invited him to contribute the reasoned estimate which appears in this number. Readers especially interested in the many fascinating phases of this discussion may readily compare the facsimiles of documents in the Minor collection which appeared in the December and January numbers with easily accessible examples of authentic Lincoln writing in Carl Sandburg's *The Prairie Years* or other familiar biographies.

Salvador de Madariaga, now professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford, was formerly Chief of the Disarmament Section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations. His paper represents the general thesis, greatly condensed and applied especially to America, of a book which will treat comprehensively the difficult problems and proposed solutions of the world question of disarmament. **Bernhard Ostrolenk** is experienced both as an economist and as an agriculturist. He has served as Director of the National Farm School at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and as lecturer on Agricultural Finance at the University of Pennsylvania. He has organized several community and coöperative associations. △ From his headquarters in Cairo, **Captain Owen Tweedy** has traveled widely in the Near East and in Africa.

For those who may have missed an installment of **Mazo de la Roche**'s sequel to *Jalna*, we print a brief synopsis: —

The story up to this point is concerned with the struggles of young Finch Whiteoak to pass his examinations for college, and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings. A successful venture into amateur theatricals wins for him the warm friendship of Arthur Leigh, a boy some years older than himself. From Leigh's family, consisting of a younger

sister and a widowed mother, Finch gains the sympathy and encouragement denied him by his own more vigorous relatives. His strong desire for money to spend on concerts and a radio induces Finch, without the knowledge of his family, to join a group of young men in the neighboring town in forming a small orchestra, with Finch as pianist, playing occasionally at cheap restaurants and dances.

Many have enjoyed Mr. Gilfillan's accounts of sheep herding, and many letters have reached us from persons who have undergone a like experience and found in his narrative a picture of episodes in their own lives. Much of the tenderest pastoral literature has gathered about lambs, and we are glad to quote from a letter which describes lambing time on the range.

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Being one of those who have tasted the joys of college and sheep herding, I was especially interested in Mr. Gilfillan's article, "This Is the Life!" in your last December number.

However, I do think Mr. Gilfillan omitted one of the most interesting of all experiences: that of lambing. Upon this event the good or bad fortunes of the sheepman are hung. In Wyoming lambing usually takes place in the latter part of April or the beginning of May, depending entirely upon the facilities on hand, such as cover, feed, and so forth. Some ranchers 'lamb' on the range, others in sheds; and since I am more familiar with the latter, I shall describe it.

The sheep, preceding lambing, are brought in from the range, where they have been wintering, and all the wether (male) lambs, bucks, if any, and yearling ewes, including the old-timers, are cut out, leaving only those heavy with lamb. These ewes are formed into a drop herd, one or two, depending upon the number of sheep in the original bands.

Lambing in sheds means protection for the sheep, and every sheepman must conduct his campaign along those lines which are most adapted to his range and other general local conditions. In this case two large sheds were used: one, a so-called night shed; the other, a day shed. During the day the herder grazes his sheep within a reasonable distance of these two places. He is at all times followed by two lambing wagons, long boxes divided into two sections, each one allowing enough room for nine ewes, thus making eighteen in all. On both sides of this wagon are small compartments in which the lambs are placed. It is the job of the lambing-

wagon driver to follow the herd and whenever a lamb is dropped to capture it with its mother, which incidentally is no small job. To accomplish this task he makes use of the proverbial sheep crook. In most cases the ewe will not leave its young and therefore can easily be hooked by a skillful crooker, but occasionally one encounters a 'wild woolly' and reinforcements are necessary. The herder, on horseback, is then called into action, and a race rivaling those at Tia Juana follows until one or the other drops from exhaustion, usually the sheep, which is then crooked amid much profanity and finally placed on the wagon with its lamb, each having been tagged for identification. Such a wild woolly usually recuperates quickly and with one wild leap escapes to freedom, another chase ensuing, and so on, until she, much to everyone's delight, is finally safely lodged in a small compartment in the shed. Thus, in time, all the lambs and ewes are brought under shelter.

In the shed there is a man who might be termed a sheep doctor and with whom patience is a virtue. It is his duty to guard, protect, and care for these first-born lambs. Those that are weak must be suckled, those that are cold must be warmed. For this last purpose he has invented a baking oven, a steel box overhanging a stove, into which the shivering and nearly dead lamb is placed and allowed to bake like a potato. Usually such a lamb is stiff and can scarcely blot, but fifteen minutes of such a process will so warm him up that one can easily imagine the oven turned into a radio with excessive static on the air. Suckling a lamb involves many principles: first, that of patience. Sometimes the lamb, although weak and hungry, refuses to drink; sometimes the ewe insists upon being stubborn and can hardly be milked. Can it be wondered that anybody in such a position is easily able to invent new 'cuss' words and generally berate such a sheep from its ancestors down? The sick ewes and lambs must be doctored. Those internal organs which have been strained must be readjusted, while the lambs having a hard time in birth must be assisted.

A sheep claims its young entirely by smell for the first two or three weeks, and thus it is possible to give orphans mothers. For example, suppose a dead lamb is born. The mother of this dead lamb has plenty of milk and is anxious to have a live one of her own. On the other hand, there is another ewe with twins, who, on account of her condition, is scarcely able to feed one of her offspring properly. The dead lamb is skinned and the hide is made into a jacket which is slipped over the head and back of one of the twins, much to his disgust and humiliation. The mother of the dead lamb is then brought and placed in the same pen with this jacketed lamb.

She at first can scarcely believe this peculiar-looking animal to be hers, but upon approaching and smelling all doubt is removed, and she at once claims him as her own. Such a procedure is usually sure to work, although sometimes, because of the lack of the correct precautions, it does fail. One rather extraordinary case comes to my mind while writing. It involves the case of a lamb at least two weeks old who had unfortunately lost its mother. This lamb was huge and very troublesome, imagining any of us who happened by to be his mother, and making more noise himself than an elevated train in New York City. This fellow, because of his bothersome vocal abilities, forced us to seek for him a mother. Finally we were able to do so by skinning a lamb which had just been born dead. The hide was made over into a jacket and slipped over the head of the would-be son. The hide, however, barely covered his shoulders, and he resembled a half-clad child, one who had his shirt, but had forgotten his trousers. The mother was then brought, and promptly refused to claim him. The lamb, however, was large enough to have his own way, and managed to get his dinner notwithstanding the other's efforts to prevent him. Thus we have a lamb claiming a mother without her consent.

PAUL E. SPAETH

While we are speaking of sheep, a reader in Germany has this to say of their service to the art of music.

STUTTGART, GERMANY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am merely an Innocent Abroad and not a Benvolio. To date, nobody has said to me: 'Thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.' But in spite of my pacific penchant, I feel tempted beyond my power of resistance to try a tilt at Dr. Bunk, who appears in your November Contributors' Column. He dwells provokingly on the 'most unromantic portion of the feline anatomy,' in relation to violin strings. But Cat and Fiddle have never come together except in a certain public-house sign, a corruption of Catherine la fiddle, who made her home in St. Petersburg long before it was renamed Leningrad. The members of the 'Modern Truth Association,' I take it, should have refuted Dr. Bunk at once, asking him: 'What can you have of a cat but her skin?' Telling him that violin strings are not made of catgut, that being a playful misnomer, but that it is the entrails of sheep, horses, donkeys, et al. that are made into strings for the various orchestral stringed instruments. Even Shakespeare

knew of it, to wit: 'Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?'

Very truly,
OSCAR GUNKEL

A Prohibitionist speaks.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Without disrespect to President Lowell, I submit that the backbone of his argument on Prohibition is a fallacy. His comparison of the Eighteenth Amendment to the amendment for negro suffrage is a false analogy. The two are unlike in essentials. They seem alike, if each is deemed a premature enactment of a theoretical good. But the prematurity of negro suffrage was so deadly a factor as to render the law theoretically evil for its day. Therefore the more the law was enforced, the worse the results. But the more Prohibition can be enforced, the better the results (that is, the objective results, which are sufficient to show the two laws not analogous). My argument is not that Prohibition will succeed, but that *no predictions* can be based on the failure of negro suffrage.

Why did that colossal blunder of Reconstruction dazzle the majority for so long? Because an eternal right, Emancipation, towered beside and far above it, whence it caught a specious glory. Emancipation is the true parallel to Prohibition; it differs from Prohibition in magnitude, not in principle. Both were born of the exigencies of war into an unready world; both enjoined a good on some who were blind to it; both occasioned lawlessness. But the chaos following Emancipation did not kill it off like negro suffrage in President Hayes's administration. Why need the disorders of to-day kill off Prohibition, if it is right?

The 'if' is the crux. President Lowell states that lawyers would class a violation of the Volstead Act under *malum prohibitum*, an act not generally esteemed immoral, but forbidden by legislation. This statement, though true, is unfortunate if taken as final. If, as many believe, the harm of alcohol is a fact, even mild indulgence ought eventually to be regarded as a *malum in se*, an act intrinsically wrong.

In testimony of the latter belief, let another eminent Harvard name be heard. Charles W. Eliot, in 1917, became a total abstainer. His reason, publicly stated, was as follows: —

'When the United States in the spring of 1917 went to war, you remember that with the support of all the best civilian authorities, and of the officers in the army and navy, our Government enacted a prohibitory law for the regions surrounding the camps and barracks where the

National Army was being assembled. The Act proved to be effective and highly beneficent.

"Then I said to myself, "If that is the action of my Government to protect our soldiers and sailors preparing to go to war, I think it is time for me to abstain from alcoholic drinks altogether." It is only since 1917 that I have been a total abstainer; but that is now six years ago, and I want to testify here, now, that by adopting total abstinence, after having had the opposite habit for over seventy years, one loses no joys that are worth having, and there is no joy-killing about it. On the contrary, I enjoy social life and working life more since I ceased to take any alcohol than I did before.'

President Eliot believed in National Prohibition of all liquors and in no halfway measures. He said, 'I learned [from past results in Massachusetts] that the sale of distilled liquors in saloons licensed to sell light wines and beer cannot be prevented. Nobody should advocate the repeal of the Volstead Act except those who believe in the unrestricted sale of alcoholic beverages.'

CATHARINE BANCROFT BEATLEY

Telegram from the School of Citizenship, Syracuse University.

WISH TO USE FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES
PRESIDENT LOWELL'S PROHIBITION ARTICLE WITH
FRESHMEN IN COURSE ENTITLED INTRODUCTION
TO RESPONSIBLE CITIZENSHIP

It strikes us that certain of these documents in Japanese ought to be as interesting as Mark Twain's *Jumping Frog* in French.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am wondering if you knew that your series of articles on 'Lincoln the Lover' is being translated into Japanese and running in serial in the *Rafu Shimpo* here in Los Angeles.

JUSTIFICUS

From a Christian and a fellow editor.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please allow me to express to you my deep appreciation of the splendid services you are rendering to the education of our American citizens in the essential matters of religion, through your numerous articles on the various aspects of religion and morals, such as those of President Bernard I. Bell, Dr. Herbert Parrish, and the late Robert Keable. To some these articles seem inconsistent and some are offended,

as is illustrated by the recent editorial, 'Pitch or Pearls (as purveyed by the *Atlantic Monthly*)', in the *Living Church*. But with your diversified clientele of readers it is your privilege and duty to publish the various religious attitudes, so long as they are stated in a respectful and tolerant spirit. Mr. Keable is not the only one who has defended the traditional Jesus. Although we do not have to endorse the details of Mr. Keable's exegesis, in establishing his position toward the traditional Jesus, let me quote the following extract from a recent editorial in the *Modern Churchman*, defending the position of the traditional Jesus.

'It is possible, I think, to believe in the essential truth of each of these doctrines (the Incarnation, Atonement, and Resurrection) without believing in an historical Jesus. I will not argue that point now, but there is something to be said for it. I would merely remark that we have no difficulty in believing in the profound moral and spiritual truths set forth in the parable of the Prodigal Son because it is parable and not history. But the test of the Christian life is doing the will of God, and would the fact of the discovery that Jesus had never lived affect our conception of the will of God, or the sense of obligation to strive to do it? I think it would not for most thoughtful people. But would such a life be really entitled to be called Christian? Yes, it would. Christ's test was the test of works: the test of conduct and character; those words of his which ring in our ears, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," would pass no condemnation on such a life, of which the dominating ideal was obedience to the Divine Will as set forth in the Synoptic Gospels. Such a form of the Christian religion, although its adherents had no belief in the actual historical Jesus, would yet be a great moral and spiritual force in the life of the individual and in the life of humanity at large.

'We do well to realize this, for some people speak as though if we lost the historical Jesus to-day we should also lose the Christian religion. I doubt it. We should still have a form of Christian religion which could find its realization in love to God and love to men — the fulfillment of the Two Great Commandments; we could still seek the blessings contained in the Beatitudes; we could still pray the Lord's Prayer. And these, let us not forget, are the very heart of the religion of Jesus. Would it be a small thing, either for

ourselves or for mankind, to promote as the ideal of human life the love of God and Man? Would it not be within our power, even if there were no historical Jesus, to realize one of the most profound Christian experiences, as expressed by the writer of I John? "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren."

We must be all things unto all men if we are to be the ambassadors of the eternal truths as contained in the assertion of facts in our historical creeds as well as in the Jesus of tradition indelibly written upon our loving hearts.

With best wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,
BRITTON D. WEIGLE
Editor, the *Pacific Churchman*

Unsuspected virtues of the politician.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I do not wish to seem intrusive upon editorial functions and I rise only to ask for a discussion in some future *Atlantic* of 'the politician as a social shock absorber.'

Between our will to do our kind of good, *vi et armis*, to our neighbor, and his equally compelling urge to do as much for us, the politician stands and, by his realistic methods, deflects into quiet channels the surging floods of uplift.

Picture life were we allowed to wreak upon each other, unhampered, our good intentions. Society exists, imperfect as it is, only because of the politician's skill in neutralizing our earnest endeavors not to leave one another alone.

No more maligned and less defined figure functions in our civilization. Let us give these drawers of herring their due. They keep for us our throats unslit, and that civilization endures longest which has the most skillful and unprincipled of them; if we believed in politicians more and political faith-healers (a quite different profession) less, our national expectation of life would be much more favorable. They are the only people who do not intend 'to do something about it,' and even when they say they do, we remain comforted in the knowledge that they will not. But they are most useful in thwarting those who are trying to hasten the coming of that pandemonium which they have mistaken for the millennium.

No *advocatus diaboli* could have an easier task.
Sincerely yours,

FREDERIC H. POWELL

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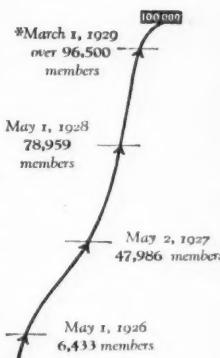
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A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

Richard Burdon Haldane (Viscount Haldane): An Autobiography. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. 8vo. ix+391 pp. Illus. \$5.00.

THIS is a book to place beside the *Autobiography* of John Stuart Mill. It narrates the growth of a great mind among great events. No man in our time has had a more varied career than Haldane — a leader of the English Bar, in the forefront of the Liberal Party and then giving his ability to strengthen the uncertain fortunes of the first Labor Cabinet, a Secretary for War whose service was unparalleled for length and achievement, creator of the British Expeditionary Force, twice Lord Chancellor, a founder of universities and a pioneer in the education of adult workers, a philosopher who translated Schopenhauer and interpreted Einstein. Jefferson alone of American statesmen touched life at so many points.

Haldane tells of the organization of 'the contemptible little army,' of his plan to shift to the Admiralty and apply a similar process, which was forestalled by Churchill's ambition, of his share in the fateful interchange of military information with the French, of which Morley knew more than he afterward recalled, and of his views on relations with Germany. After the successful transportation of the Expeditionary Force, Kitchener failed to make any use of the Territorial organization which Haldane had prepared as the skeleton of a new army, and the campaign against Haldane in the Northcliffe press forced the retirement of the man who had made possible effective British resistance to the invasion of France. At last came unexpected compensation for the long odium. On the day of Haig's triumphal entry into London, while Haldane sat in his solitary study, an unnamed visitor was shown in. It was Haig, who came to leave a volume of his dispatches, inscribed, 'To the greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had.'

Lawyers have plenty of books about trials and examining witnesses. Haldane tells them how to argue cases before appellate courts. His suggestions for handling hostile judges are worth much. Better yet is his statement that his philosophical training developed the habit of 'seeking for the underlying principles in dealing with facts, however apparently confused and complicated.' He gives significant accounts of many important cases which he argued. Members of the American Bar Association who met Haldane as Lord Chancellor at Montreal in 1913 or in London in 1924 will enjoy his recollections of those occasions, and all lawyers in this country can read

with profit his account of his share in the reformation of English land law and his plans for improving the administration of justice.

Among the personal passages are the delightful account of his youth and student days in Germany, the touching story of his broken engagement, the grateful acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the discoverer of insulin, and the magnificent final chapter of basic reflections on life.

Two features of the book have outstanding importance. The first is the continued emphasis on problems of administration. It is not enough to have good policies. One must laboriously devise workable methods of carrying those policies out in detail through the co-operation of other human beings, who have to be persuaded and often trained. Whether he is telling of his work at the War Office, as head of the judges, as organizer of the great new municipal universities, or as adviser in solving the problems of the coal mines, he continually dwells on methods and trained personnel.

Second and not unrelated is the unification of his life in his philosophy of idealism. Most of us split ourselves into small pieces. Haldane, through all his varied activities, exemplifies Horace's famous words, 'Integre vite.' Again and again comes the mention of the resort to first principles. Idealism led him 'to the belief in the possibility of finding rational principles underlying all forms of experience, and to a strong sense of the endeavor to find such principles as a first duty in every department of public life.' That is the faith which prevailed with him at the Bar, in the reform of the army, as Lord Chancellor, on the Committee of Imperial Defense. 'It helps in the endeavor to bring together the apparently diverging views of those with whom one has to deal.'

ZACHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

Disarmament, by Salvador de Madariaga.

New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1929. 8vo. xiii+379 pp. \$5.00.

Freedom of the Seas, by Lieut.-Com. the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, M.P., and George Young. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. 8vo. 283 pp. Illus. \$4.00.

THESE two books are alike in this: they both end with a programme. Madariaga's programme is practical and necessary — and it all remains to be done. One would expect this from one of the few adult minds of the generation, possessing fuller information on the subject than any other. The second programme — prescribed to save from itself the Anglo-American coalition that

"It is studded with brilliant passages and memorable scenes."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

refuses to coalesce — is largely practical, but in every practical particular is in course of being carried out now.

Disarmament as a subject of thought and policy has an overlay of dishonesty, conscious and unconscious, thicker than that insulating any other human institution. Madariaga, with keen mental tools working in a brilliant English style, itself heightened by Iberian *degancia*, has scraped away the incrustations, including quantities of philosophical 'flubdubbery' from all quarters, and has proved a classic thesis with true mother wit. The proposition is simple: Nations want their own way. Armaments help them get it, chiefly by bullying without going to war. If war comes, they are of some use, but they are really cherished for the prestige they maintain. Technically, reduction is an insoluble problem in differential guessing, so long as strictly national interests are alone in presence. Therefore, any disarmament conference between states in the present frame of mind is bound to be a conference for the relative increase of the armament of each. 'The problem of disarmament is not the problem of disarmament. It really is the problem of the organization of the World-Community.' Running through the facts, which he really knows, the former chief of the Disarmament Section at Geneva makes this clear, divulges the faults of every armed nation, but never drives his rapier of veracity beyond its legitimate mark.

Kenworthy and Young have produced an illusion. They think there is such a thing as the 'freedom of the seas' and another called 'command of the seas.' In 200 pages of excellent historical narrative, these illusions are frequently contradicted in their side remarks. All of that is, however, introductory to two big concerns of the authors. Great Britain no longer can afford the biggest navy. America persistently avoids a Treasury surplus by providing the admirals with ships large enough for their staffs to sleep in beds. There is a rivalry, the makings of an Anglo-American war.

We are solemnly told that Great Britain cannot keep up the pace; that the Americans are thoroughly peaceful; that both of us may prove to be armed gunmen 'warily eying each other over a poker game'; and we are begged 'to spare the world the spectacle of a rivalry between their protectors and their peacemakers.' The rest of the world is entitled to ask where the two of us got our commissions to protect it and make its peaces for it.

Historically, there was once a 'command of the seas.' No one knows what instrument to use for the purpose nowadays. The 'freedom of the seas' always was a flight of imagination. In times of peace all the seas are free; in any time of war, the only freedom at sea is for the ship that, willy-nilly, gets by a belligerent. We Anglo-Saxons have done very well under both heads. It is very hard to imagine either that the rest of the world is going to take us two on as its policemen or that either of our Governments is going to

go out for the job. In practice the Governments get along very well as friends, much better than as twin 'bobbies.' And it is safe to predict that they will maintain their civilian status in the world.

DENYS P. MEYERS

Letters of the Empress Frederick. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby. New York: Macmillan Co. 1929. 8vo. xix + 474 pp. Illus. \$8.50.

HALLAM remarked many years ago that 'the materials of . . . history must always be derived in great measure from biographical collections, those especially which intermix a certain portion of criticism with mere facts.' The *Letters of the Empress Frederick* are such a collection, and while their publication will probably not alter fundamentally the verdict of responsible historians regarding the tragic figure who wrote them, they will at least serve to discredit the slyly malicious insinuations and journalistic gossip which only too frequently form the chief stock in trade of so many of our 'ultrasmart,' impressionistic biographers.

The nineteenth century saw more than its share of royal tragedies, and, if not so dramatic as some of the others, the pathetic life of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter is perhaps the most human and, consequently, the most appealing. The fact that her greatest happiness came from the rare love and sympathy which existed between her and her unfortunate husband only throws into sharper relief the tragedy of her relations with her eldest son and the people of her adopted land.

The court of Prussia in 1858 was already beginning to seethe with the issues and intrigues which preceded the political unification of Germany under the iron hand of Bismarck. By her marriage to the Crown Prince, Frederick William, the Princess Royal of England, at the age of eighteen, was carried to an alien and unsympathetic land and forced to play an important part in a movement to which by temperament and conviction she was fundamentally opposed. Her English manners, the liberal political views implanted in her keen mind by her father, her dominating will and an uncontrollable desire to 'speak her mind' on any topic, above all, her passionate attachment to her native land — these qualities were ill suited to the rôle she was expected to assume in a country where *Kinder, Kirche, und Küche* were the only topics on which women were allowed the right to an opinion. The very fact that she was English prejudiced most Prussians against her at the start; that she openly retained her love for England and her admiration for English institutions throughout the years of her sojourn in Germany made her unpopularity inevitable; and her interest in public affairs, coupled with the liberality of her ideas, made her a very real danger in the eyes of Bismarck and of all those who, perforce, accepted his domination. England, the living negation of

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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Bismarck's ideal for the State, must not be allowed to interfere in German affairs through the wife of the heir to the Prussian throne. As Bismarck himself expressed it, 'If the Princess can leave the Englishwoman at home and become a Prussian, then she may be a blessing to the country.' She did her best, but it was the one thing she could not do — the English point of view was too much a part of her being to be cast aside even at the behest of the all-powerful Chancellor. Her son, the former Kaiser, remarked that 'she was always most German in England and most English in Germany,' and this is probably the literal truth. And that she was frequently somewhat tactless in expressing her opinions can hardly be denied. But she was a delightfully human, warm-hearted woman, a loving wife, and a devoted if sometimes exacting mother; she had much of her own mother's shrewd penetration and sagacity, but apparently little of her father's patient caution. Considering her own temperament and the conditions in Germany at that time, it was inevitable that she should be regarded with hostility and suspicion by the government and by the mass of the people.

There is much food for speculation in the perusal of such letters as these: fresh light is thrown upon the upbringing of the last of the Hohenzollern rulers as well as upon his character, upon the great Bismarck and his domestic policy, upon the vexed question of the famous Ems dispatch and other aspects of the European situation during the stirring years of the second half of the last century. Not the least interesting of the questions raised by these letters is this: what would have been the effect on the future of Germany if the Empress Frederick and her husband, who shared so many of her liberal ideas, had been vouchsafed a long period of power instead of the ninety-eight days' reign which was terminated by the death of Frederick on June 15, 1888? Sir Frederick Ponsonby obviously feels that Germany might have been saved from the 'disasters that eventually overwhelmed her' if she had paid more attention to the wise counsel of the former Princess Royal of England. But probably Bismarck had done his work too well — the great game had to be played out to the end along the lines he had laid down.

EDWARD ALLEN WHITNEY

Dictionary of American Biography. Under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies. Edited by Allen Johnson. Vols. I and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928-1929. \$12.50 each vol.

If it is true, as Carlyle declared, that history is the essence of innumerable biographies; if it is true that anyone who wishes to know the history of any period or of any country must know the men who made it what it was, this new *Dictionary of American Biography* is the most important contribution to the history of the United States

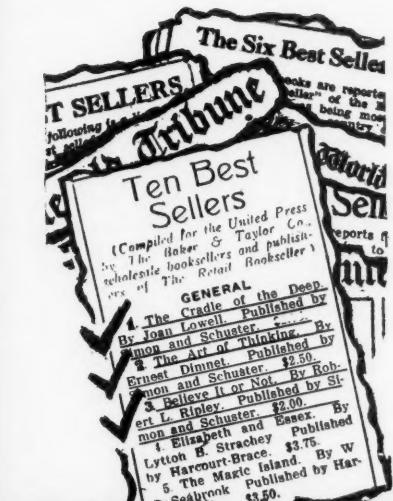
which has yet been made. At the very moment when we seem to be entering an age of mass or even proletarian history, when a new series of volumes even now professes to chronicle the activities of the 'common man' who has lately succeeded the 'average man,' who in turn succeeded the 'natural man' of the eighteenth century, we have, in full accord with the great inconsistency of human nature, a sudden craze for biography of uncommon men. Of the present biographical movement the present work is hardly to be reckoned part. It is not concerned so much with 'souls' as with intelligence; not so much with 'interpretation' as with facts; not so much with emotion as with information — and it is none the worse for that.

It is a common misapprehension that such a work of 'reference' is not 'interesting'; that it belongs on the library shelves, — public or private, as the case may be, — to be taken down at intervals to be 'consulted' for a date or name; but never, never read. It is a curious fallacy; for one reason, if for no other. One half the world, we have long been assured, does not know how the other half lives; though, as the cynical newspaper paragrapher says, if it does n't, it is n't for lack of trying to find out. Yet here we can find out. Here are all the life stories of our fellow men and women; here are the explanations of a hundred things we all have wondered about at one time or another; here are the 'life histories' and the 'human interest' stories which the public craves, in an incredible profusion. The book is eminently readable; and though it changes the subject frequently, — not as rapidly as the dictionary, but perhaps a thought more rapidly than the encyclopaedia, — it is none the worse for that, since the general subject is the same.

These are the people who have made America; and here it tells how they accomplished it. They set up and administered government; they fought the savage and the wilderness and each other; they made roads and railways; they sailed the seas; they invented machines; they made fortunes; they wrote books and painted pictures and founded or taught in educational institutions; they turned a vast expanse sparsely inhabited by Indian tribes into what it is now. Their biographies are the epic of America; and it is here set down. This Dictionary is more than a work of reference; it is the pageant, even the moving picture, of the United States; and no one who cares to know how that has come about can fail to be instructed and even entertained by reading the lives of those who made it. So new the country, so recent its great achievements, he will read of men and women many of whom are in his own recollection, or his immediate tradition, which enhances interest; and before that great tradition goes, before their memories are swallowed up in generations to whom they must be more indifferent, or wholly forgotten, this is a fitting time to chronicle their lives 'to stir to speech or action as occasion comes.'

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A Group of Recent Novels

Expiation, by Elizabeth, might be called a minor masterpiece in mischief. It is a complete exposure of petty hypocrisy, a *rade mécum* of respectability, a farcical handbook of pharisaism; and no doubt, under the surface, is very bitter. But on the surface it is as light-handed, witty, and laughingly cynical as one could wish. Milly, the heroine, is as soft and fluffy as a white rabbit; indeed, she is once described as looking like a white rabbit that has been caught in the rain. Her husband, Ernest Bott, dying, left a thousand pounds to Milly and ninety-nine thousand to found a Home for Fallen Women, adding to his will the ominous sentence, 'My wife will know why.' Milly did know why, because for years she had been 'living in sin' with Arthur, a lymphatic college don, who usually had a cold in his head. It will be seen that there was little obvious romance in Milly's levity. But behind Milly and Ernest stood the family of Bott. 'The room was black with Botts,' in the last chapter, when Milly was at last received again into its bosom. The novel is really a kind of burlesque saga, in which the difference of tone is indicated by the difference in the family names.

Just who or what is expiated, and why and how, appears to make little difference. Humorless people will be shocked, and yet even they can hardly maintain that Elizabeth makes adultery attractive; although she does suggest that such delinquency as Milly's is much to be preferred to the virtue of her sisters-in-law. In at least one incident the story rises to impressive pathos—that in which Milly meets her sister Agatha in a London boarding house. The rest is written with incessant coruscations.

In *These Are My Jewels*, by L. B. Campbell, a parable of 'mother love,' the story is stripped to the bone. It is a study of a modern mother who ruins the lives of three of her four children by 'preparing them for life.' The fact is that her modernness is significant only so far as it affords her an outlet for her sentimental egoism. She is an exasperating creature at best, without humor or imagination, but her type is easily recognized. Mrs. Campbell is almost savage in her portrayal. She evidently endured Mrs. Masterson in real life as long as she could and finally boiled over on paper. It is a bitter little book, written at a white heat, and as a first novel is remarkable.

'How these ladies love one another,' I said, as I read *Expiation* and *These Are My Jewels*. *The True Heart*, by Sylvia Townsend Warner, affords almost as many chuckles as *Expiation*, and perhaps has as much mischief at bottom; but on the surface it is tender and serene. It is a pastel in pale blue and pale green. The theme is that of *Comus*, but its heroine, Sukey, is a little Kate Greenaway Victorian, so innocent that she passes unharmed through all dangers because she does not know they are dangers. A fairy tale for adults, her story suggests wide areas of truth not

commonly discussed nowadays. Sukey's visit to the Queen stretched fantasy to the breaking point, and one might object to Mrs. Seaborn as melodramatic; and yet *The True Heart* shows something very like genius. The style in its freshness and transluency is a delight. Although Miss Warner may write novels of a larger and deeper experience, she is not likely to write one of more charm.

There are certain novels which a man is congenitally incapable of judging at their full worth, because they deal with a range of emotion and instinct that lies outside his experience. He is likely to be puzzled where a woman is most at home. *Dark Hester*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is such a novel. It is the story of two women, a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law. Monica, a fine type of middle-aged woman, begins by hating Hester (a young theorist who is trying valiantly to be modern-minded) for no reason except that Hester has married her son; but both women have courage and honesty, and their mutual hostility is softened by circumstance, first to mutual respect and finally to affection. The machinery by means of which the change is brought about could be improved,—it is, in fact, clumsy,—but the analysis of motives and feelings is subtle, indeed masterly. It is the motives and feelings themselves which seem to a male reader not so much inexplicable as futile.

At this late date it is superfluous to say of a novel by Mrs. de Selinecourt that it is written with admirable strength, skill, and economy, or to mention its insight into dark crannies of character. *Dark Hester* has all these qualities. Its greatest weakness seems to me to be the portraits of the two men, who to a man are intolerable; though that they are so is owing rather to the terms in which they are described than to any lack of verisimilitude in them as types. But one might write an essay on how women and men describe men and women, and might conceivably prove that the methods of one sex can never be entirely satisfactory to the other.

After all of these studies in the subtleties of feminine character, it is refreshing to turn to the barbaric simplicity of *This Side of Jordan*, by Roark Bradford. There is a woman here, too, and she has her Africian complexities; but Dige (short for Digitalis) is as transparent as a puppy. She is one of a community of three hundred negroes living in isolation by a bayou in Mississippi, and what story there is concerns her love affairs, her religious experiences, and her relations with Aunt Crippled Lou, a witch-wife, Preacher Wes, Daddy Jack, and other prominent members of the plantation population.

It is, however, as a revelation of negro customs and philosophy that the book is most interesting. The author has been afraid of nothing in his desire to present the people as they are, and no



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

word is too frank, no detail too sordid, for his recording. The reader nevertheless ends by feeling a warm affection for these children of nature: they are so full of instinctive hopes and fears, so suspicious and so trusting, so naive and so shrewd, and, above all, so unconsciously funny. And yet the book is by no means merely a funny book: it is full of the natural poetry of savage beliefs mingled with half-understood Christian tradition, and in the background are always the mysterious bayou and the ominous Mississippi. I cannot judge of the accuracy of Mr. Bradford's transcriptions, but they certainly seem real; and I felt that his book was very rich, not only in negro folklore and folk ways, but in human nature in general.

Without indulging in any comparisons with Sinclair Lewis's other novels,—for such comparisons are always somehow invidious,—one can say that *Dodsworth* is very interesting and in some ways remarkable. Here is the familiar realism, achieved by the multiplication of trivial detail, and the familiar absorption in the question of what is the matter with America. The realism may be illustrated by a single incident in which two American woman-tourists, seated in a café in Paris, are overheard discussing the relative prices of Ivory Soap and Palmolive Soap. It is so homely, so ordinary, but so actual. And this novel in whole chapters is hardly distinguishable from a tourist handbook.

Nevertheless the author is thinking hard, as usual, about the average American psychology. Sam Dodsworth represents a numerous American type, drawn without spleen or ridicule; pathetic in his searching for beauty, truth, and goodness:

a puzzled man. He has made money and is now ready to achieve culture. His wife, Fran, is satisfied with the veneer, but he is not. Nothing but the real thing can fool him for long. Though ignorant and blundering, he is a fine fellow at heart, and his creator makes him very lovable.

It is rather too bad that a novel which really has a worthy theme in Sam's spiritual search should lose much of its force by the identification of this issue with his marital difficulties. I suppose that the estrangement of Sam and Fran is advanced as symbolical of the main theme, but it necessitates much repetition of incident and a sometimes tiresome bickering between them that divert from the main question. Perhaps this is why minor episodes, like that of Sam and Matey, admirably narrated, seem to take an undue prominence. And the final chapters concerning Sam's discovery of an elective affinity in Edith Cortright is a very bad anticlimax, chiefly because Edith's somewhat autumnal pretiosities are far more irritating than Fran's silliness.

R. M. GAY

Expiation, by Elizabeth, author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50.

These Are My Jewels, by L. B. Campbell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. \$2.00.

The True Heart, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: Viking Press. \$2.50.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

This Side of Jordan, by Roark Bradford. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

The books selected for review in the Atlantic are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous co-operation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board.

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